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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

By Theodore Roosevelt

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

I.—A RAILROAD THROUGH THE PLEISTOCENE

THE great world movement which began with the voyages of Columbus and Vasco da Gama, and has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity and complexity until our own time, has developed along a myriad lines of interest. In no way has it been more interesting than in the way in which it has resulted in bringing into sudden, violent, and intimate contact phases of the world's life history which would be normally separated by untold centuries of slow development. Again and again, in the continents new to peoples of European stock, we have seen the spectacle of a high civilization all at once thrust into and superimposed upon a wilderness of savage men and savage beasts. Nowhere, and at no time, has the contrast been more strange and more striking than in British East Africa during the last dozen years.

The country lies directly under the equator; and the hinterland, due west, contains the huge Nyanza lakes, vast inland seas which gather the head-waters of the White Nile. This hinterland, with its lakes and its marshes, its snow-capped mountains, its high, dry plateaus, and its forests of deadly luxuriousness, was utterly unknown to white men half a century ago. The map of Ptolemy in the second century of our era gave a more accurate view of the lakes, mountains, and head-waters of the Nile than the maps published at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, just before Speke, Grant, and Baker made their great trips of exploration and adventure. Behind these explorers came others; and then adventurous missionaries, traders, and elephant hunters; and many men, whom risk did not daunt, who feared neither danger nor hardship, traversed the country hither and thither, now for one reason, now for another, now as naturalists, now as geographers, and again as government officials or as mere wanderers who loved the wild and strange life which had survived over from an elder age.

Most of the tribes were of pure savages; but here and there were intrusive races of higher type; and in Uganda, beyond the Victoria Nyanza, and on the head-waters of the Nile proper, lived a people which had advanced to the upper stages of barbarism, which might almost be said to have developed a very primitive kind of semi-civilization. Over this people—for its good fortune—Great Britain established a protectorate; and ultimately, in order to get

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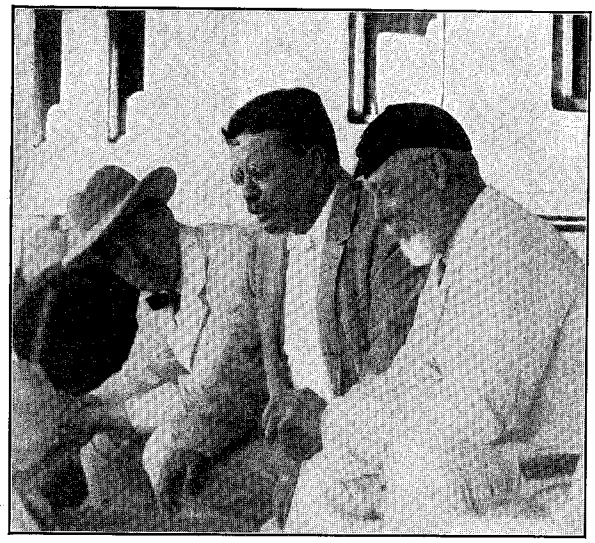
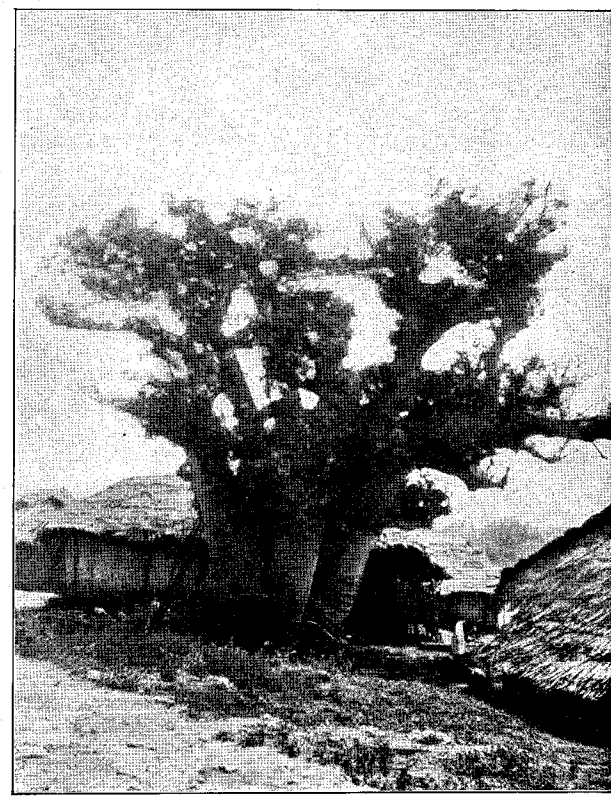


We would gather on deck around Selous to listen to tales of strange adventures.—Page 390.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

easy access to this new outpost of civilization in the heart of the Dark Continent, the British Government built a railroad from the old Arab coast town of Mombasa westward to Victoria Nyanza.

This railroad, the embodiment of the eager, masterful, materialistic civilization of to-day, was pushed through a region in which nature, both as regards wild man and wild beast, did not and does not differ materially from what it was in Europe in the late Pleistocene. The comparison is not fanciful. The teeming multitudes of wild creatures, the stupendous size of some of them, the terrible nature of others, and the low culture of many of the savage tribes, especially of the hunting tribes, substantially reproduced the conditions of life in Europe as it was led by our ancestors ages before the dawn of anything that could be called civilization. The great beasts that now live in East Africa were in that bygone age represented by close kinsfolk in Europe; and in many places, up to the present moment, African man, absolutely naked, and armed as our early paleolithic ancestors were armed, lives among, and on, and in constant dread of, these beasts, just as was true of the men to whom the cave lion was a nightmare of terror, and the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros possible but most formidable prey.

This region, this great fragment out of the long-buried past of our race, is now accessible by railroad to all who care to go thither; and no field more inviting offers itself to hunter or naturalist, while even to the ordinary traveller it teems with



A Baobab tree, Mombasa.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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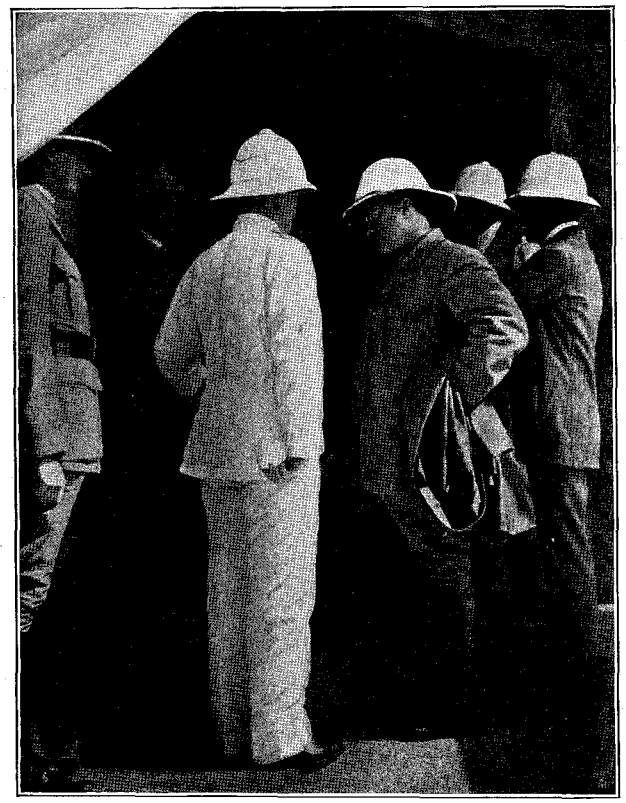
interest. On March 23, 1909, I sailed thither from New York, in charge of a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian, to collect birds, mammals, reptiles, and plants, but especially specimens of big game, for the National Museum at Washington. In addition to myself and my son Kermit (who had entered Harvard a few months previously), the party consisted of three naturalists: Surgeon-Lieut. Col. Edgar A. Mearns, U. S. A., retired, Mr. Edmund Heller, of California, and Mr. J. Alden Loring, of Owego, N. Y. My arrangements for the trip had been chiefly made through two valued English friends, Mr. Frederick Courtney Selous, the greatest of the world's big-game hunters, and Mr. Edward North Buxton, also a mighty hunter. On landing we were to be met by Messrs. R. J. Cuninghame and Leslie Tarleton, both famous hunters; the latter an Australian, who served through the South African war; the former by birth a Scotchman, and a Cambridge man, but long a resident of Africa, and at one time a professional elephant hunter.

We sailed on the *Hamburg* from New York—what headway the Germans have made among those who go down to the sea in ships!—and at Naples trans-shipped to the *Admiral*, of another German line, the East African. On both ships we were as comfortable as possible, and the voyage was wholly devoid of incidents. Now and then, as at the Azores, at Suez, and at Aden, the three naturalists landed, and collected some dozens or scores of birds—which next day were skinned and prepared in my room, as the largest and best fitted for the purpose. After reaching Suez the ordinary tourist type of passenger ceased to be predominant; in his place there were Italian *officiers* going out to a desolate coast town on the edge of Somaliland; missionaries,



Mr. Roosevelt saying good-by in the Mombasa station.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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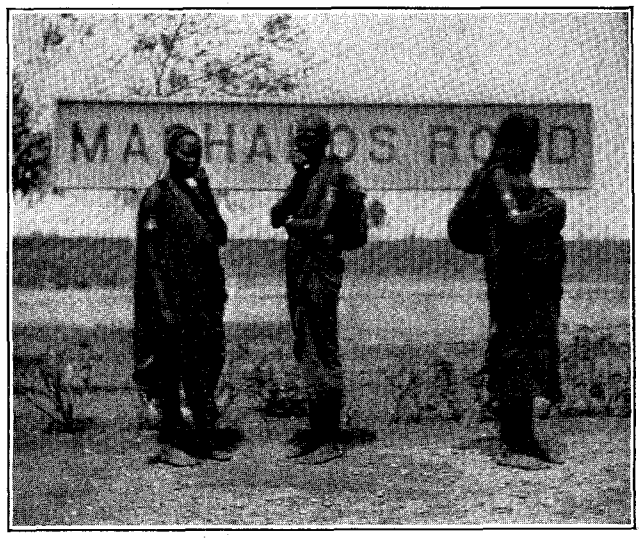
Train on the Uganda Railway.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

German, English, and American; Portuguese civil officials; traders of different nationalities; and planters and military and civil officers bound to German and British East Africa. The Englishmen included planters, magistrates, forest officials, army officers on leave from India, and other army officers going out to take command of black native levies in out-of-the-way regions where the English flag stands for all that makes life worth living. They were a fine set, these young Englishmen, whether dashing army officers or capable civilians; they reminded me of our men who have reflected such honor on the American name, whether in civil and military positions in the Philippines and Porto Rico, working on the Canal Zone in Panama, taking care of the custom-houses in San Domingo, or serving in the army of occupation in Cuba. Moreover, I felt as if I knew most of them already, for they might have walked out of the pages of Kipling. But I was not as well prepared for the corresponding and equally interesting types among the Germans, the planters, the civil officials, the officers who had commanded, or were about to command, white or native troops; men of evident power and energy, seeing whom made it easy to understand why German East Africa has thriven apace. They are first-



Natives at a railway station,
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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Mr. Roosevelt, Governor Jackson, Mr. Selous, and Dr. Mearns, riding in front of the engine on the way to Kapiti.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

class men, these English and Germans; both are doing in East Africa a work of worth to the whole world; there is ample room for both, and no possible cause for any but a thoroughly friendly rivalry; and it is earnestly to be wished, in the interest of both of them, and of outsiders too, that their relations will grow, as they ought to grow, steadily better—and not only in East Africa but everywhere else.

On the ship, at Naples, we found Selous, also bound for East Africa on a hunting trip; but he, a veteran whose first hunting in Africa was nearly forty years ago, cared only for exceptional trophies of a very few animals, while we, on the other hand, desired specimens of both sexes of all the species of big game that Kermit and I could shoot, as well as complete series of all the smaller mammals. We believed that our best work of a purely scientific character would be done with the small mammals.

No other hunter alive has had the experience of Selous; and, so far as I now recall, no hunter of anything like his experience has ever also possessed his gift of penetrating observation joined to his power of vivid and accurate narration. He has

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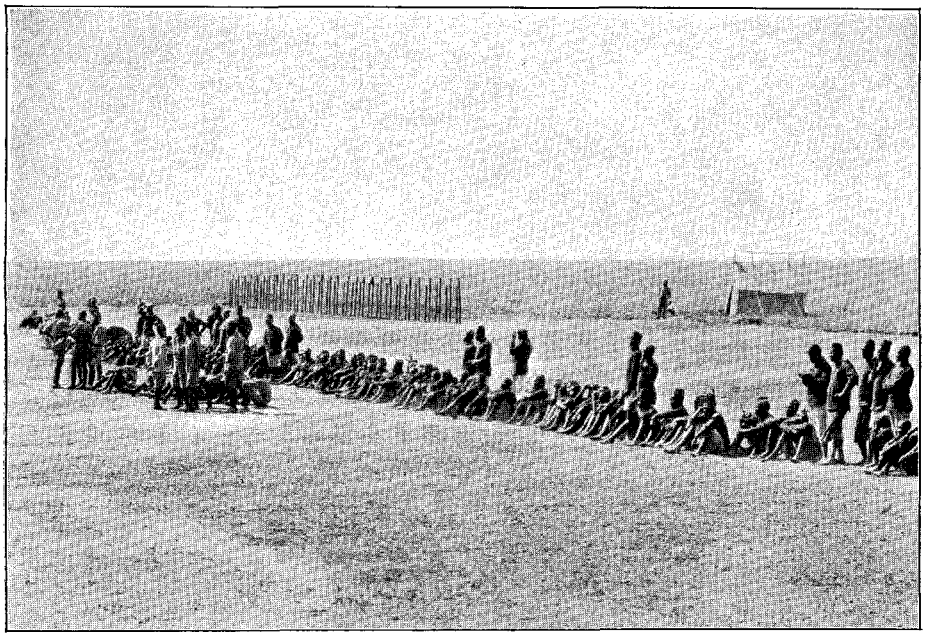

The array of porters and tents looked as if some small military expedition was about to start.—Page 400.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

killed scores of lion and rhinoceros and hundreds of elephant and buffalo; and these four animals are the most dangerous of the world's big game, when hunted as they are hunted in Africa. To hear him tell of what he has seen and done is no less interesting to a naturalist than to a hunter. There were on the ship many men who loved wild nature, and who were keen hunters of big game; and almost every day, as we steamed over the hot, smooth waters of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, we would gather on deck around Selous to listen to tales of those strange adventures that only come to the man who has lived long the lonely life of the wilderness.

On April 21 we steamed into the beautiful and picturesque harbor of Mombasa. Many centuries before the Christian era, dhows from Arabia, carrying seafarers of Semitic races whose very names have perished, rounded the Lion's Head at Guardafui and crept slowly southward along the barren African coast. Such dhows exist to-day almost unchanged, and bold indeed were the men who first steered them across the unknown oceans. They were men of iron heart and supple conscience, who fronted inconceivable danger and hardship; they established trading stations for gold and ivory and slaves; they turned these trading stations into little cities and sultanates, half Arab, half negro. Mombasa was among them. In her time of brief splendor Portugal seized the town; the Arabs won it back; and now England holds it. It lies just south of the equator, and when we saw it the brilliant green of the tropic foliage showed the town at its best.

We were welcomed to Government House in most cordial fashion by the acting Governor, Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, who is not only a trained public official of long experience, but a good field naturalist and a renowned big-game hunter; indeed I could not too warmly express my appreciation of the hearty and generous courtesy with which we were received and treated alike by the official and the unofficial world throughout East Africa. We landed in the kind of torrential downpour that only comes in the tropics; it reminded me of Panama at certain moments in the rainy season. That night we were given a dinner by the Mombasa Club; and it was interesting to meet the merchants and planters of the town and the neighborhood as well as the officials. The former included not

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only Englishmen but also Germans and Italians; which is quite as it should be, for at least part of the high inland region of British East Africa can be made one kind of "white man's country"; and to achieve this white men should work heartily

R. J. Cuninghame, known to the Swahilis as "Bwana Medivu," the Master with the Beard.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

together, doing scrupulous justice to the natives, but remembering that progress and development in this particular kind of new land depend exclusively upon the masterful leadership of the whites, and that therefore it is both a calamity and a crime to permit the whites to be riven in sunder by hatreds and jealousies. The coast regions of British East Africa are not suited for extensive white settlement; but the hinterland is, and there everything should be done to encourage such settlement. Non-white aliens should not be encouraged to settle where they come into rivalry with the whites (exception being made as regards certain particular individuals and certain particular occupations); but there are large regions in which it would be wise to settle immigrants from India, and there are many positions in other regions which it is to the advantage of everybody that the Indians should hold, because there is as yet

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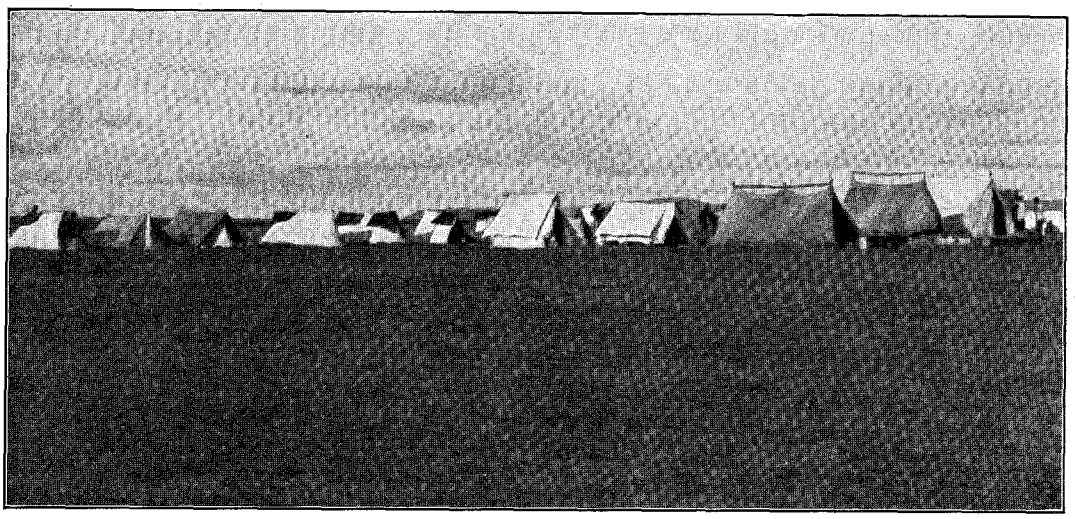

Our first camp, Kapiti Plains Station, on a bare, dry
From a photograph

no sign that sufficient numbers of white men are willing to hold them, while the native blacks, although many of them do fairly well in unskilled labor, are not yet competent to do the higher tasks which now fall to the share of the Goanese, and Moslem and non-Moslem Indians. The small merchants who deal with the natives, for instance, and most of the minor railroad officials, belong to these latter classes. I was amused, by the way, at one bit of native nomenclature in connection with the Goanese. Many of the Goanese are now as dark as most of the other Indians; but they are descended in the male line from the early Portuguese adventurers and conquerors, who were the first white men ever seen by the natives of this coast. Accordingly to this day some of the natives speak even of the dark-skinned descendants of the subjects of King Henry the Navigator as "the whites," designating the Europeans

The askaris and porters drawn
In front of the tent stood the men in two lines; the first containing the
From a photograph

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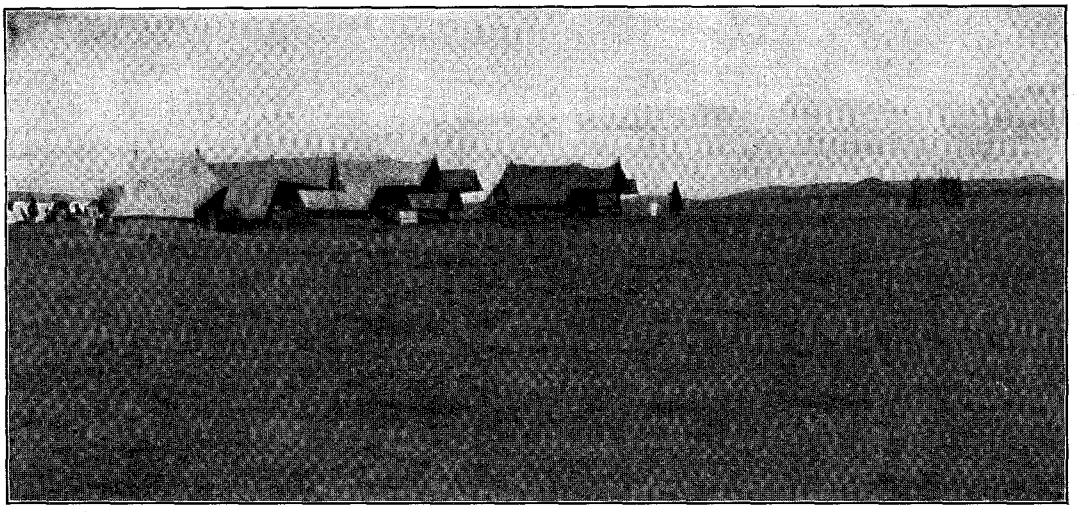
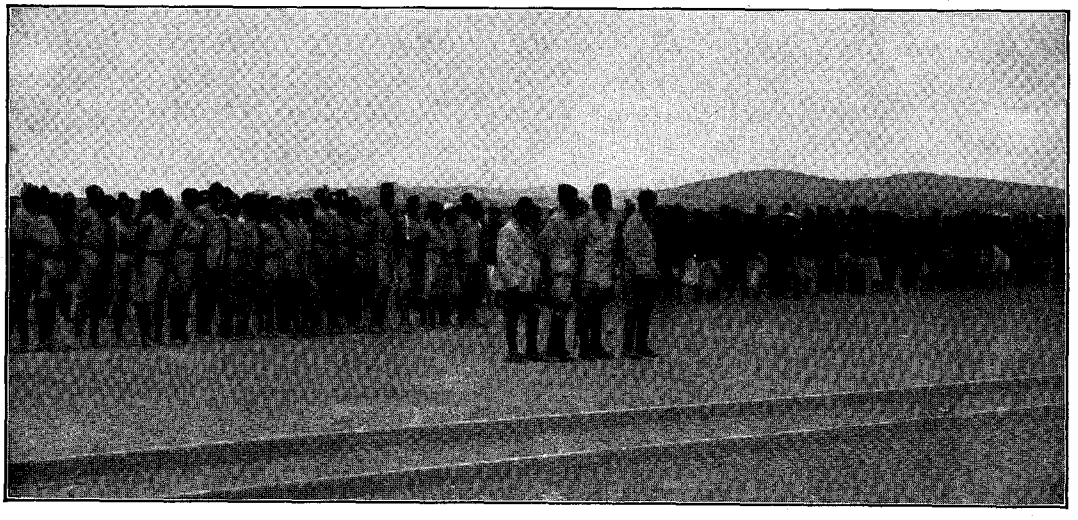


plain covered with brown and withered grass.—Page 401.
by Edmund Heller.

specifically as English, Germans, or the like; just as in out-of-the-way nooks in the far Northwest one of our own red men will occasionally be found who still speaks of Americans and Englishmen as "Boston men" and "King George's men."

One of the Government farms was being run by an educated colored man from Jamaica; and we were shown much courtesy by a colored man from our own country who was practising as a doctor. No one could fail to be impressed with the immense advance these men represented as compared with the native negro; and indeed to an American, who must necessarily think much of the race problem at home, it is pleasant to be made to realize in vivid fashion the progress the American negro has made, by comparing him with the negro who dwells in Africa untouched, or but lightly touched, by white influence.

In such a community as one finds in



up in line to greet us.
fifteen askaris, the second the porters with their head men.—Page 400.
by Edmund Heller.

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Mombasa or Nairobi one continually runs across quiet, modest men whose lives have been fuller of wild adventure than the life of a viking leader of the ninth century. One of the public officials whom I met at the Governor's table was Major Hinde. He had at one time served under the Government of the Congo Free State; and, at a crisis in the fortunes of the State, when the Arab slave-traders bid fair to get the upper hand, he was one of the eight or ten white men, representing half as many distinct nationalities, who overthrew the savage soldiery of the slave-traders and shattered beyond recovery the Arab power. They organized the wild pagan tribes just as their Arab foes had done; they fought in a land where deadly sickness struck down victor and vanquished with ruthless impartiality; they found their commissariat as best they could wherever they happened to be; often they depended upon one day's victory to furnish the ammunition with which to wage the morrow's battle; and ever they had to be on guard no less against the thousands of cannibals in their own ranks than against the thousands of cannibals in the hostile ranks, for, on whichever side they fought, after every battle the warriors of the man-eating tribes watched their chance to butcher the wounded indiscriminately and to feast on the bodies of the slain.

The most thrilling book of true lion stories ever written is Colonel Patterson's "The Man-eaters of Tsavo." Colonel Patterson was one of the engineers engaged, some ten or twelve years back, in building the Uganda Railway; he was in charge of the work, at a place called Tsavo, when it was brought to a complete halt by the ravages of a couple of man-eating lions which, after many adventures, he finally killed. At the dinner at the Mombasa Club I met one of the actors in a blood-curdling tragedy which Colonel Patterson relates. He was a German, and, in company with an Italian friend, he went down in the special car of one of the English railroad officials to try to kill a man-eating lion which had carried away several people from a station on the line. They put the car on a siding; as it was hot the door was left open, and the Englishman sat by the open window to watch for the lion, while the Italian finally lay down on the floor and the German got into an upper bunk. Evidently the Englishman must have fallen asleep, and the lion, seeing him through the window, entered the carriage by the door to get at him. The Italian waked to find the lion standing on him with its hind feet, while its fore paws were on the seat as it killed the unfortunate Englishman, and the German, my informant, hearing the disturbance, leaped out of his bunk actually onto the back of the lion. The man-eater, however, was occupied only with his prey; holding the body in his mouth he forced his way out through the window sash, and made his meal undisturbed but a couple of yards from the railway carriage.

The day after we landed we boarded the train to take what seems to me, as I think it would to most men fond of natural history, the most interesting railway journey in the world. It was Governor Jackson's special train, and in addition to his own party and ours there was only Selous; and we travelled with the utmost comfort through a naturalist's wonderland. All civilized governments are now realizing that it is their duty here and there to preserve unharmed tracts of wild nature, with thereon the wild things the destruction of which means the destruction of half the charm of wild nature. The English Government has made a large game reserve of much of the region on the way to Nairobi, stretching far to the south, and one mile to the north of the track. The reserve swarms with game; it would be of little value except as a reserve; and the attraction it now offers to travellers renders it an asset of real consequence to the whole colony. The wise people of Maine, in our own country, have discovered that intelligent game preservation, carried out in good faith, and in a spirit of common sense as far removed from mushy sentimentality as from brutality, results in adding one more to the State's natural resources of value; and in consequence there are more moose and deer in Maine to-day than there were forty years ago; there is a better chance for every man in Maine, rich or poor, provided that he is not a game butcher, to enjoy his share of good hunting, and the number of sportsmen and tourists attracted to the State adds very appreciably to the means of livelihood of the citizen. Game reserves should not be established where they are detrimen-

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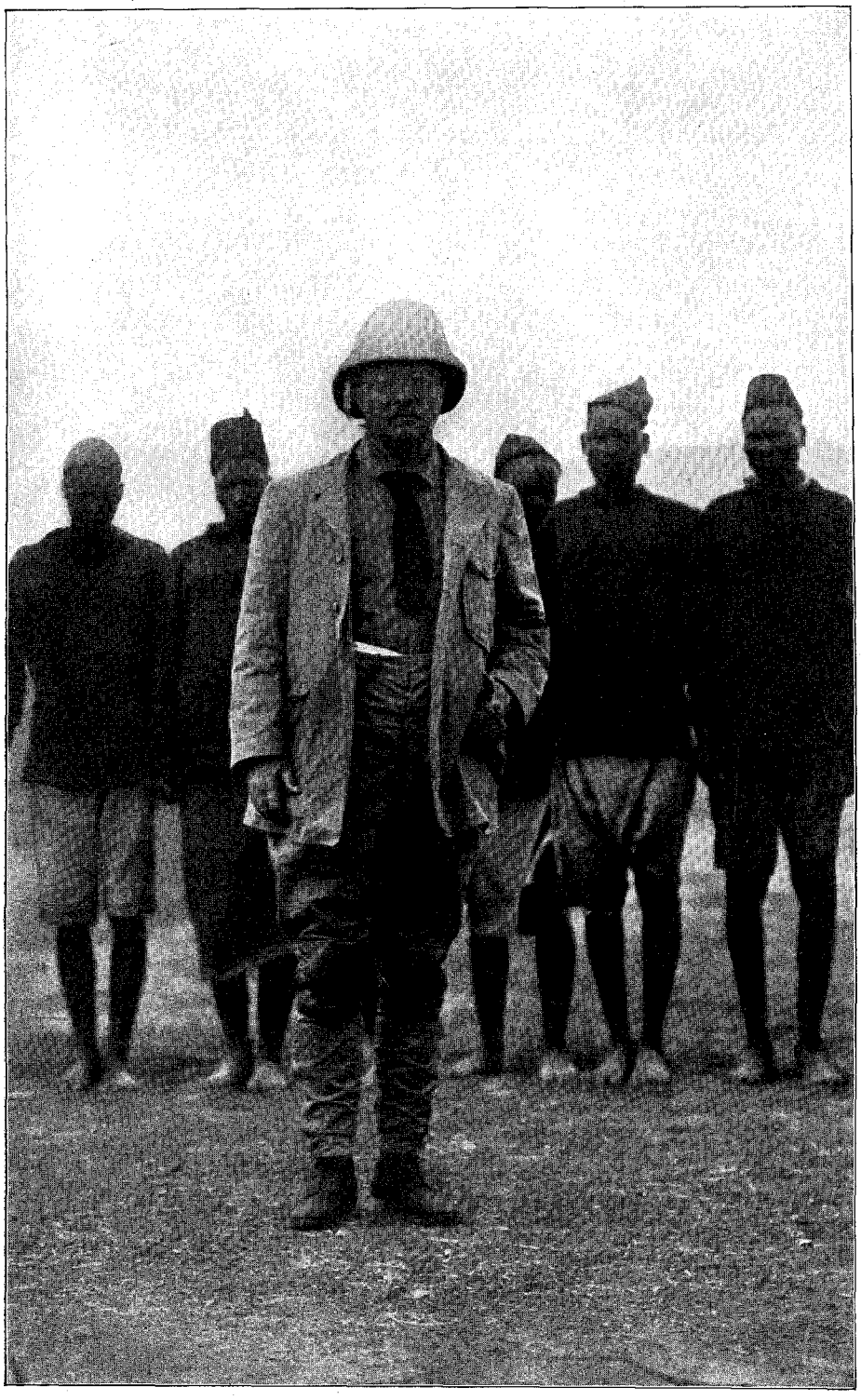

Mr. Roosevelt and some members of his caravan.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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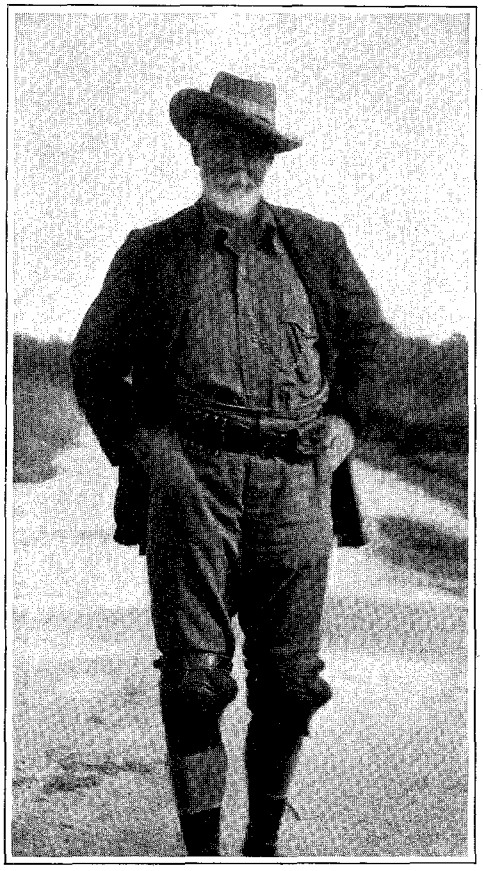
tal to the interests of large bodies of settlers, nor yet should they be nominally established in regions so remote that the only men really interfered with are those who respect the law, while a premium is thereby put on the activity of the unscrupulous persons who are eager to break it. Similarly, game laws should be drawn primarily in the interest of the whole people, keeping steadily in mind certain facts that ought to be self-evident to every one above the intellectual level of those well-meaning persons who apparently think that all shooting is wrong and that man could continue to exist if all wild animals were allowed to increase unchecked. There must be recognition of the fact that almost any wild animal of the defenceless type, if its multiplication were unchecked while its natural enemies, the dangerous carnivores, were killed, would by its simple increase crowd man off the planet; and of the further fact that, far short of such increase, a time speedily comes when the existence of too much game is incompatible with the interests, or indeed the existence, of the cultivator. As in most other matters, it is only the happy mean which is healthy and rational. There should be certain sanctuaries and nurseries where game can live and breed absolutely unmolested; and elsewhere the laws should so far as possible provide for the continued existence of the game in sufficient numbers to allow a reasonable amount of hunting on fair terms to any hardy and vigorous man fond of the sport, and yet not in sufficient numbers to jeopard the interests of the actual settler,



F. C. Selous.
From a photograph by W. N. MacMillan.

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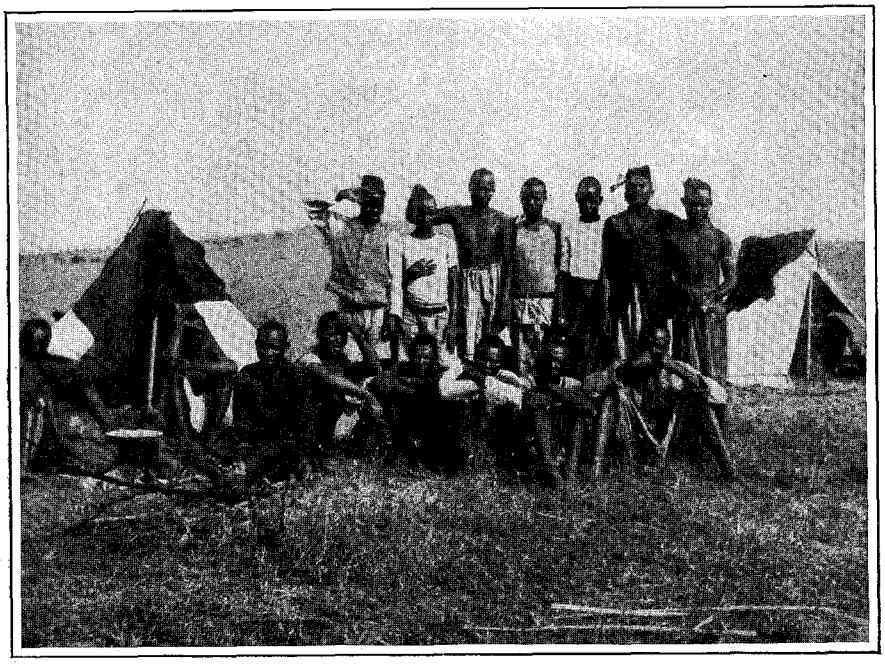
the tiller of the soil, the man whose well-being should be the prime object to be kept in mind by every statesman. Game butchery is as objectionable as any other form of wanton cruelty or barbarity; but to protest against all hunting of game is a sign of softness of head, not of soundness of heart.



Porters and their tents.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

In the creation of the great game reserve through which the Uganda Railway runs the British Government has conferred a boon upon mankind, and no less in the enactment and enforcement of the game laws in the African provinces generally. Of course experience will show where, from time to time, there must be changes. In Uganda proper buffaloes and hippos throve so under protection as to become sources of grave danger not only to the crops but to the lives of the natives, and they had to be taken off the protected lists and classed as vermin, to be shot in any numbers at any time; and only the great demand for ivory prevented the necessity of following the same course with regard to the elephant; while recently in British East Africa the increase of the zebras, and the harm they did to the crops of the settlers, rendered it necessary to remove a large measure of the protection formerly accorded them, and in some cases actually to encourage their slaughter; and increase in settlement may necessitate further changes. But, speaking generally, much wisdom, much foresight, highly creditable to both Government and people, has been shown in dealing with and preserving East African game while at the same time safeguarding the interests of the settlers.

On our train the locomotive was fitted with a comfortable seat across the cow-catcher, and on this, except at meal-time, I spent most of the hours of daylight, usually in company with Selous, and often with Governor Jackson, to whom the territory and the game were alike familiar. The first afternoon we did not see many wild animals, but birds abounded, and the scenery was both beautiful and interesting. A black-and-white hornbill, feeding on the track, rose so late that we nearly caught it with our hands; guinea-fowl and francolin, and occasionally bustard, rose near by; brilliant rollers, sun-birds, bee-eaters, and weaver-birds flew beside us, or sat unmoved

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among the trees as the train passed. In the dusk we nearly ran over a hyena; a year or two previously the train actually did run over a lioness one night, and the conductor brought in her head in triumph. In fact, there have been continually mishaps such as could only happen to a railroad in the Pleistocene! The very night we went up there was an interruption in the telegraph service due to giraffes having knocked down some of the wires, and a pole, in crossing the track; and elephants have more than once performed the same feat. Two or three times, at night, giraffes have been run into and killed; once a rhinoceros was killed, the engine being damaged in the encounter; and on other occasions the rhino has only just left the track in time, once the beast being struck and a good deal hurt, the engine again being somewhat crippled. But the lions now offer, and have always offered, the chief source of unpleasant excitement. Throughout East Africa the lions continually take to man eating at the expense of the native tribes, and white hunters are continually being killed or crippled by them. At the lonely stations on the railroad the two or three subordinate officials often live in terror of some fearsome brute that has taken to haunting the vicinity; and every few months, at some one of these stations, a man is killed, or badly hurt by, or narrowly escapes from, a prowling lion. The stations at which the train stopped were neat and attractive; and besides the Indian officials there were usually natives from the neighborhood. Some of these might be dressed in the fez and shirt and trousers which indicate a coming under the white man's influence, or which, rather curiously, may also indicate Mohammedanism. But most of the natives are still wild pagans, and many of them are unchanged in the slightest particular from what their forefathers were during the countless ages when they alone were the heirs of the land —a land which they were utterly powerless in any way to improve. Some of the savages we saw wore red blankets, and in deference to white prejudice draped them so as to hide their nakedness. But others appeared—men and women—with literally not one stitch of clothing, although they might have rather elaborate hairdresses, and masses of metal ornaments on their arms and legs. In the region where one tribe dwelt all the people had their front teeth filed to sharp points; it was strange to see a group of these savages, stark naked, with oddly shaved heads and filed teeth, armed with primitive bows and arrows, stand gravely gazing at the train as it rolled into some station; and none the less strange, by the way, because the locomotive was a Baldwin, brought to Africa across the great ocean from our own country. One group of women, nearly nude, had their upper arms so tightly bound with masses of bronze or copper wire that their muscles were completely malformed. So tightly was the wire wrapped round the upper third of the upper arm, that it was reduced to about one-half of its normal size; and the muscles could only play, and that in deformed fashion, below this unyielding metal bandage. Why the arms did not mortify it was hard to say; and their freedom of use was so hampered as to make it difficult to understand how men or women whose whole lives are passed in one or another form of manual labor could inflict upon themselves such crippling and pointless punishment.

Next morning we were in the game country, and as we sat on the seat over the cowcatcher it was literally like passing through a vast zoological garden. Indeed no such railway journey can be taken on any other line in any other land. At one time we passed a herd of a dozen or so of great giraffes, cows and calves, cantering along through the open woods a couple of hundred yards to the right of the train. Again, still closer, four waterbuck cows, their big ears thrown forward, stared at us without moving until we had passed. Hartebeests were everywhere; one herd was on the track, and when the engine whistled they bucked and sprang with ungainly agility and galloped clear of the danger. A long-tailed straw-colored monkey ran from one tree to another. Huge black ostriches appeared from time to time. Once a troop of impalla, close by the track, took fright; and as the beautiful creatures fled we saw now one and now another bound clear over the high bushes. A herd of zebra clattered across a cutting of the line not a hundred yards ahead of the train; the whistle hurried their progress, but only for a moment, and as we passed they were already turning round to gaze. The wild creatures were in

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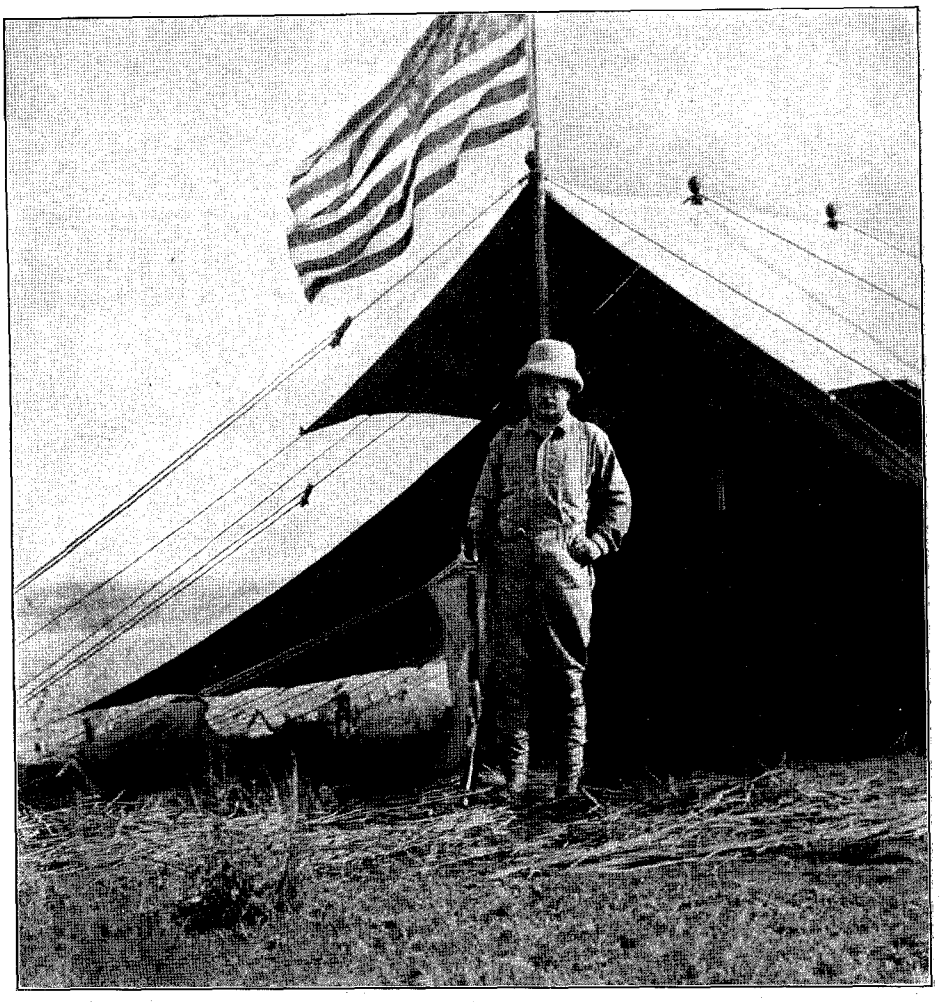

A large American flag was floating over my own tent —Page 400.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

their sanctuary, and they knew it. Some of the settlers have at times grumbled at this game reserve being kept of such size; but surely it is one of the most valuable possessions the country could have. The lack of water in parts, the prevalence in other parts of diseases harmful to both civilized man and domestic cattle, render this great tract of country the home of all homes for the wild creatures of the waste. The protection given these wild creatures is genuine, not nominal; they are preserved, not for the pleasure of the few, but for the good of all who choose to see this strange and attractive spectacle; and from this nursery and breeding-ground the overflow keeps up the stock of game in the adjacent land, to the benefit of the settler to whom the game gives fresh meat, and to the benefit of the whole country because of the attraction it furnishes to all who desire to visit a veritable happy hunting ground. Soon after lunch we drew up at the little station of Kapiti Plains, where our safari was awaiting us; "safari" being the term employed throughout East Africa to denote both the caravan with which one makes an expedition and the expedition itself. Our aim being to cure and send home specimens of all the common big game—in addition to as large a series as possible of the small mammals and birds—it was necessary to carry

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an elaborate apparatus of naturalists' supplies; we had brought with us, for instance, four tons of fine salt, as to cure the skins of the big beasts is a herculean labor under the best conditions; we had hundreds of traps for the small creatures; many boxes of shot-gun cartridges in addition to the ordinary rifle cartridges which alone would be necessary on a hunting trip; and, in a large American flag was floating over my own tent; and in the front line, flanking this tent on either hand, were other big tents for the members of the party, with a dining tent and skinning tent; while behind were the tents of the two hundred porters, the gun-bearers, the tent boys, the askaris or native soldiers, and the horse boys or saises. In front of the tents stood

Kermit Roosevelt and R. J. Cuninghame preparing to take pictures.

short, all the many impedimenta needed if scientific work is to be properly done under modern conditions. Few laymen have any idea of the expense and pains which must be undergone in order to provide groups of mounted big animals from far-off lands, such as we see in museums like the National Museum in Washington and the American Museum of Natural History in New York. The modern naturalist must realize that in some of its branches his profession, while more than ever a science, has also become an art. So our preparations were necessarily on a very large scale; and as we drew up at the station the array of porters and of tents looked as if some small military expedition was about to start. As a compliment, which I much appreciated, the men in two lines; the first containing the fifteen askaris, the second the porters with their head men. The askaris were uniformed, each in a red fez, a blue blouse, and white knickerbockers, and each carrying his rifle and belt. The porters were chosen from several different tribes or races to minimize the danger of combination in the event of mutiny.

Here and there in East Africa one can utilize ox wagons, or pack trains of donkeys; but for a considerable expedition it is still best to use a safari of native porters, of the type by which the commerce and exploration of the country have always been carried on. The backbone of such a safari is generally composed of Swahili, the coast men, negroes who have acquired the Mos-

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A herd of zebra and hartebeest.

One of the interesting features of African wild life is the close association and companionship so often seen between two totally different species of game.—Page 405.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

lem religion, together with a partially Arabicized tongue and a strain of Arab blood from the Arab warriors and traders who have been dominant in the coast towns for so many centuries. It was these Swahili trading caravans, under Arab leadership, which, in their quest for ivory and slaves, trod out the routes which the early white explorers followed. Without their work as a preliminary the work of the white explorers could not have been done; and it was the Swahili porters themselves who rendered this work itself possible. To this day every hunter, trader, missionary, or explorer must use either a Swahili safari or one modelled on the Swahili basis. The part played by the white-topped ox wagon in the history of South Africa, and by the camel caravan in North Africa, has been played in middle Africa by the files of strong, patient, child-like savages, who have borne the burdens of so many masters and employers hither and thither, through and across, the dark heart of the continent.

Equatorial Africa is in most places none too healthy a place for the white man, and he must care for himself as he would scorn to do in the lands of pine and birch and frosty weather. Camping in the Rockies or the North Woods can with advantage be combined with "roughing it"; and the early pioneers of the West, the explorers, prospectors, and hunters, who always roughed it, were as hardy as bears, and lived to a hale old age, if Indians and accidents permitted. But in tropic Africa a lamentable proportion of the early explorers paid in health or life for the hardships they endured; and throughout most of the country no man can long rough it, in the Western and Northern sense, with impunity.

At Kapiti Plains our tents, our accommodations generally, seemed almost too comfortable for men who knew camp life only on the Great Plains, in the Rockies, and in the North Woods. My tent had a fly which was to protect it from the great heat;

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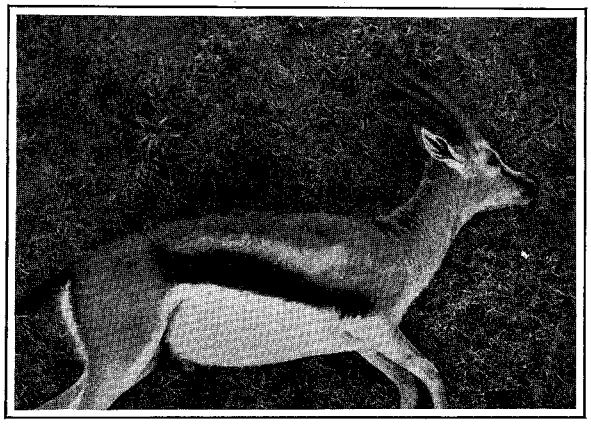
there was a little rear extension in which I bathed—a hot bath, never a cold bath, is almost a tropic necessity; there was a ground canvas, of vital moment in a land of ticks, jiggers, and scorpions; and a cot to sleep on, so as to be raised from the ground. Quite a contrast to life on the round-up! Then I had two tent boys to see after my belongings, and to wait at table as well as in the tent. Ali, a Mohammedan negro, was the chief of the two, and spoke some English, while under him was "Bill," a speechless black boy; both of them faithful



My first "Tommy" (Thompson's Gazelle).
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and efficient. Two other Mohammedan negroes, clad like the askaris, reported to me as my gun-bearers, Muhamed and Bakari; seemingly excellent men, loyal and enduring, no trackers, but with keen eyes for game, and the former speaking a little English. My two horse boys, or saises, were both pagans. One, Hamiri, must have had in his veins much Galla or other non-negro blood; derived from the Hamitic, or bastard Semitic, or at least non-negro, tribes which, pushing slowly and fitfully southward and south-westward among the negro peoples, have created an intricate tangle of ethnic and linguistic types from the middle Nile to far south of the equator. Hamiri always wore a long feather in one of his sandals, the only ornament he affected. The other sais was a silent, gentle-mannered black heathen; his name was Simba, a lion, and as I shall later show he was not unworthy of it. The two horses for which these men cared were stout, quiet little beasts; one, a sorrel, I named Tranquillity, and the other, a brown, had so much the cob-like build of a zebra that we christened him Zebra-shape. One of Kermit's two horses, by the way, was more romantically named after Huandan, the sharp-eared steed of the Mabinogion. Cuninghame, lean, sinewy, bearded, exactly the type of hunter and safari manager that one would wish for such an expedition as ours, had ridden up with us on the train, and at the station we met Tarleton, and also two settlers of the neighborhood, Sir Alfred Pease and Mr. Clifford Hill. Hill was an Africander. He and his cousin, Harold Hill, after serving through the South African war, had come to the new country of British East Africa to settle, and they represented the ideal type of settler for taking the lead in the spread of empire. They were descended from the English colonists who came to South Africa in 1820; they had never been in England, and neither had Tarleton. It was exceedingly interesting to meet these Australians and Africanders, who typified in their lives and deeds the greatness of the English Empire, and yet had never seen England.

As for Sir Alfred, Kermit and I were to be his guests for the next fortnight, and we owe primarily to him, to his mastery of hunting craft and his unvarying and generous hospitality and kindness, the pleasure and success of our introduction to African hunting. His life had been one of such varied interest as has only been possible in

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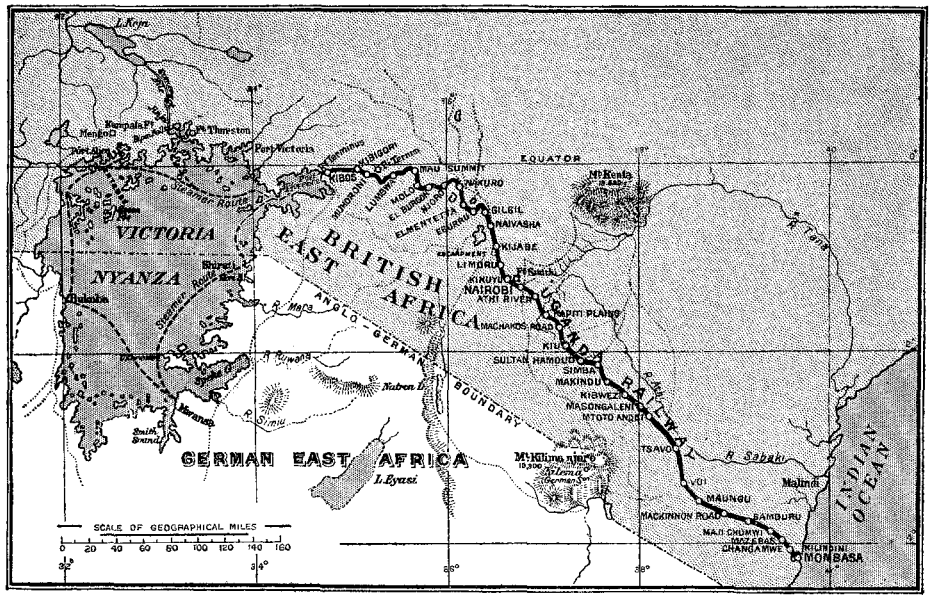

Map of the Uganda Railway, British East Africa. Total length from Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to Port Florence on Lake Victoria Nyanza, 581 miles.

our own generation. He had served many years in Parliament; he had for some years been a magistrate in a peculiarly responsible post in the Transvaal; he had journeyed and hunted and explored in the northern Sahara, in the Soudan, in Somaliland, in Abyssinia, and now he was ranching in East Africa. A singularly good rider and one of the best game shots I have ever seen, it would have been impossible to have found a kinder host or a hunter better fitted to teach us where to begin our work with African big game.

At Kapiti Station there was little beyond the station buildings, a "compound" or square enclosure in which there were many natives, and an Indian store. The last was presided over by a turbaned Mussulman, the agent of other Indian traders who did business in Machakos-boma, a native village a dozen miles distant; the means of communication being two-wheeled carts, each drawn by four humped oxen, driven by a well-nigh naked savage.

For forty-eight hours we were busy arranging the outfit, and the naturalists took much longer. The provisions were those usually included in an African hunting or exploring trip, save that, in memory of my days in the West, I included in each provision box a few cans of Boston baked beans, California peaches, and tomatoes; we had plenty of warm bedding, for the nights are cold at high altitudes, even under the equator. While hunting I wore heavy shoes, with hobnails or rubber soles; khaki trousers, the knees faced with leather, and the legs buttoning tight from the knee to below the ankle, to avoid the need of leggings; a khaki-colored army shirt; and a sun helmet, which I wore in deference to local advice, instead of my beloved and far more convenient slouch hat. My rifles were an army Springfield, 30-calibre, stocked and sighted to suit myself; a Winchester 405; and a double-barrelled 500-450 Holland, a beautiful weapon presented to me by some English friends.

Kermit's battery was of the same type, except that instead of a Springfield he had another Winchester shooting the army ammunition, and his double-barrel was a Rigby. In addition I had a Fox No. 12 shot-gun; no better gun was ever made.

There was one other bit of impedimenta, less usual for African travel, but perhaps almost as essential for real enjoyment even on a hunting trip, if it is to be of any length. This was the "pigskin library," so called because most of the books were bound in pigskin. They were carried in a light aluminum and oilcloth case, which, with its con-

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tents, weighed a little less than sixty pounds, making a load for one porter. Including a few volumes carried in the various bags, so that I might be sure always to have one with me, and Gregorovius, read on the voyage outward, the list was as printed on page 406. It represents in part Kermit's taste, in part mine; and, I need hardly say, it also represents in no way all the books we most care for, but merely those which, for one reason or another, we thought we should like to take on this particular trip.

I used my Whitman tree army saddle and my army field-glasses; but, in addition, for studying the habits of the game, I carried a telescope given me on the boat by a fellow traveller and big-game hunter, an Irish hussar captain from India—and incidentally I am out in my guess if this same Irish hussar captain be not worth watching should his country ever again be engaged in war. I had a very ingenious beam or scale for weighing game, designed and presented to me by my friend, Mr. Thompson Seton. I had a slicker for wet weather, an army overcoat, and a mackinaw jacket for cold, if I had to stay out over night in the mountains. In my pockets I carried, of course, a knife, a compass, and a waterproof matchbox. Finally, just before leaving home, I had been sent, for good luck, a gold-mounted rabbit's foot, by Mr. John L. Sullivan, at one time ring champion of the world.

Head of the wildebeest bull, shot by Mr. Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

Our camp was on a bare, dry plain, covered with brown and withered grass. At most hours of the day we could see round about, perhaps a mile or so distant, or less, the game feeding. South of the track the reserve stretched for a long distance; north it went for but a mile, just enough to prevent thoughtless or cruel people from shooting as they went by in the train. There was very little water; what we drank, by the way, was carefully boiled. The drawback to the camp, and to all this plains region, lay in the ticks, which swarmed, and were a scourge to man and beast. Every even-

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ing the saises picked them by hundreds off each horse; and some of our party were at times so bitten by the noisome little creatures that they could hardly sleep at night, and in one or two cases the man was actually laid up for a couple of days, and two of our horses ultimately got tick fever, but recovered.

In mid-afternoon of our third day in this camp we at last had matters in such shape that Kermit and I could begin our hunting; and forth we rode, he with Hill, I with Sir Alfred, each accompanied by his gun-bearers and sais, and by a few porters to carry in the game. For two or three miles our little horses shuffled steadily northward across the desolate flats of short grass until the ground began to rise here and there into low hills, or koppies, with rock-strewn tops. It should have been the rainy season, the season of "the big rains"; but the rains were late, as the parched desolation of the landscape bore witness; nevertheless there were two or three showers that afternoon. We soon began to see game, but the flatness of the country and the absence of all cover made stalking a matter of difficulty; the only bushes were a few sparsely scattered mimosas; stunted things, two or three feet high, scantily leaved, but abounding in bulbous swellings on the twigs, and in long, sharp spikes of thorns. There were herds of hartebeest and wildebeest, and smaller parties of beautiful gazelles. The last were of two kinds, named severally after their discoverers, the explorers Grant and Thompson; many of the creatures of this region commemorate the men—Schilling, Jackson, Neuman, Kirke, Chanler, Abbot—who first saw and hunted them and brought them to the notice of the scientific world. The Thompson's gazelles, or Tommies as they are always locally called, are pretty, alert little things, half the size of our prongbuck; their big brothers, the Grant's, are among the most beautiful of all antelopes, being rather larger than a whitetail deer, with singularly graceful carriage, while the old bucks carry long lyre-shaped horns.

Distances are deceptive on the bare plains under the African sunlight. I saw a fine Grant, and stalked him in a rain squall; but the bullets from the little Springfield fell short as he raced away to safety; I had underestimated the range. Then I shot, for the table, a good buck of the smaller gazelle, at two hundred and twenty-five yards; the bullet went a little high, breaking his back above the shoulders.

But what I really wanted were two good specimens, bull and cow, of the wildebeest. These powerful, ungainly beasts, a variety of the brindled gnu or blue wildebeest of South Africa, are interesting creatures of queer, eccentric habits. With their shaggy manes, heavy forequarters, and generally bovine look, they remind me somewhat of our bison, at a distance, but of course they are much less bulky, an old bull in prime condition rarely reaching a weight of five hundred pounds. They are beasts of the open plains, ever alert and wary; the cows, with their calves, and one or more herd bulls, keep in parties of several score; the old bulls, singly, or two or three together, keep by themselves, or with herds of zebra, hartebeest, or gazelle; for one of the interesting features of African wild life is the close association and companionship so often seen between two totally different species of game. Wildebeest are as savage as they are suspicious; when wounded they do not hesitate to charge a man who comes close, although of course neither they nor any other antelopes can be called dangerous when in a wild state, any more than moose or other deer can be called dangerous; when tame, however, wildebeest are very dangerous indeed, more so than an ordinary domestic bull. The wild, queer-looking creatures prance and rollick and cut strange capers when a herd first makes up its mind to flee from a stranger's approach; and even a solitary bull will sometimes plunge and buck as it starts to gallop off; while a couple of bulls, when the herd is frightened, may relieve their feelings by a moment's furious battle, occasionally dropping to their knees before closing. At this time, the end of April, there were little calves with the herds of cows; but in equatorial Africa the various species of antelopes seem to have no settled rutting time or breeding time; at least we saw calves of all ages.

Our hunt after wildebeest this afternoon was successful; but though by velt law each animal was mine, because I hit it first, yet in reality the credit was communistic, so to speak, and my share was properly less than that of others. I first tried to get up to a solitary old bull, and after a good deal

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of manœuvring, and by taking advantage of a second rain squall, I got a standing shot at him at four hundred yards, and hit him, but too far back. Although keeping a good distance away, he tacked and veered so, as he ran, that by much running myself I got various other shots at him, at very long range, but missed them all, and he finally galloped over a distant ridge, his long tail switching, seemingly not much the worse. We followed on horseback; for I hate to let any wounded thing escape to suffer. But meanwhile he had run into view of Kermit; and Kermit—who is of an age and build which better fit him for successful breakneck galloping over unknown country dotted with holes and bits of rotten ground—took up the chase with enthusiasm. Yet it was sunset, and after a run of six or eight miles, that he finally ran into and killed the tough old bull, which had turned to bay, snorting and tossing its horns.

Meanwhile I managed to get within three hundred and fifty yards of a herd, and picked out a large cow which was unaccompanied by a calf. Again my bullet went too far back; and I could not hit the animal at that distance as it ran. But after going half a mile it lay down, and would have been secured without difficulty if a wretched dog had not run forward and put it up; my horse was a long way back, but Pease, who had been looking on at a distance, was mounted, and sped after it. By the time I had reached my horse Pease was out of sight; but riding hard for some miles I overtook him, just before the sun went down, standing by the cow which he had ridden down and slain. It was long after nightfall before we reached camp, ready for a hot bath and a good supper. As always thereafter with anything we shot, we used the meat for food and preserved the skins for the National Museum. Both the cow and the bull were fat and in fine condition; but they were covered with ticks, especially wherever the skin was bare. Around the eyes the loathsome creatures swarmed so as to make complete rims, like spectacles; and in the armpits and the groin they were massed so that they looked like barnacles on an old boat. It is astonishing that the game should mind them so little; the wildebeest evidently dreaded far more the biting flies which hung around them; and the maggots of the bot-flies in their nostrils must have been a sore torment. Nature is merciless indeed.

The next day we rode some sixteen miles to the beautiful hills of Kitanga, and for over a fortnight were either Pease's guests at his farm—ranch, as we should call it in the West—or were on safari under his guidance.

BOOKS IN THE PIGSKIN LIBRARY

Bible.
Apocrypha.
Borrow: "Bible in Spain."
"Zingali."
"Lavengro."
"Wild Wales."
"The Romany Rye."
Shakespeare.
Spenser: "Faerie Queen."
Marlowe.
Mahan: "Sea Power."
Macaulay: History.
Essays.
Poems.
Homer: "Iliad."
"Odyssey."
La Chanson de Roland.
"Nibelungenlied."
Carlyle: "Frederick the Great."
Shelley: Poems.
Bacon: Essays.
Lowell: Literary Essays.
"Biglow Papers."
Emerson: Poems.
Longfellow.
Tennyson.
Poe: Tales.
Poems.
Keats.
Milton: "Paradise Lost" (Books I and II.)
Dante: "Inferno" (Carlyle's translation.)
Holmes: "Autocrat."
"Over the Teacups."
Bret Harte: Poems.
"Tales of the Argonauts."
"Luck of Roaring Camp."
Browning: Selections.
Crothers: "Gentle Reader."
Mark Twain: "Huckleberry Finn."
"Tom Sawyer."
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."
Euripides (Murray's translation.) "Hippolytus.'
"Bacchæ."
The Federalist.
Gregorovius: "Rome."
Scott: "Legend of Montrose."
"Guy Mannering."
"Waverley."
"Rob Roy."
"Antiquary."
Cooper: "Pilot."
"Two Admirals."
Froissart.
Percy's Reliques.
Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis."
Dickens: "Mutual Friend."
"Pickwick."

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"THE YEARS HAD WORN THEIR SEASON'S BELT"

By George Meredith

I

THE years had worn their season's belt,
From bud to rosy prime,
Since Nellie by the larch-pole knelt
And helped the hop to climb.

II

Most diligent of teachers then,
But now with all to learn,
She breathed beyond a thought of men,
Though formed to make men burn.

III

She dwelt where twist low-beaten thorns,
Two mill-blades, like a snail,
Enormous, with inquiring horns,
Looked down on half the vale.

IV

You know the gray of dew on grass
Ere with the young sun fired—
And you know well the thirst one has
For the coming and desired.

V

Quick in our ring she leapt, and gave
Her hand to left, to right.
No claim on her had any, save
To feed the joy of sight.

VI

For man and maid a laughing word
She tossed in notes as clear
As when the February bird
Sings out that Spring is near.

VII

Of what befell behind that scene
Let none who know reveal.
In ballad days she might have been
A heroine rousing steel.

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VIII

On us did she bestow the hour,
And fixed it firm in thought;
Her spirit like a meadow flower
That gives, and asks for naught.

IX

She seemed to make the sunlight stay
And show her in its pride.
O she was fair as a beech in May,
With the sun on the yonder side.

X

There was more life than breath can give,
In the looks in her fair form;
For little can we say we live
Until the heart is warm.

TALES OF MEN

FULL CIRCLE

By Edith Wharton

I

GEOFFREY BETTON woke rather late—so late that the winter sunlight sliding across his warm red carpet struck his eyes as he turned on the pillow.

Strett, the valet, had been in, drawn the bath in the adjoining dressing-room, placed the crystal and silver cigarette-box at his side, put a match to the fire, and thrown open the windows to the bright morning air. It brought in, on the glitter of sun, all the shrill crisp morning noises—those piercing notes of the American thoroughfare that seem to take a sharper vibration from the clearness of the medium through which they pass.

Betton raised himself languidly. That was the voice of Fifth Avenue below his windows. He remembered that when he moved into his rooms eighteen months before, the sound had been like music to him: the complex orchestration to which the tune of his new life was set. Now it filled him with horror and weariness, since it had become the symbol of the hurry and noise of that new life. He had been far less hurried in the old days when he had to be up by seven, and down at the office sharp at nine. Now that he got up when he chose, and his life had no fixed framework of duties, the hours hunted him like a pack of blood-hounds.

He dropped back on his pillows with a groan. Yes—not a year ago there had been a positively sensuous joy in getting out of bed, feeling under his bare feet the softness of the sunlit carpet, and entering the shining tiled sanctuary where his great porcelain bath proffered its renovating flood. But then a year ago he could still call up the horror of the communal plunge at his earlier lodgings: the listening for other bathers, the dodging of shrouded ladies in "crimping"-pins, the cold wait on the landing, the reluctant descent into a blotchy tin bath, and the effort to identify one's soap and nail-brush among the promiscuous

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implements of ablution. That memory had faded now, and Betton saw only the dark hours to which his blue and white temple of refreshment formed a kind of glittering antechamber. For after his bath came his breakfast, and on the breakfast-tray his letters. His letters!

He remembered—and *that* memory had not faded!—the thrill with which he had opened the first missive in a strange feminine hand: the letter beginning: "I wonder if you'll mind an unknown reader's telling you all that your book has been to her?"

Mind? Ye gods, he minded now! For more than a year after the publication of "Diadems and Faggots" the letters, the inane indiscriminate letters of condemnation, of criticism, of interrogation, had poured in on him by every post. Hundreds of unknown readers had told him with unsparing detail all that his book had been to them. And the wonder of it was, when all was said and done, that it had really been so little—that when their thick broth of praise was strained through the author's anxious vanity there remained to him so small a sediment of definite specific understanding! No — it was always the same thing, over and over and over again—the same vague gush of adjectives, the same incorrigible tendency to estimate his effort according to each writer's personal preferences, instead of regarding it as a work of art, a thing to be measured by objective standards!

He smiled to think how little, at first, he had felt the vanity of it all. He had found a savour even in the grosser evidences of popularity: the advertisements of his book, the daily shower of "clippings," the sense that, when he entered a restaurant or a theatre, people nudged each other and said "That's Betton." Yes, the publicity had been sweet to him—at first. He had been touched by the sympathy of his fellow-men: had thought indulgently of the world, as a better place than the failures and the dyspeptics would acknowledge. And then his success began to submerge him: he gasped under the thickening shower of letters. His admirers were really unappeasable. And they wanted him to do such preposterous things — to give lectures, to head movements, to be tendered receptions, to speak at banquets, to address mothers, to plead for orphans, to go up in balloons, to lead the struggle for sterilized milk. They wanted his photograph for literary supplements, his autograph for charity bazaars, his name on committees, literary, educational, and social; above all, they wanted his opinion on everything: on Christianity, Buddhism, tight lacing, the drug-habit, democratic government, female suffrage and love. Perhaps the chief benefit of this demand was his incidentally learning from it how few opinions he really had: the only one that remained with him was a rooted horror of all forms of correspondence. He had been unutterably thankful when the letters began to fall off.

"Diadems and Faggots" was now two years old, and the moment was at hand when its author might have counted on regaining the blessed shelter of oblivion—if only he had not written another book! For it was the worst part of his plight that his first success had goaded him to the perpetration of this particular folly—that one of the incentives (hideous thought!) to his new work had been the desire to extend and perpetuate his popularity. And this very week the book was to come out, and the letters, the cursed letters, would begin again!

Wistfully, almost plaintively, he contemplated the breakfast-tray with which Strett presently appeared. It bore only two notes and the morning journals, but he knew that within the week it would groan under its epistolary burden. The very newspapers flung the fact at him as he opened them.

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GEOFFREY BETTON'S NEW NOVEL

ABUNDANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF DIADEMS AND FAGGOTS

FIRST EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND ALREADY SOLD OUT.

ORDER NOW.

A hundred and fifty thousand volumes! And an average of three readers to each! Half a million of people would be reading him within a week, and every one of them would write to him, and their friends and relations would write too. He laid down the paper with a shudder.

The two notes looked harmless enough, and the calligraphy of one was vaguely

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familiar. He opened the envelope and looked at the signature: *Duncan Vyse*. He had not seen the name in years—what on earth could Duncan Vyse have to say? He ran over the page and dropped it with a wondering exclamation, which the watchful Strett, re-entering, met by a tentative "Yes, sir?"

"Nothing. Yes—that is—" Betton picked up the note. "There's a gentleman, a Mr. Vyse, coming to see me at ten."

Strett glanced at the clock. "Yes, sir. You'll remember that ten was the hour you appointed for the secretaries to call, sir."

Betton nodded. "I'll see Mr. Vyse first. My clothes, please."

As he got into them, in the state of irritable hurry that had become almost chronic with him, he continued to think about Duncan Vyse. They had seen a lot of each other for the few years after both had left Harvard: the hard happy years when Betton had been grinding at his business and Vyse—poor devil!—trying to write. The novelist recalled his friend's attempts with a smile; then the memory of one small volume came back to him. It was a novel: "The Lifted Lamp." There was stuff in that, certainly. He remembered Vyse's tossing it down on his table with a gesture of despair when it came back from the last publisher. Betton, taking it up indifferently, had sat riveted till daylight. When he ended, the impression was so strong that he said to himself: "I'll tell Apthorn about it—I'll go and see him to-morrow." His own secret literary yearnings gave him a passionate desire to champion Vyse, to see him triumph over the ignorance and timidity of the publishers. Apthorn was the youngest of the guild, still capable of opinions and the courage of them, a personal friend of Betton's, and, as it happened, the man afterward to become known as the privileged publisher of "Diadems and Faggots." Unluckily the next day something unexpected turned up, and Betton forgot about Vyse and his manuscript. He continued to forget for a month, and then came a note from Vyse, who was ill, and wrote to ask what his friend had done. Betton did not like to say "I've done nothing," so he left the note unanswered, and vowed again: "I'll see Apthorn."

The following day he was called to the West on business, and was gone a month. When he came back, there was another note from Vyse, who was still ill, and desperately hard up. "I'll take anything for the book, if they'll advance me two hundred dollars." Betton, full of compunction, would gladly have advanced the sum himself; but he was hard up too, and could only swear inwardly: "I'll write to Apthorn." Then he glanced again at the manuscript, and reflected: "No—there are things in it that need explaining. I'd better see him."

Once he went so far as to telephone Apthorn, but the publisher was out. Then he finally and completely forgot.

One Sunday he went out of town, and on his return, rummaging among the papers on his desk, he missed "The Lifted Lamp," which had been gathering dust there for half a year. What the deuce could have become of it? Betton spent a feverish hour in vainly increasing the disorder of his documents, and then bethought himself of calling the maid-servant, who first indignantly denied having touched anything ("I can see that's true from the dust," Betton scathingly interjected), and then mentioned with hauteur that a young lady had called in his absence and asked to be allowed to get a book.

"A lady? Did you let her come up?"

"She said somebody'd sent her."

Vyse, of course—Vyse had sent her for his manuscript! He was always mixed up with some woman, and it was just like him to send the girl of the moment to Betton's lodgings, with instructions to force the door in his absence. Vyse had never been remarkable for delicacy. Betton, furious, glanced over his table to see if any of his own effects were missing — one couldn't tell, with the company Vyse kept! — and then dismissed the matter from his mind, with a vague sense of magnanimity in doing so. He felt himself exonerated by Vyse's conduct.

The sense of magnanimity was still uppermost when the valet opened the door to announce "Mr. Vyse," and Betton, a moment later, crossed the threshold of his pleasant library.

His first thought was that the man facing him from the hearth-rug was the very Duncan Vyse of old: small, starved, bleached-looking, with the same sidelong movements, the same queer air of anæmic truculence. Only he had grown shabbier, and bald.

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Betton held out a hospitable hand.

"This is a good surprise! Glad you looked me up, my dear fellow."

Vyse's palm was damp and bony: he had always had a disagreeable hand.

"You got my note? You know what I've come for?" he said.

"About the secretaryship? (Sit down.) Is that really serious?"

Betton lowered himself luxuriously into one of his vast Maple arm-chairs. He had grown stouter in the last year, and the cushion behind him fitted comfortably into the crease of his nape. As he leaned back he caught sight of his image in the mirror between the windows, and reflected uneasily that Vyse would not find *him* unchanged.

"Serious?" Vyse rejoined. "Why not? Aren't *you?*"

"Oh, perfectly." Betton laughed apologetically. "Only—well, the fact is, you may not understand what rubbish a secretary of mine would have to deal with. In advertising for one I never imagined—I didn't aspire to any one above the ordinary hack."

"I'm the ordinary hack," said Vyse drily.

Betton's affable gesture protested. "My dear fellow—. You see it's not business—what I'm in now," he continued with a laugh.

Vyse's thin lips seemed to form a noiseless "*Isn't* it?" which they instantly transposed into the audible reply: "I inferred from your advertisement that you want some one to relieve you in your literary work. Dictation, short-hand—that kind of thing?"

"Well, no: not that either. I type my own things. What I'm looking for is somebody who won't be above tackling my correspondence."

Vyse looked slightly surprised. "I should be glad of the job," he then said.

Betton began to feel a vague embarrassment. He had supposed that such a proposal would be instantly rejected. "It would be only for an hour or two a day—if you're doing any writing of your own?" he threw out interrogatively.

"No. I've given all that up. I'm in an office now—business. But it doesn't take all my time, or pay enough to keep me alive."

"In that case, my dear fellow—if you could come every morning; but it's mostly awful bosh, you know," Betton again broke off, with growing awkwardness.

Vyse glanced at him humorously. "What you want me to write?"

"Well, that depends—" Betton sketched the obligatory smile. "But I was thinking of the letters you'll have to answer. Letters about my books, you know—I've another one appearing next week. And I want to be beforehand now—dam the flood before it swamps me. Have you any idea of the deluge of stuff that people write to a successful novelist?"

As Betton spoke, he saw a tinge of red on Vyse's thin cheek, and his own reflected it in a richer glow of shame. "I mean—I mean—" he stammered helplessly.

"No, I haven't," said Vyse; "but it will be awfully jolly finding out."

There was a pause, groping and desperate on Betton's part, sardonically calm on his visitor's.

"You—you've given up writing altogether?" Betton continued.

"Yes; we've changed places, as it were." Vyse paused. "But about these letters—you dictate the answers?"

"Lord, no! That's the reason why I said I wanted somebody—er—well used to writing. I don't want to have anything to do with them—not a thing! You'll have to answer them as if they were written to *you*—" Betton pulled himself up again, and rising in confusion jerked open one of the drawers of his writing-table.

"Here—this kind of rubbish," he said, tossing a packet of letters onto Vyse's knee.

"Oh—you keep them, do you?" said Vyse simply.

"I—well—some of them; a few of the funniest only."

Vyse slipped off the band and began to open the letters. While he was glancing over them Betton again caught his own reflection in the glass, and asked himself what impression he had made on his visitor. It occurred to him for the first time that his high-coloured well-fed person presented the image of commercial rather than of intellectual achievement. He did not look like his own idea of the author of "Diadems and Faggots"—and he wondered why.

Vyse laid the letters aside. "I think I can do it—if you'll give me a notion of the tone I'm to take."

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"The tone?"

"Yes—that is, if I'm to sign your name."

"Oh, of course: I expect you to sign for me. As for the tone, say just what you'd—well, say all you can without encouraging them to answer."

Vyse rose from his seat. "I could submit a few specimens," he suggested.

"Oh, as to that—you always wrote better than I do," said Betton handsomely.

"I've never had this kind of thing to write. When do you wish me to begin?" Vyse enquired, ignoring the tribute.

"The book's out on Monday. The deluge will begin about three days after. Will you turn up on Thursday at this hour?" Betton held his hand out with real heartiness. "It was great luck for me, your striking that advertisement. Don't be too harsh with my correspondents—I owe them something for having brought us together."

II

THE deluge began punctually on the Thursday, and Vyse, arriving as punctually, had an impressive pile of letters to attack. Betton, on his way to the Park for a ride, came into the library, smoking the cigarette of indolence, to look over his secretary's shoulder.

"How many of 'em? Twenty? Good Lord! It's going to be worse than 'Diadems.' I've just had my first quiet breakfast in two years—time to read the papers and loaf. How I used to dread the sight of my letter-box! Now I sha'n't know I have one."

He leaned over Vyse's chair, and the secretary handed him a letter.

"Here's rather an exceptional one—lady, evidently. I thought you might want to answer it yourself——"

"Exceptional?" Betton ran over the mauve pages and tossed them down. "Why, my dear man, I get hundreds like that. You'll have to be pretty short with her, or she'll send her photograph."

He clapped Vyse on the shoulder and turned away, humming a tune. "Stay to luncheon," he called back gaily from the threshold.

After luncheon Vyse insisted on showing a few of his answers to the first batch of letters. "If I've struck the note I won't bother you again," he urged; and Betton groaningly consented.

"My dear fellow, they're beautiful—too beautiful. I'll be let in for a correspondence with every one of these people."

Vyse, at this, meditated for a while above a blank sheet. "All right—how's this?" he said, after another interval of rapid writing.

Betton glanced over the page. "By George—by George! Won't she *see* it?" he exulted, between fear and rapture.

"It's wonderful how little people see," said Vyse reassuringly.

The letters continued to pour in for several weeks after the appearance of "Abundance." For five or six blissful days Betton did not even have his mail brought to him, trusting to Vyse to single out his personal correspondence, and to deal with the rest according to their agreement. During those days he luxuriated in a sense of wild and lawless freedom; then, gradually, he began to feel the need of fresh restraints to break, and learned that the zest of liberty lies in the escape from specific obligations. At first he was conscious only of a vague hunger, but in time the craving resolved itself into a shame-faced desire to see his letters.

"After all, I hated them only because I had to answer them"; and he told Vyse carelessly that he wished all his letters submitted to him before the secretary answered them.

At first he pushed aside those beginning: "I have just laid down 'Abundance' after a third reading," or: "Every day for the last month I have been telephoning my bookseller to know when your novel would be out." But little by little the freshness of his interest revived, and even this stereotyped homage began to arrest his eye. At last a day came when he read all the letters, from the first word to the last, as he had done when "Diadems and Faggots" appeared. It was really a pleasure to read them, now that he was relieved of the burden of replying: his new relation to his correspondents had the glow of a love-affair unchilled by the contingency of marriage.

One day it struck him that the letters were coming in more slowly and in smaller numbers. Certainly there had been more of a rush when "Diadems and Faggots"

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came out. Betton began to wonder if Vyse were exercising an unauthorized discrimination, and keeping back the communications he deemed least important. This sudden conjecture carried the novelist straight to his library, where he found Vyse bending over the writing-table with his usual inscrutable pale smile. But once there, Betton hardly knew how to frame his question, and blundered into an enquiry for a missing invitation.

"There's a note—a personal note—I ought to have had this morning. Sure you haven't kept it back by mistake among the others?"

Vyse laid down his pen. "The others? But I never keep back any."

Betton had foreseen the answer. "Not even the worst twaddle about my book?" he suggested lightly, pushing the papers about.

"Nothing. I understood you wanted to go over them all first."

"Well, perhaps it's safer," Betton conceded, as if the idea were new to him. With an embarrassed hand he continued to turn over the letters at Vyse's elbow.

"Those are yesterday's," said the secretary; "here are to-day's," he added, pointing to a meagre trio.

"H'm—only these?" Betton took them and looked them over lingeringly. "I don't see what the deuce that chap means about the first part of 'Abundance' 'certainly justifying the title'—do you?"

Vyse was silent, and the novelist continued irritably: "Damned cheek, his writing, if he doesn't like the book. Who cares what he thinks about it, anyhow?"

And his morning ride was embittered by the discovery that it was unexpectedly disagreeable to have Vyse read any letters which did not express unqualified praise of his books. He began to fancy there was a latent rancour, a kind of baffled sneer, under Vyse's manner; and he decided to return to the practice of having his mail brought straight to his room. In that way he could edit the letters before his secretary saw them.

Vyse made no comment on the change, and Betton was reduced to wondering whether his imperturbable composure were the mask of complete indifference or of a watchful jealousy. The latter view being more agreeable to his employer's self-esteem, the next step was to conclude that Vyse had not forgotten the episode of "The Lifted Lamp," and would naturally take a vindictive joy in any unfavourable judgments passed on his rival's work. This did not simplify the situation, for there was no denying that unfavourable criticisms preponderated in Betton's correspondence. "Abundance" was neither meeting with the unrestricted welcome of "Diadems and Faggots," nor enjoying the alternative of an animated controversy: it was simply found dull, and its readers said so in language not too tactfully tempered by regretful comparisons with its predecessor. To withhold unfavourable comments from Vyse was, therefore, to make it appear that correspondence about the book had died out; and its author, mindful of his unguarded predictions, found this even more embarrassing. The simplest solution would be to get rid of Vyse; and to this end Betton began to address his energies.

One evening, finding himself unexpectedly disengaged, he asked Vyse to dine; it had occurred to him that, in the course of an after-dinner chat, he might delicately hint his feeling that the work he had offered his friend was unworthy so accomplished a hand.

Vyse surprised him by a momentary hesitation. "I may not have time to dress."

Betton stared. "What's the odds? We'll dine here—and as late as you like."

Vyse thanked him, and appeared, punctually at eight, in all the shabbiness of his daily wear. He looked paler and more shyly truculent than usual, and Betton, from the height of his florid stature, said to himself, with the sudden professional instinct for "type": "He might be an agent of something—a chap who carries deadly secrets."

Vyse, it was to appear, did carry a deadly secret; but one less perilous to society than to himself. He was simply poor—inexcusably, irremediably poor. Everything failed him, had always failed him: whatever he put his hand to went to bits.

This was the confession that, reluctantly, yet with a kind of white-lipped bravado, he flung at Betton in answer to the latter's tentative suggestion that, really, the letter-answering job wasn't worth bothering him with—a thing that any type-writer could do.

"If you mean you're paying me more

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than it's worth, I'll take less," Vyse rushed out after a pause.

"Oh, my dear fellow—" Betton protested, flushing.

"What *do* you mean, then? Don't I answer the letters as you want them answered?"

Betton anxiously stroked his silken ankle. "You do it beautifully, too beautifully. I mean what I say: the work's not worthy of you. I'm ashamed to ask you——"

"Oh, hang shame," Vyse interrupted. "Do you know why I said I shouldn't have time to dress to-night? Because I haven't any evening clothes. As a matter of fact, I haven't much but the clothes I stand in. One thing after another's gone against me; all the infernal ingenuities of chance. It's been a slow Chinese torture, the kind where they keep you alive to have more fun killing you." He straightened himself with a sudden blush. "Oh, I'm all right now—getting on capitally. But I'm still walking rather a narrow plank; and if I do your work well enough—if I take your idea——"

Betton stared into the fire without answering. He knew next to nothing of Vyse's history, of the mischance or mismanagement that had brought him, with his brains and his training, to so unlikely a pass. But a pang of compunction shot through him as he remembered the manuscript of "The Lifted Lamp" gathering dust on his table for half a year.

"Not that it would have made any earthly difference—since he's evidently never been able to get the thing published." But this reflection did not wholly console Betton, and he found it impossible, at the moment, to tell Vyse that his services were not needed.

III

During the ensuing weeks the letters grew fewer and fewer, and Betton foresaw the approach of the fatal day when his secretary, in common decency, would have to say: "I can't draw my pay for doing nothing."

What a triumph for Vyse!

The thought was intolerable, and Betton cursed his weakness in not having dismissed the fellow before such a possibility arose.

"If I tell him I've no use for him now, he'll see straight through it, of course;—and then, hang it, he looks so poor!"

This consideration came after the other, but Betton, in rearranging them, put it first, because he thought it looked better there, and also because he immediately perceived its value in justifying a plan of action that was beginning to take shape in his mind.

"Poor devil, I'm damned if I don't do it for him!" said Betton, sitting down at his desk.

Three or four days later he sent word to Vyse that he didn't care to go over the letters any longer, and that they would once more be carried directly to the library.

The next time he lounged in, on his way to his morning ride, he found his secretary's pen in active motion.

"A lot to-day," Vyse told him cheerfully.

His tone irritated Betton: it had the inane optimism of the physician reassuring a discouraged patient.

"Oh, Lord—I thought it was almost over," groaned the novelist.

"No: they've just got their second wind. Here's one from a Chicago publisher—never heard the name—offering you thirty per cent. on your next novel, with an advance royalty of twenty thousand. And here's a chap who wants to syndicate it for a bunch of Sunday papers: big offer, too. That's from Ann Arbor. And this—oh, *this* one's funny!"

He held up a small scented sheet to Betton, who made no movement to receive it.

"Funny? Why's it funny?" he growled.

"Well, it's from a girl—a lady—and she thinks she's the only person who understands 'Abundance'—has the clue to it. Says she's never seen a book so misrepresented by the critics——"

"Ha, ha! That *is* good!" Betton agreed with too loud a laugh.

"This one's from a lady, too—married woman. Says she's misunderstood, and would like to correspond."

"Oh, Lord," said Betton.—"What are you looking at?" he added sharply, as Vyse continued to bend his blinking gaze on the letters.

"I was only thinking I'd never seen such short letters from women. Neither one fills the first page."

"Well, what of that?" queried Betton.

Vyse reflected. "I'd like to meet a

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woman like that," he said wearily; and Betton laughed again.

The letters continued to pour in, and there could be no farther question of dispensing with Vyse's services. But one morning, about three weeks later, the latter asked for a word with his employer, and Betton, on entering the library, found his secretary with half a dozen documents spread out before him.

"What's up?" queried Betton, with a touch of impatience.

Vyse was attentively scanning the outspread letters.

"I don't know: can't make out." His voice had a faint note of embarrassment. "Do you remember a note signed *Hester Macklin* that came three or four weeks ago? Married—misunderstood—Western army post—wanted to correspond?"

Betton seemed to grope among his memories; then he assented vaguely.

"A short note," Vyse went on: "the whole story in half a page. The shortness struck me so much—and the directness—that I wrote her: wrote in my own name, I mean."

"In your own name?" Betton stood amazed; then he broke into a groan.

"Good Lord, Vyse—you're incorrigible!"

The secretary pulled his thin moustache with a nervous laugh. "If you mean I'm an ass, you're right. Look here." He held out an envelope stamped with the words: "Dead Letter Office." "My effusion has come back to me marked 'unknown.' There's no such person at the address she gave you."

Betton seemed for an instant to share his secretary's embarrassment; then he burst into an uproarious laugh.

"Hoax, was it? That's rough on you, old fellow!"

Vyse shrugged his shoulders. "Yes; but the interesting question is—why on earth didn't *your* answer come back, too?"

"My answer?"

"The official one—the one I wrote in your name. If she's unknown, what's become of *that?*"

Betton stared at him with eyes wrinkled by amusement. "Perhaps she hadn't disappeared then."

Vyse disregarded the conjecture. "Look here—I believe *all* these letters are a hoax," he broke out.

Betton stared at him with a face that turned slowly red and angry. "What are you talking about? All what letters?"

"These I've got spread out here: I've been comparing them. And I believe they're all written by one man."

Betton's redness turned to a purple that made his ruddy moustache seem pale. "What the devil are you driving at?" he asked.

"Well, just look at it," Vyse persisted, still bent above the letters. "I've been studying them carefully—those that have come within the last two or three weeks—and there's a queer likeness in the writing of some of them. The *g*'s are all like corkscrews. And the same phrases keep recurring—the Ann Arbor news-agent uses the same expressions as the President of the Girls' College at Euphorbia, Maine."

Betton laughed. "Aren't the critics always groaning over the shrinkage of the national vocabulary? Of course we all use the same expressions."

"Yes," said Vyse obstinately. "But how about using the same *g*'s?"

Betton laughed again, but Vyse continued without heeding him: "Look here, Betton—could Strett have written them?"

"Strett?" Betton roared. "*Strett?*" He threw himself into his arm-chair to shake out his mirth at greater ease.

"I'll tell you why. Strett always posts all my answers. He comes in for them every day before I leave. He posted the letter to the misunderstood party—the letter from *you* that the Dead Letter Office didn't return. *I* posted my own letter to her; and that came back."

A measurable silence followed the emission of this ingenious conjecture; then Betton observed with gentle irony: "Extremely neat. And of course it's no business of yours to supply any valid motive for this remarkable attention on my valet's part."

Vyse cast on him a slanting glance.

"If you've found that human conduct's generally based on valid motives——!"

"Well, outside of mad-houses it's supposed to be not quite incalculable."

Vyse had an odd smile under his thin moustache. "Every house is a mad-house at some time or another."

Betton rose with a careless shake of the shoulders. "This one will be if I talk to you much longer," he said, moving away with a laugh.

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IV

BETTON did not for a moment believe that Vyse suspected the valet of having written the letters.

"Why the devil don't he say out what he thinks? He was always a tortuous chap," he grumbled inwardly.

The sense of being held under the lens of Vyse's mute scrutiny became more and more exasperating. Betton, by this time, had squared his shoulders to the fact that "Abundance" was a failure with the public: a confessed and glaring failure. The press told him so openly, and his friends emphasized the fact by their circumlocutions and evasions. Betton minded it a good deal more than he had expected, but not nearly as much as he minded Vyse's knowing it. That remained the central twinge in his diffused discomfort. And the problem of getting rid of his secretary once more engaged him.

He had set aside all sentimental pretexts for retaining Vyse; but a practical argument replaced them. "If I ship him now he'll think it's because I'm ashamed to have him see that I'm not getting any more letters."

For the letters had ceased again, almost abruptly, since Vyse had hazarded the conjecture that they were the product of Strett's devoted pen. Betton had reverted only once to the subject—to ask ironically, a day or two later: "Is Strett writing to me as much as ever?"—and, on Vyse's replying with a neutral head-shake, had added with a laugh: "If you suspect *him* you might as well think I write the letters myself!"

"There are very few to-day," said Vyse, with his irritating evasiveness; and Betton rejoined squarely: "Oh, they'll stop soon. The book's a failure."

A few mornings later he felt a rush of shame at his own tergiversations, and stalked into the library with Vyse's sentence on his tongue.

Vyse was sitting at the table making pencil-sketches of a girl's profile. Apparently there was nothing else for him to do.

"Is that your idea of Hester Macklin?" asked Betton jovially, leaning over him.

Vyse started back with one of his anæmic blushes. "I was hoping you'd be in. I wanted to speak to you. There've been no letters the last day or two," he explained.

Betton drew a quick breath of relief. The man had some sense of decency, then! He meant to dismiss himself.

"I told you so, my dear fellow; the book's a flat failure," he said, almost gaily.

Vyse made a deprecating gesture. "I don't know that I should regard the absence of letters as the ultimate test. But I wanted to ask you if there isn't something else I can do on the days when there's no writing." He turned his glance toward the book-lined walls. "Don't you want your library catalogued?" he asked insidiously.

"Had it done last year, thanks." Betton glanced away from Vyse's face. It was piteous, how he needed the job!

"I see. . . . Of course this is just a temporary lull in the letters. They'll begin again—as they did before. The people who read carefully read slowly—you haven't heard yet what *they* think."

Betton felt a rush of puerile joy at the suggestion. Actually, he hadn't thought of that!

"There *was* a big second crop after 'Diadems and Faggots,'" he mused aloud.

"Of course. Wait and see," said Vyse confidently.

The letters in fact began again—more gradually and in smaller numbers. But their quality was different, as Vyse had predicted. And in two cases Betton's correspondents, not content to compress into one rapid communication the thoughts inspired by his work, developed their views in a succession of really remarkable letters. One of the writers was a professor in a Western college; the other was a girl in Florida. In their language, their point of view, their reasons for appreciating "Abundance," they differed almost diametrically; but this only made the unanimity of their approval the more striking. The rush of correspondence evoked by Betton's earlier novel had produced nothing so personal, so exceptional as these communications. He had gulped the praise of "Diadems and Faggots" as undiscriminatingly as it was offered; now he knew for the first time the subtler pleasures of the palate. He tried to feign indifference, even to himself; and to Vyse he made no sign. But gradually he felt a desire to know what his secretary thought of the letters, and, above all, what he was saying in reply to them. And he resented acutely the possibility of Vyse's

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starting one of his clandestine correspondences with the girl in Florida. Vyse's notorious lack of delicacy had never been more vividly present to Betton's imagination; and he made up his mind to answer the letters himself.

He would keep Vyse on, of course: there were other communications that the secretary could attend to. And, if necessary, Betton would invent an occupation: he cursed his stupidity in having betrayed the fact that his books were already catalogued.

Vyse showed no surprise when Betton announced his intention of dealing personally with the two correspondents who showed so flattering a reluctance to take their leave. But Betton immediately read a criticism in his lack of comment, and put forth, on a note of challenge: "After all, one must be decent!"

Vyse looked at him with an evanescent smile. "You'll have to explain that you didn't write the first answers."

Betton halted. "Well—I—I more or less dictated them, didn't I?"

"Oh, virtually, they're yours, of course."

"You think I can put it that way?"

"Why not?" The secretary absently drew an arabesque on the blotting-pad. "Of course they'll keep it up longer if you write yourself," he suggested.

Betton blushed, but faced the issue. "Hang it all, I sha'n't be sorry. They interest me. They're remarkable letters." And Vyse, without observation, returned to his writings.

The spring, that year, was delicious to Betton. His college professor continued to address him tersely but cogently at fixed intervals, and twice a week eight serried pages came from Florida. There were other letters, too; he had the solace of feeling that at last "Abundance" was making its way, was reaching the people who, as Vyse said, read slowly because they read intelligently. But welcome as were all these proofs of his restored authority they were but the background of his happiness. His life revolved for the moment about the personality of his two chief correspondents. The professor's letters satisfied his craving for intellectual recognition, and the satisfaction he felt in them proved how completely he had lost faith in himself. He blushed to think that his opinion of his work had been swayed by the shallow judgments of a public whose taste he despised. Was it possible that he had allowed himself to think less well of "Abundance" because it was not to the taste of the average novel-reader? Such false humility was less excusable than the crudest appetite for praise: it was ridiculous to try to do conscientious work if one's self-esteem were at the mercy of popular judgments. All this the professor's letters delicately and indirectly conveyed to Betton, with the result that the author of "Abundance" began to recognize in it the ripest flower of his genius.

But if the professor understood his book, the girl in Florida understood *him;* and Betton was fully alive to the superior qualities of discernment which this process implied. For his lovely correspondent his novel was but the starting-point, the pretext of her discourse: he himself was her real object, and he had the delicious sense, as their exchange of thoughts proceeded, that she was interested in "Abundance" because of its author, rather than in the author because of his book. Of course she laid stress on the fact that his ideas were the object of her contemplation; but Betton's agreeable person had permitted him some insight into the incorrigible subjectiveness of female judgments, and he was pleasantly aware, from the lady's tone, that she guessed him to be neither old nor ridiculous. And suddenly he wrote to ask if he might see her. . . .

The answer was long in coming. Betton fumed at the delay, watched, wondered, fretted; then he received the one word "Impossible."

He wrote back more urgently, and awaited the reply with increasing eagerness. A certain shyness had kept him from once more modifying the instructions regarding his mail, and Strett still carried the letters directly to Vyse. The hour when he knew they were passing under the latter's eyes was now becoming intolerable to Betton, and it was a profound relief when the secretary, suddenly advised of his father's illness, asked permission to absent himself for a fortnight.

Vyse departed just after Betton had despatched to Florida his second missive of entreaty, and for ten days he tasted the furtive joy of a first perusal of his letters.

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The answer from Florida was not among them; but Betton said to himself "She's thinking it over," and delay, in that light, seemed favourable. So charming, in fact, was this phase of sentimental suspense that he felt a start of resentment when a telegram apprised him one morning that Vyse would return to his post that day.

Betton had slept later than usual, and, springing out of bed with the telegram in his hand, he learned from the clock that his secretary was due in half an hour. He reflected that the morning's mail must long since be in; and, too impatient to wait for its appearance with his breakfast-tray, he threw on a dressing-gown and went to the library. There lay the letters, half a dozen of them: but his eye flew to one envelope, and as he tore it open a warm wave rocked his heart.

The letter was dated a few days after its writer must have received his own: it had all the qualities of grace and insight to which his unknown friend had accustomed him, but it contained no allusion, however indirect, to the special purport of his appeal. Even a vanity less ingenious than Betton's might have read in the lady's silence one of the most familiar motions of consent; but the smile provoked by this inference faded as he turned to his other letters. For the uppermost bore the superscription "Dead Letter Office," and the document that fell from it was his own last letter from Florida.

Betton studied the ironic "Unknown" for an appreciable space of time; then he broke into a laugh. He had suddenly recalled Vyse's similar experience with "Hester Macklin," and the light he was able to throw on that obscure episode was searching enough to penetrate all the dark corners of his own adventure. He felt a rush of heat to the ears; catching sight of himself in the glass, he saw a red ridiculous congested countenance, and dropped into a chair to hide it between flushed fists. He was roused by the opening of the door, and Vyse appeared on the threshold.

"Oh, I beg pardon—you're ill?" said the secretary.

Betton's only answer was an inarticulate murmur of derision; then he pushed forward the letter with the imprint of the Dead Letter Office.

"Look at that," he jeered.

Vyse peered at the envelope, and turned it over slowly in his hands. Betton's eyes, fixed on him, saw his face decompose like a substance touched by some powerful acid. He clung to the envelope as if to gain time.

"It's from the young lady you've been writing to at Swazee Springs?" he asked at length.

"It's from the young lady I've been writing to at Swazee Springs."

"Well — I suppose she's gone away," continued Vyse, rebuilding his countenance rapidly.

"Yes; and in a community numbering perhaps a hundred and seventy-five souls, including the dogs and chickens, the local post-office is so ignorant of her movements that my letter has to be sent to the Dead Letter Office."

Vyse meditated on this; then he laughed in turn. "After all, the same thing happened to me—with 'Hester Macklin,' I mean," he recalled sheepishly.

"Just so," said Betton, bringing down his clenched fist on the table. "*Just so*," he repeated, in italics.

He caught his secretary's glance, and held it with his own for a moment. Then he dropped it as, in pity, one releases something scared and squirming.

"The very day my letter was returned from Swazee Springs she wrote me this from there," he said, holding up the last Florida missive.

"Ha! That's funny," said Vyse, with a damp forehead.

"Yes, it's funny: it's funny," said Betton. He leaned back, his hands in his pockets, staring up at the ceiling, and noticing a crack in the cornice. Vyse, at the corner of the writing-table, waited.

"Shall I get to work?" he began, after a silence measurable by minutes. Betton's gaze descended from the cornice.

"I've got your seat, haven't I?" he said, rising and moving away from the table.

Vyse, with a quick gleam of relief, slipped into the vacant chair, and began to stir about vaguely among the papers.

"How's your father?" Betton asked from the hearth.

"Oh, better—better, thank you. He'll pull out of it."

"But you had a sharp scare for a day or two?"

"Yes—it was touch and go when I got there."

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Another pause, while Vyse began to classify the letters.

"And I suppose," Betton continued in a steady tone, "your anxiety made you forget your usual precautions—whatever they were—about this Florida correspondence, and before you'd had time to prevent it the Swazee post-office blundered?"

Vyse lifted his head with a quick movement. "What do you mean?" he asked, pushing his chair back.

"I mean that you saw I couldn't live without flattery, and that you've been ladling it out to me to earn your keep."

Vyse sat motionless and shrunken, digging the blotting-pad with his pen. "What on earth are you driving at?" he repeated.

"Though why the deuce," Betton continued in the same steady tone, "you should need to do this kind of work when you've got such faculties at your service—those letters were magnificent, my dear fellow! Why in the world don't you write novels, instead of writing to other people about them?"

Vyse straightened himself with an effort. "What are you talking about, Betton? Why the devil do you think *I* wrote those letters?"

Betton held back his answer, with a brooding face. "Because I wrote 'Hester Macklin's'—to myself!"

Vyse sat stock-still, without the least outcry of wonder. "Well—?" he finally said, in a low tone.

"And because you found me out (you see, you can't even feign surprise!)—because you saw through it at a glance, knew at once that the letters were faked. And when you'd foolishly put me on my guard by pointing out to me that they were a clumsy forgery, and had then suddenly guessed that *I* was the forger, you drew the natural inference that I had to have popular approval, or at least had to make *you* think I had it. You saw that, to me, the worst thing about the failure of the book was having *you* know it was a failure. And so you applied your superior—your immeasurably superior—abilities to carrying on the humbug, and deceiving me as I'd tried to deceive you. And you did it so successfully that I don't see why the devil you haven't made your fortune writing novels!"

Vyse remained silent, his head slightly bent under the mounting tide of Betton's denunciation.

"The way you differentiated your people—characterised them—avoided my stupid mistake of making the women's letters too short and logical, of letting my different correspondents use the same expressions: the amount of ingenuity and art you wasted on it! I swear, Vyse, I'm sorry that damned post-office went back on you," Betton went on, piling up the waves of his irony.

But at this height they suddenly paused, drew back on themselves, and began to recede before the spectacle of Vyse's pale distress. Something warm and emotional in Betton's nature—a lurking kindliness, perhaps, for any one who tried to soothe and smooth his writhing ego—softened his eye as it rested on the drooping figure of his secretary.

"Look here, Vyse—I'm not sorry—not altogether sorry this has happened!" He moved slowly across the room, and laid a friendly palm on Vyse's shoulder. "In a queer illogical way it evens up things, as it were. I did you a shabby turn once, years ago—oh, out of sheer carelessness, of course—about that novel of yours I promised to give to Apthorn. If I *had* given it, it might not have made any difference—I'm not sure it wasn't too good for success—but anyhow, I dare say you thought my personal influence might have helped you, might at least have got you a quicker hearing. Perhaps you thought it was because the thing *was* so good that I kept it back, that I felt some nasty jealousy of your superiority. I swear to you it wasn't that—I clean forgot it. And one day when I came home it was gone: you'd sent and taken it. And I've always thought since you might have owed me a grudge—and not unjustly; so this . . . this business of the letters . . . the sympathy you've shown . . . for I suppose it *is* sympathy . . . ?"

Vyse startled and checked him by a queer crackling laugh.

"It's *not* sympathy?" broke in Betton, the moisture drying out of his voice. He withdrew his hand from Vyse's shoulder. "What is it, then? The joy of uncovering my nakedness? An eye for an eye? Is it *that?*"

Vyse rose from his seat, and with a mechanical gesture swept into a heap all the letters he had sorted.

"I'm stone broke, and wanted to keep my job—that's what it is," he said wearily . . .

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THE SHRINKING OF KINGMAN'S FIELD

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

"IT was rats," said I.

"It was warts," said Old Hundred.

"I know it was rats, I tell you," I continued, "because my uncle Eben knew a man who did it. His house was full of rats, so he wrote a very polite note to them, setting forth that, much as he enjoyed their excellent society, the house was too crowded for comfort, and telling them to go over to the house of a certain neighbor, who had more room and no children nor cats. And the rats all went."

Old Hundred listened patiently. "That's precisely right," said he, "except it must have been warts. You have to be polite, and also tell them where to go. You rub the warts with a bean, wrap the bean up in the note, and burn both, or else throw them in the well. In a few days the warts will leave you and appear on the other fellow. My grandfather, when he was a boy, got warts that way, so he licked the other boy."

"Rats!" said I.

"No, warts," persisted Old Hundred.

So that was how we two aging and urbanized codgers came to leave the comfortable club for the Grand Central Station, whence we sent telegrams to our families and took train for the rural regions north-eastward. The point had to be settled. Besides, I stumped Old Hundred to go, and he never could refuse a stump.

But Old Hundred was fretful on the journey. We called him Old Hundred years ago, because he always proposed that tune at Sunday evening meetings, when the leader "called for hymns." I address him as Old Hundred still, though he is a learned lawyer in line for a judgeship. He was fretful, he said, because we were sure to be terribly disillusioned. But he is not a man accustomed in these later years to act on impulse, and the prospect of a night on a sleeping car, without pajamas, did not, I fancy, appeal to him, now that he faced it from the badly ventilated car aisle, instead of the club easy chair. Yet perhaps he did dread the disillusionment, too. It was always I, even when we were boys, who loved an adventure for its own sake, quite apart from the pleasure or pain of it—taking a supreme delight, in fact, in melancholy. I have still a copy of Moore's poems, stained with tears and gingerbread. Some of the happiest hours of my childhood were spent in weeping over this book, especially over "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," which affected me with an incomprehensible but poignant woe. Accordingly it was I who rose cheerful in the morning and piloted a gloomy companion to breakfast and a barber, and so across Boston to the dingy station where dingy, dirty cars of ancient vintage awaited, and in one of which we rode, with innumerable stops, to a spot off the beaten tracks of travel, but which bore a name that thrilled us.

When we alighted from the train, a large factory greeted our vision, across the road from the railway station. We walked up a faintly familiar street to the village square. There we paused, with wry faces. Six trolley lines converged in its centre, and out of the surrounding country were rolling in great cars, as big almost as Pullmans. All the magnificent horse-chestnut trees that once lined the walks were down, to expose more brazenly to view the rows of tawdry little shops. These trees had once furnished shade and ammunition. I had to smile at the sign above the new fish-market—

IF IT SWIMS—WE HAVE IT.

But there was no smile on Old Hundred's face. Here and there, rising behind the little stores and lunch rooms, we could detect the tops of the old houses, pushed back by commerce. But most of the houses had disappeared altogether. Only the old white meeting-house at the head of the common looked down benignly, unchanged.

"The trail of the trolley is over it all!"

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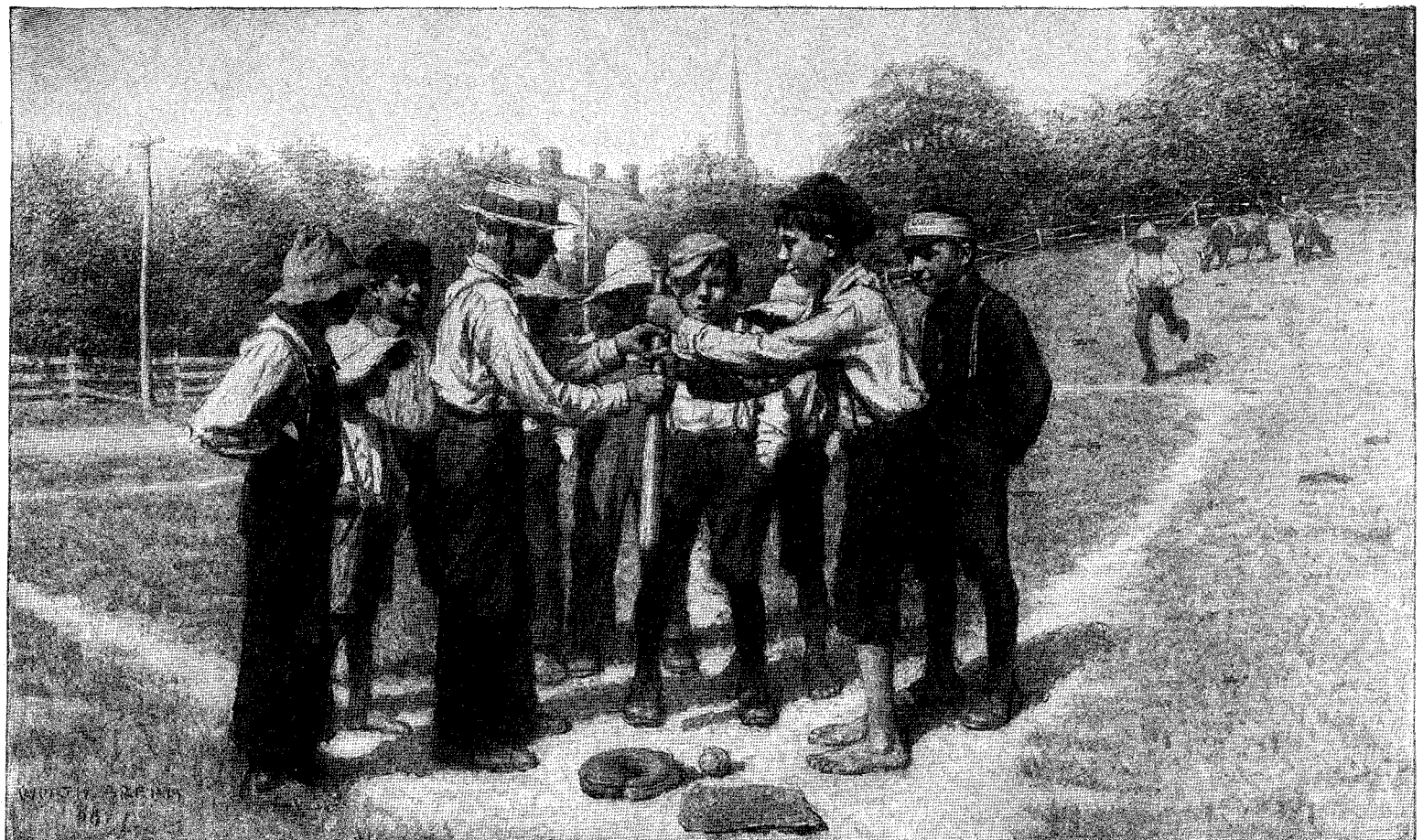

Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"You and Bill Nichols always chose up."—Page 422.

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Old Hundred murmured, as we hastened northward, out of the village.

After we had walked some distance, Old Hundred said, "It ought to be around here somewhere, to the right of the road. I can't make anything out, for these new houses."

"There was a lane down to it," said I, "and woods beyond."

"Sure," he cried, "Kingman's woods; and it was called Kingman's field."

I sighted the ruins of a lane, between two houses. "Come on down to Kingman's, fellers," I shouted, "an' choose up sides!"

Old Hundred followed my lead. We were in the middle of a potato patch, in somebody's back yard. It was very small.

"This ain't Kingman's," wailed Old Hundred, lapsing into bad grammar in his grief. "Why, it took an awful paste to land a home run over right field into the woods! And there ain't no woods!"

There weren't. Nevertheless, this was Kingman's field. "See," said I, trying to be cheerful, "here's where home was." And I rooted up a potato sprout viciously. "You and Bill Nichols always chose up. You each put a hand round a bat, alternating up the stick, for first choice. The one who could get his hand over the top enough to swing the bat round his head three times, won, and chose Goodknocker Pratt. First was over there where the wall isn't any more."

"Remember the time we couldn't find my 'Junior League,'" said Old Hundred, "and Goodknocker dreamed it was in a tree, and the next day we looked in the trees, and there it was? I wonder what ever became of old Goodknocker?"

He moved toward first base. The woods had been ruthlessly cut down, and the wall dragged away in the process. We climbed a knoll, through the stumps and dead stuff. At the top was a snake bush.

"Here's something, anyhow," said Old Hundred. "You were Uncas and I was Hawk Eye, and we defended this snake bush from Bill's crowd of Iroquois. We made shields out of barrel heads, and spears out of young pine-tree tops. Wow, how they hurt!"

"About half a mile over is the swamp where the traps were," said I. "Let's go. Maybe there's something in one of 'em."

"Then times would be changed," said he, smiling a little.

We walked a few hundred feet, and there was the swamp, quite dried up without the protection of the woods, a tangle of dead stuff, and in plain view of half a dozen houses. "Why," cried Old Hundred, "it was miles away from *anything!*"

I looked at him, a woful figure, clad in immaculate clothes, with gray gloves, a cane in his hand. "You ought to be wearing red mittens," said I, "and carrying that old shot-gun, with the ramrod bent."

"The ramrod was always bent," said he. "It kept getting caught in twigs, or falling out. Gee, how she kicked! Remember the day I got the rabbit down there on the edge of the swamp? It made the snow all red, poor little thing. I guess I wasn't so pleased as I expected to be."

"I remember the day you didn't get the wood pussy—soon enough," I answered.

Just then a whistle shrieked. "Good Lord," said Old Hundred, "there's one of those infernal trolleys! It must go right up the Turnpike, past Sandy."

"Let's take it!" I cried.

He looked at me savagely. "We'll walk!" he said.

"But it's miles and miles," I remonstrated.

"Nevertheless," said he, "we'll walk."

It was difficult to find the short cut in this tangle of slaughtered forest, but we got back to the road finally, coming out by the school-house. At least, we came out by a little shallow hole in the ground, half filled with poison ivy and fire weed, and ringed by a few stones. We paused sadly by the ruins.

"I suppose the trolley takes the kids into the village now," said I. "Centralization, you know."

"There used to be a great stove in one corner, and the pipe went all across the room," Old Hundred was saying, as if to himself. "If you sat near it, you baked; if you didn't, you froze. Do you remember Miss Campbell? What was it we used to sing about her? Oh, yes—

> Three little mice ran up the stairs
> To hear Biddy Campbell say her prayers;
> And when they heard her say Amen,
> The three little mice ran down again.

And, gee, but you were the punk speller! Remember how there was always a spelling match Friday afternoons? I'll never

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forget the day you fell down on 'nausea.' You'd lasted pretty well that day, for you; everybody'd gone down but you and Myrtie Swett and me and one or two more. But when Biddy Campbell put that word up to you, you looked it, if you couldn't spell it!"

"Hum," said I, "I wouldn't rub it in, if I were you. I seem to recall a public day when old Gilman Temple, the committee man, asked you what was the largest bird that flies, and you said, 'The Kangaroo.'"

Old Hundred grinned. "That's the day the new boy laughed," said he. "Remember the new boy? I mean the one that wore the derby which we used to push down over his eyes? Sometimes in the yard one of us would squat behind him, and then somebody else would push him over backward. We made him walk Spanish, too. But after that public day he and I went way down to the horse sheds behind the meeting-house in the village, and had it out. I wonder why we always fought in the holy horse sheds? The ones behind the town hall were never used for that purpose."

"I'll never forget the day you fell down on 'nausea.' "—Page 422.

This was true, but I couldn't explain it. "We couldn't always wait to get to the horse sheds, as I remember it," said I. "Sometimes we couldn't wait to get out of sight of school."

I began hunting the neighborhood for the hide-and-seek spots. The barn and the carriage shed across the road were still there, with cracks yawning between the mouse gray boards. The shed was also ideal for "Anthony over." And in the pasture

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behind the school stood the great boulder, by the sassafras tree. "I'll bet you can't count out," said I.

"Pooh!" said Old Hundred. He raised his finger, pointed it at an imaginary line of boys and girls, and chanted—

"Acker, backer, soda cracker,
Acker, backer, boo!
If yer father chews terbacker,
Out goes you.

And now you're it," he finished, pointing at me.

I was not to be outdone. "Ten, twenty, thirty, forty — " I began to mumble. Then, "One thousand!" I shouted.

"Bushel o' wheat and a bushel o' rye,
All 't 'aint hid, holler knee high!"

I looked for a stick, stood it on end, and let it fall. It fell toward the boulder. "You're up in the sassafras tree," I said.

"No," said Old Hundred, "that's Benny."

Then we looked at each other and laughed.

"You poor old idiot," said Old Hundred.

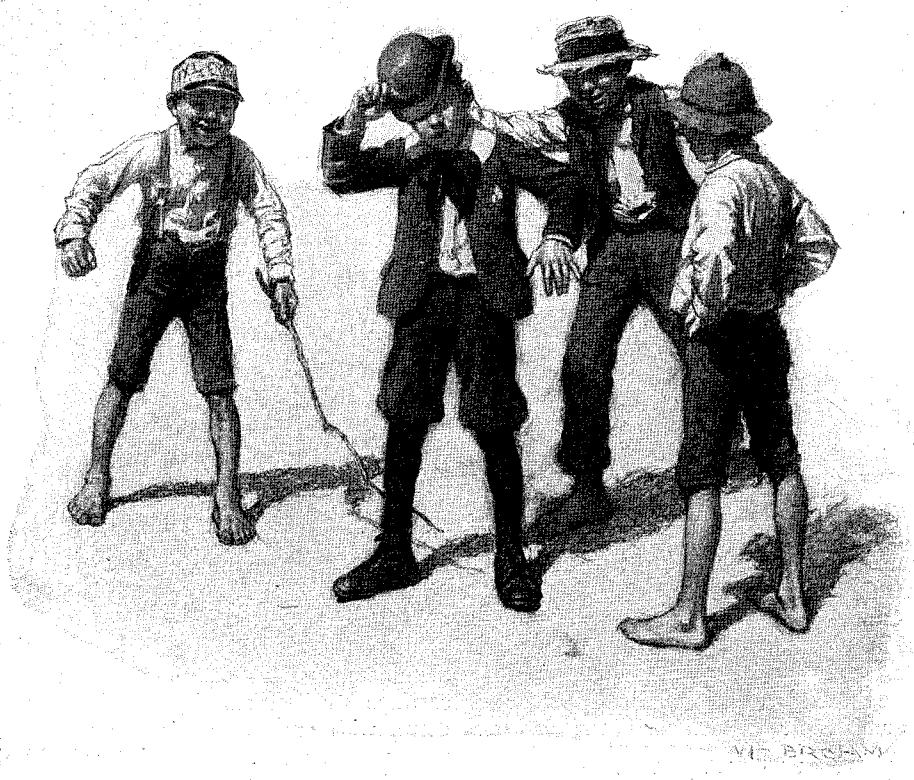
"You doddering imbecile," said I, "come on up to Sandy."

Somehow, it wasn't far to Sandy. It used to be miles. We passed by Myrtie Swett's house on the way. It stood back from the Turnpike just as ever, with its ample doorway, its great shadowing elms, its air of haughty well-being. Myrtie, besides a prize speller, was something of a social queen. She was very beautiful, and she affected ennui.

"Oh, dear, bread and beer,
If I was home I shouldn't be here!"

she used to say at parties, with a tired air that was the secret envy of the other little girls, who were unable to conceal their pleasure at being "here." However, Myrtie never went home, we noticed. Rather did she take a leading part in every game of Drop-the-handkerchief, Post Office, or Copenhagen —tinglingly thrilling games, with unknown possibilities of a sentimental nature.

"If I thought she still lived in the old place, I'd go up and tell her I had a letter for her," said Old Hundred.



"Remember the new boy? I mean the one that wore the derby."—Page 423.

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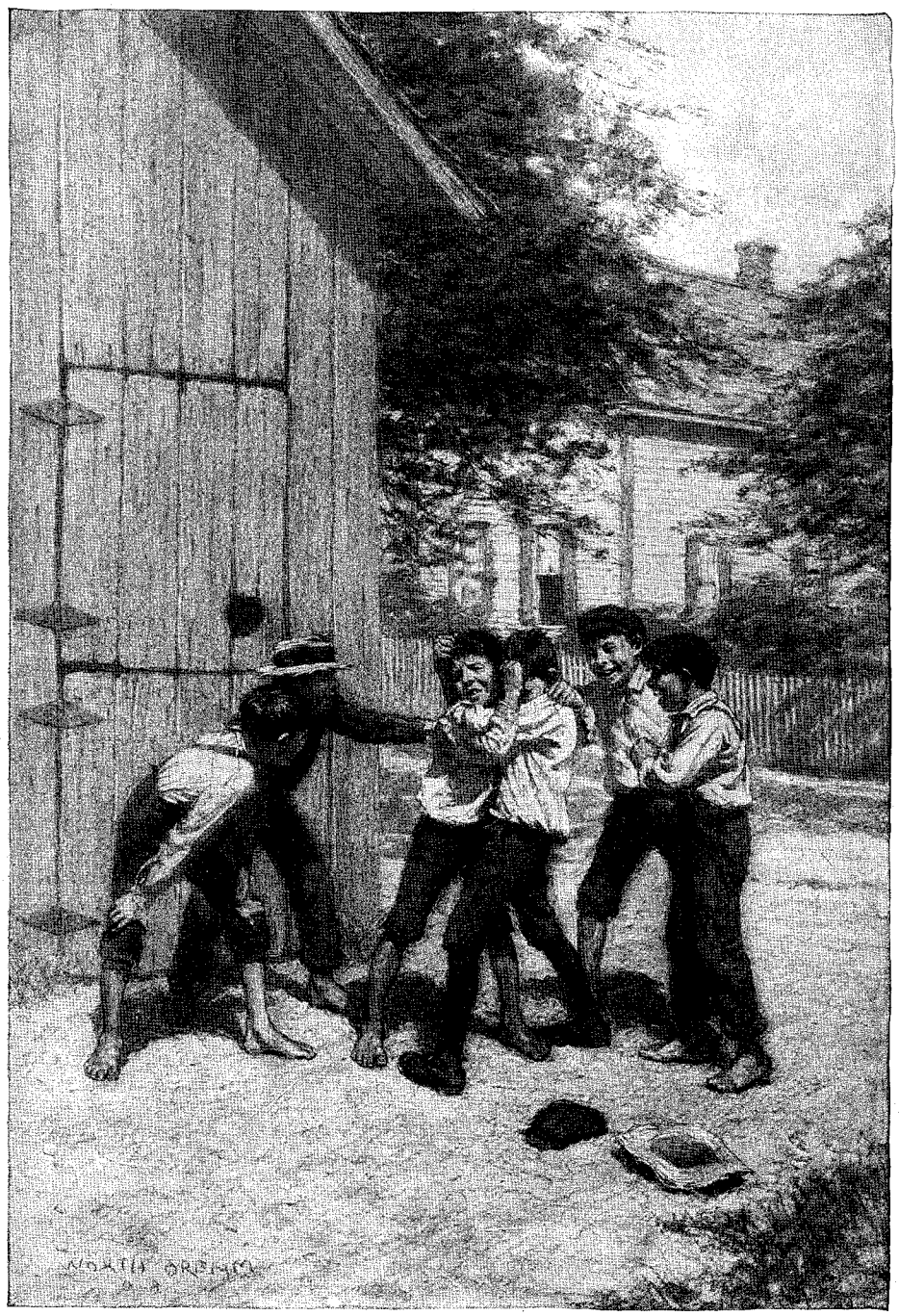

Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"He and I had it out.—Page 423."

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"She'd probably give you a stamp," I replied.

"Not unless she's changed!" he grinned.

But we saw no signs of Myrtie. Several children played in the yard. There was the face of a strange woman at the window, a very plain woman, who looked old, as she peered keenly at the two urban passers.

"It *can't* be Myrtie!" I heard Old Hundred mutter, as he hastened on.

Sandy was almost the most wonderful spot in the world. It was, as most swimming holes are, on the down-stream side of a bridge. The little river widened out, on its way through the meadows, here and there into swimming holes of greater or less desirability. There was Lob's Pond, by the mill, and Deep Pool, and Musk Rat, and Little Sandy. But Sandy was the best of them all. It was shaded on one side by great trees, and the banks were hidden from the road by alder screens. At one end there was a shelving bottom, of clean sand, where the "little kids" who couldn't swim sported in safety. Under the opposite bank the water ran deep for diving. And in midstream the pool was so very deep that nobody had ever been able to find bottom there. In the other holes, you could hold your hands over your head and go down till your feet touched, without wetting your fingers. But not the longest fish-line had ever been long enough to plumb Sandy's depths. Indeed, it was popularly believed that there was *no* bottom in Sandy, and a mythical horn pout, of gigantic proportions, was supposed to inhabit its dark, watery abysses.

Old Hundred and I stood on the bridge and looked down on a little pool. "I could jump across it now," he sighed. "But I wish it were a warmer day. I'd go in, just the same."

There was a honk up the road, and a touring car jolted over the boards behind us, with a load of veils and goggles. The dust sifted through the bridge, and we heard it patter on the water below.

"I fancy there's more travel now," said I. "And the alder screen seems to be gone. Perhaps we'd better not go in."

Old Hundred leaned pensively over the white rail—the sign of a State highway; for the dusty old Turnpike was now converted into a gray strip of macadam road, torn by the automobiles, with a trolley track at one side.

"There's a lucky bug on the water," he said presently. "If we were in now, we might catch him, and make our fortunes."

"And get our clothes tied up," said I.

"As I recall it, you were the prize beef chawer," he remarked. "I never could see why you didn't go into vaudeville, in a Houdini act. I used to soak the knots in your shirt and dry 'em, and soak 'em again; but you always untied 'em, often without using your teeth, either."

"You couldn't, though," I grinned.

> "Charlo beef,
> The beef was tough,
> Poor Old Hundred
> Couldn't get enough!"

How many times have you gone home barefoot, with your stockings and your undershirt, in a wet knot, tied to your fish-pole?"

"Not many," said he.

"What?" said I.

"It wasn't often that I wore stockings and an undershirt in swimming season," he answered. "Don't you remember being made to soak your feet in a tub on the back porch before going to bed, and going fast asleep in the process?"

"If you put a horse hair in water, it will turn to a snake," I replied, irrelevantly.

"Anybody knows that," said Old Hundred. "If you toss a fish back in the water before you're done fishing, you won't get any more bites, because he'll go tell all the other fish. Bet yer I can swim farther under water 'n you can. Come on, it isn't very cold."

I looked hesitantly at the pool.

"Stump yer!" he taunted.

I started for the bank. But just then the trolley wire, which we had quite forgotten, began to buzz. We paused. Up the pike came the car. It stopped just short of the bridge, by a cross-road, and an old man alighted. Then it moved on, shaking more dust down upon the brown water. The old man regarded us a moment, and then, instead of turning up the cross-road, came over to us.

("Know him?" I whispered.)

("Is it Hen Flint, that used to drive the meat wagon with the white top?" said Old Hundred. "Lord, is it so many years ago!")

"How are you, Mr. Flint?" said I.

"Thot I didn't mistake ye," said the old

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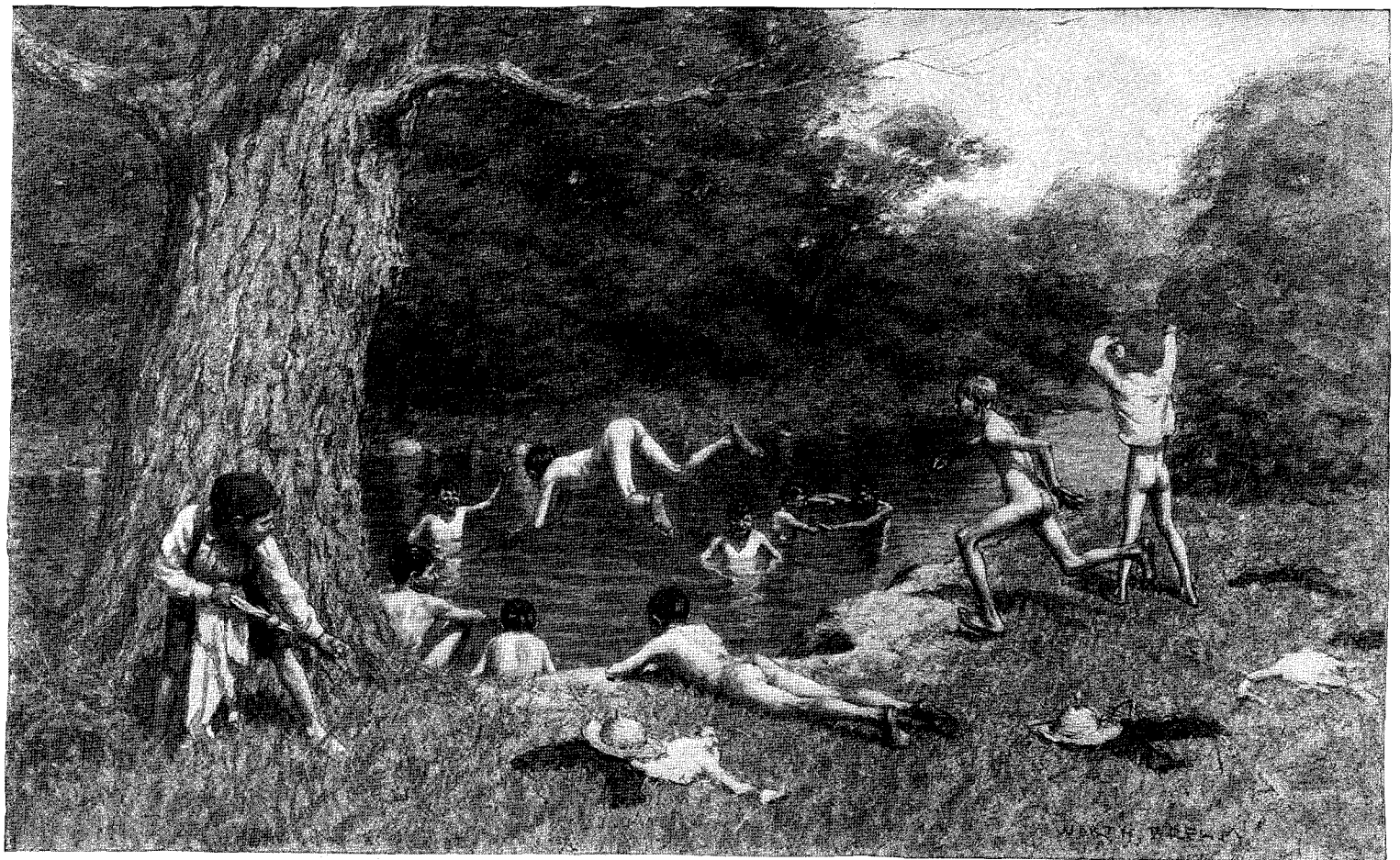

Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"I used to soak the knots in your shirt and dry 'em, and soak 'em again."—Page 426.

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Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"I believe she had all those melon stems connected with an automatic burglar alarm."—Page 429.

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man, putting out a large, thin, but powerful hand. "Whar be ye now, Noo York? Come back to look over the old place, eh? I reckon ye find it some changed. Don't know it myself, hardly. You look like yer ma; sorter got her peak face."

"Where's the swimming hole now?" asked Old Hundred.

"I don't calc'late thar be any," said the old man. "The gol durn trolley an' the automobiles spiled the pool here, an' the mill-pond's no good since they tore down the mill an' bust the dam. Maybe the little fellers git their toes wet down back o' Bill Flint's; I see 'em splashin' round thar hot days. But the old fellers have to wash in the kitchen, same's in winter."

"But the boys must swim somewhere," said I.

"I presume likely they go to the beaches," said Henry Flint. "I see 'em ridin' off in the trolley."

"Yes," said I, "it must be easy to get anywhere now, with the trolleys so thick."

"It's too durn easy," he commented. "Thar hain't a place ye can't git to, though why ye should want to git thar beats me. Mostly puts high-flown notions in the women-folks' heads, and vegetable gardens on 'em."

He shook hands again, lingeringly. "Yer father wuz a fine man," he said to Old Hundred—"a fine man. I sold yer ma meat before you wuz born."

Then he moved rather feebly away, down the cross-road. Presently a return trolley approached.

"Curse the trolleys!" exclaimed Old Hundred. "They go everywhere and carry everybody. They spoil the country roads and ruin the country houses and villages. Where they go, cheap loafing places, called waiting-rooms, spring up, haunted by flies, rotten bananas, and village muckers. They trail peanut shells, dust and vulgarity; and they make all the country-side a back yard of the city. Let's take this one."

We passed once more the hole where the school had been, and drew near a cross-road. I looked at Old Hundred, he at me. He nodded, and we signalled the conductor. The car stopped. We alighted and turned silently west, pursued by peering eyes. After a few hundred feet the cross-road went up a rise and round a bend, and the new frame houses along the Turnpike were shut from view. Over the brambled wall we saw cows lying down in a pasture.

"It's going to rain," said I.

"No," said Old Hundred, "that's only a sign when they lie down first thing in the morning."

Then we were silent once more. Into the west the land, the rocky, rolling, stub-born, beautiful New England country-side, lay familiar—how familiar!—to our eyes. To the left, back among the oaks and hickories, stood a solid, simple house, painted yellow, with green blinds. To the right almost opposite, was a smaller house of white, with an orchard straggling up to the back door. And in one of them I was born, and in the other Old Hundred. Down the road was another house, a deep red, half hidden in the trees. Smoke was rising from the chimney now, and drifting rosily against the first flush of sunset.

"Betsy's getting Cap'n Charles's supper," said Old Hundred.

"Then Betsy's about one hundred and six," said I, "and the Cap'n one hundred and ten. Oh, John, it was a long, long time ago!"

"It doesn't seem so," he answered. "It seems only yesterday that we met up there in your grove on Hallowe'en to light our jack-lanterns, and crept down the road in the cold white moonlight to poke them up at Betsy's window. Remember when she caught us with the pail of water?"

"I remember," said I, "the time you put a tack in the seat of Cap'n Charles's stool, in his little shoemaker's shop out behind the house, and he gave you five cents, to return good for evil; so the next day you did it again, in the hope of a quarter, but he decided there were times when the Golden Rule is best honored in the breach, and gave you a walloping."

"It was some walloping, too," said Old Hundred, with a reminiscent grin. "It would be a good time now," he added, "to swipe melons, if Betsy's getting supper. Though I believe she had all those melon stems connected with an automatic burglar-alarm in the kitchen. She ought to have taken out a patent on that invention!"

He looked about him, first at his house, then at mine. "How small the orchard is now," he mused. "The trees are like little old women. And look at Crow's Nest—it used to be a hundred feet high."

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The oak he pointed at still bore in its upper branches the remains of our tree-top retreat, a rotted beam or two straddling a crotch. "Peter Pan should rebuild it," said I. "I shall drop a line to Wendy. Do you still hesitate to turn over in bed?"

"Always," Old Hundred confessed. "I do turn over, now, but it was years before I could bring myself to do it. I wonder where we got that superstition that it brought bad luck? If we woke in the night, up in Crow's Nest, and wanted to shift our positions, we got up and walked around the foot of the mattress, so we could lie on the other side without turning over. Remember?"

I nodded. Then the well-curb caught my eye. It was over the well we dug where old Solon Perkins told us to. Solon charged three dollars for the advice. He came with a forked elm twig, cut green, and holding the prongs tightly wrapped round his hands so that the base of the twig stuck out straight, walked back and forth over the place, followed by my father and mother, and Old Hundred's father and mother, and Cap'n Charles and Betsy, and all the boys for a mile around, silently watching for the miracle. Finally the base of the twig bent sharply down. "Dig there," said Solon. He examined the twig to see if the bark was twisted. It was, so he added, "Bent hard. Won't have ter dig more'n ten foot." We dug twenty-six, but water came. And such water!

"I want some of that water," said I. "I don't want to go into the house; I don't even know who lives in it now. But I must have some of that water."

We went up to the well and lowered the bucket, which slid bounding down against the cool stones till it hit the depths with a dull splash. As we were drinking, an old man came peering out of the house. Old Hundred recognized him first.

"Well, Clarkie Poor, by all that's holy!" he cried. "We've come to get our hair cut."

Clarkson Poor blinked a bit before recognition came. "Yes," he said, "I bought the old place a couple o' year back, arter them city folks you sold it to got sick on it. Too fer off the trolley line for them. John's house over yon some noo comers 'a' got. They ain't changed it none. This is about the only part o' town that ain't changed, though. Most o' the old folks is gone, too, and the young uns, like you chaps, all git ambitious fer the cities. I give up cuttin' hair 'bout three year back—got kinder onsteady an' cut too many ears."

A sudden smile broke over Old Hundred's face. "Clarkie," he said, "you were always up on such things—is it rats or warts that you write a note to when you want 'em to go away?"

"Yes, it's rats, isn't it?" I cried, also reminded, for the first time, of our real quest.

"Why," said Clarkie, "you must be sure to make the note very partic'lar perlite, and tell 'em whar to go. Don't fergit that."

"Yes, yes," said we, "but is it warts or rats?"

"Well," said Clarkie, "it's both."

We looked one at the other, and grinned rather sheepishly.

"Only thar's a better way fer warts," Clarkie went on, "I knew a boy once who sold his. That's the best way. Yer don't have actually to sell 'em. Just git another feller to say, 'I'll give yer five cents fer yer warts,' and you say, 'All right, they're yourn,' and then they go. Fact."

We thanked him, and moved down to the road, declining his invitation to come into the house. Westward, the sun had gone down and left the sky a glowing amber and rose. The fields rolled their young green like a checkered carpet over the low hills—the sweet, familiar hills. For an instant, in the hush of gathering twilight, we stood there silent and bridged the years; wiping out the strife, the toil, the ambitions, we were boys again.

"Hark!" said Old Hundred, softly. Down through the orchard we heard the thin, sweet tinkle of a cow-bell. "There's a boy behind, with the peeled switch," he added, "looking dreamily up at the first star, and wishing on it—wishing for a lot of things he'll never get. But I'm sure he isn't barefoot. Let's go."

As we passed down the Turnpike, between the rows of cheap frame houses, we saw, in the increasing dusk, the ruins of a lane, and the corner of a small, back yard potato patch, that had been Kingman's field. We hastened through the noisy, treeless village, and boarded the Boston train, rather cross for want of supper.

"I wonder," said Old Hundred, as we moved out of the station, "whether we'd better go to Young's or the Parker House?"

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THE LURE OF THE LAND

By Frederic C. Howe

THERE is in all of us, as Bagehot said of the Hebrew people, a "coercive sense of ingrained usage, which kept men from thinking what they had not before thought; a vague horror that something would happen if they did so." Especially is this true of the law, which Voltaire insisted was "the conservator of ancient abuses." It is true of our ideas of history as well. We do not want the things we have always believed in disturbed. We prize our traditions as a bank president prizes his deposits. We jealously guard them against a run.

Some of the younger historians have dared to suggest that the reverential attitude of all America toward New England is due to the fact that our history has been written by New England men. And it may be said of the historian, as it is of the courts, that it is a poor judge who does not amplify his own authority. The religious persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers is the background of American history, as well as the inspiration of a thousand sermons and dissertations. It is enhaloed by the same sort of sacredness that environs the Constitution or the myths which cluster about the name of the Father of his Country.

No one has challenged the causes of the abandonment of England by the early Puritans, or the desire for religious freedom which inspired the first comers to New England. But we are coming to accept another motive for the colonization of America, and to find that cause, as well as the subsequent history of democracy in the free land of the nation. To this influence all others are subordinate. The Puritan of Massachusetts and the Cavalier of Virginia were called to our shores in the seventeenth century by the same instinct that called the Irish Catholic two centuries later. They were lured from their ancestral homes by the call of the land. The English were the first to come, because feudalism came to an earlier end in England than it did on the Continent. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the cash relation of landlord and tenant took the place of the personal relation of lord and vassal. This is very important, for it was to this change in the economic framework of Europe that our settlement was due.

It was this that peopled America. The personal relations fixed by custom came to be fixed by competition. During the sixteenth century the enclosure acts deprived the people of a large part of their common lands, which at one time comprised from one-third to one-half of the nation. The common people lost all interest in the land. The land became the private property of the lord. Large areas were converted into sheep pastures and private preserves. This is the date of the disappearance of the yeoman farmer who had once been nearly universal. During these centuries population increased very rapidly. According to Thorold Rogers, population doubled during the seventeenth century. This increased the competition for the land, while the enclosure of the commons and the growth of great estates limited the amount which could be used. Rent rose very rapidly. Poverty made its appearance among the farming class. It was this that led the English Puritan to America. He was driven off the land which had formerly been his own by the struggle for its use.

It was the free land of America that lured the emigrant. It was an unappropriated continent that inspired colonial settlement. Beyond the seas there was no overlord to appropriate one-half of what the worker produced. And this has been true ever since.

To satisfy one's desires with the minimum of effort is an elemental law to which all nature responds. It is the moving force of all life. Even inanimate nature follows the line of least resistance. The dumb animals of the forest are blindly guided by the same instinct. It would be impossible to conceive of life with this motive absent. It underlies every activity. It explains almost every movement of our lives. It lies at the root of all psychology, as well as of all political economy. The desire to satisfy one's wants and to satisfy them in the easiest

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possible way is as fundamental to all biological or social science as the law of gravitation is to physics or the heliocentric theory to astronomy. In response to this instinct, nations, tribes, and individuals have abandoned ancestral homes to build their fortunes anew in unknown lands. Inspired by this motive, men have crossed the seas and penetrated into the untouched wilderness; they have braved the Arctic Circle and the jungles of the tropics. For this they have pushed their way into the forests and prairies of the distant West. It was the desire for economic freedom, for the satisfaction of their material wants with a minimum of effort, that lured the Argonauts around Cape Horn and across the deserts during the gold fever of 1849, just as it has lured them into the heart of the Yukon during the closing years of the last century.

For three centuries the unoccupied land of America has been the call to which this instinct of man has been attuned. It has been the supreme motive of our history. Free land is the basis of our democracy. For free land involves economic liberty just as tenancy involves economic servitude.

The Declaration of Independence was the protest of men who owned or expected to own their own lands. It could not come from a people who were vassals or tenants. We have been taught that the American Revolution was the protest of Englishmen against a threatened invasion of the rights secured to them by Magna Charta; that the interference of Parliament with the rights of self-government and taxation aroused the Anglo-Saxon in his new home to a spirit of revolt. All these things irritated the colonists, it is true, but his liberty was menaced in a far graver way. According to a recent historian, it was a proclamation of George III that the "hinterland" to the west of the Allegheny Mountains should be closed to further settlement that aroused the American people.* The colonist on the seaboard had always looked upon the limitless West as part of his colonial possessions, secured to him by grants of the Crown. Long before the French and Indian War, settlers had come into contact with the French over the region to the west of the mountains. New England, as well as Virginia, had joined with the mother country to drive a traditional foe from the menacing position which it occupied in the rear. The colonists looked upon the American continent as their own. Upon the close of the war with France, they expected to be confirmed in their original grants. Instead of this, however, George III issued an order forbidding colonists to purchase land from the Indians or to make any settlements in the regions acquired from France. The British Board of Trade enforced this order. It refused its consent to petitions for land. By this order the original colonists were limited to the seaboard, their dreams of economic independence were destroyed, and it was to preserve this opportunity to themselves and their children that they took up arms against Great Britain, just as at a later date they were ready to go to war with France to secure the land to the west of the Mississippi River. Such is the interpretation of a recent historian. Such an interpretation is more nearly in accord with the known causes of war than those traditionally accepted.

Upon the close of the Revolutionary War population began to drift westward. The frontier was pushed back along the rivers and over the mountains like a great glacial moraine. Population spread out over the unbounded prairies of the Northwest Territory. Thousands of soldiers were settled by the government. Land companies opened up Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee. During the first half of the new century new States were carved out of this territory. Long before the Civil War the settler had found his way beyond the Mississippi, inspired—as were his father and his father's father—by the desire for opportunity, an opportunity that was offered to him by the free land of the public domain.

This movement continued at an accelerated pace during the generation which followed the Civil War. These were years of phenomenal railway development. During the five years prior to September, 1873, $1,700,000,000 was expended in railway building: 36,000 miles of line were constructed, more than had been laid in the preceding generation. Much of this development was to the west of the Mississippi. Since that time railway construction has continued, until to-day the total mileage is in excess of 228,000. This is equivalent to an eight-track railway completely encircling

* Foundations of Modern Europe," p. 9. Emil Reisch.

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the globe. Settlement now followed the railways, just as formerly it had crept up the rivers, or followed the Great Lakes or wagon routes. And the voice which called the settler was always the voice of opportunity, of free land ever inviting to occupancy. A homestead of one hundred and sixty free acres was a mirage of hope which unsettled even the minds of the successful. It converted the hills of New England into a region of deserted farms. It lured the college men of the eighties and nineties to the prairie States and mining camps. Increasing emigration, rising more recently to a million souls a year, has carried the frontier on and still farther on. Population has crossed the broad arid belt, which up to a few years ago was known as the Great American Desert. It reached and crossed the Rocky Mountains in the face of the declaration of Thomas Benton that at these mountains "the western limits of the republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be raised to the highest peak, never to be thrown down."

America has repeated the history of other nations. The desire to be free, to satisfy one's desires by the minimum of effort, has filled in the open spaces of America, and is now spilling our population over into Canada and Mexico.

One need not accept the materialistic conception of history to find in the free public domain the greatest single influence in our life. Underneath the surface the great movements of democracy—whether political, social, or industrial—have been determined by the free public land and the sense of economic freedom which it offered to all.

But this is not all. The free public domain probably saved the Union from disintegration. The Northwest Territory lying to the west of the Allegheny Mountains became the property of the colonies by conquest. It was dedicated to the nation by colonies in controversy over its possession. Thereafter the States that were born were children of the Union. They could claim no traditions to State sovereignty, no memories of independence. This great territory was a bond of nationality which held the States together in the years which followed. It was an *ager publicus*, the folk-land of all the people. It cemented the idea of nationality; it gave the people a common interest and a common purpose. Even the long struggle with slavery was subordinate to the development of the West, for the issue of State sovereignty was forced upon the South by the expansion of the nation into the free territory beyond the Mississippi. The new States carved out of the Louisiana Purchase disturbed the balance of power which had theretofore existed. The dominion of the slave States in Congress was threatened by the expansion of the West. This was especially true in the Senate, where the commonwealths enjoyed equal representation. Even the most solemn sanctions which the Federal Constitution gave to slavery could not prevent a conflict between the divergent economic systems which prevailed in the North and South. The political supremacy of the South, and the economic interests with which its every institution was identified, were menaced by the rapid development of the free States which were being carved out of the public domain. Thus it was that the free public lands lay back of the slavery question, which Von Holst has made the central theme of his monumental history.

But the most significant contributions of the West are ethical and personal. The West has ever been the home of democracy. It has impressed its influence on politics, industry, education, and character. The States carved out of the prairies came into the Union with full manhood suffrage. They exulted in their freedom, and their note has ever been one of protest, of independence, of liberty. The West has constantly drawn to itself the restless forces of discontent. Men crushed by competition it has called. Men eager for personal freedom it has invited. The West has been the escape-valve of America. The buoyancy of our character is traceable to the free democracy which was founded on a freehold inheritance of land.

Our politics have been tempered by this sense of economic liberty. The attitude of mind of the West has always been that of the pathfinder. It is pioneerlike, and feels that the present owes no obligations to the past. Education is highly cherished. The State universities are close to the people. The public has an affectionate regard for higher learning and utilizes its institutions in many ways for the promotion of local

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matters. Here, the girl looks forward to higher education just as does the boy, and both attend college together. In Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho suffrage has been extended to women; while in South Dakota, Oregon, Oklahoma, and some other States, democracy has popularized all legislation through the initiative and referendum.

Free land has moulded industry no less than politics. Free land has determined the scale of wages; free land has fixed the standard of living. No man will remain in another's employ for less wages than he can earn on his own homestead. There can be no servitude, save that of chattel slavery, where free lands are to be had by the worker. And in all new countries the wages which prevail are determined by what can be produced on the land itself. During colonial days the indentured servant was found along the seaboard, but no indenture of personal servitude crossed the Allegheny Mountains. The redemptioner and the tenant speedily became home owners, for free land was always to be had just beyond the line of settlement. Here was independence and the hope that was born of independence. Here was freedom from the servitude of the master and the landlord. Here a new life under new conditions was opened to all.

The high standard of living which has prevailed in America has not been due to the protective tariff. It has been due to the fact that the wage-earner could adopt another alternative, and an alternative that left him a free man. It is this fact that has determined wages in America. It is this that explains the general well-being which prevails in all new countries.

"While free lands exist," says Achille Loria, the celebrated Italian economist, "that can be cultivated by labor alone, and where a man without capital may, if he choose, establish himself upon an unoccupied area, capitalistic property is out of the question; as no laborer is disposed to work for a capitalist when he can labor on his own account upon land that costs him nothing. Evidently, therefore, while such conditions prevail, the laborers will simply take possession of the free lands and apply their labor to the soil, adding to this the capital they accumulate."

This is what occurred in America. It was free land, freedom from the boss, the overseer, and the landlord that raised the American wage-earner above the laborer of Europe. It is the amount which can be produced on the land of marginal fertility that always determines wages. So long as such land exists open to cultivation by all, rent is slow to rise, and it is rent and the private ownership of the land that determine wages. For in the long run rent will appropriate all save a living wage. Since as soon as increasing population is confronted with land monopoly, the laborer must accept what is offered or starve. The rate of wages then falls, no matter what may be the prevailing standard of living or the productiveness of the laborer. By reason of this fact, the free lands of the West have been the controlling economic factor in our life. Free land has raised a body of workers to industrial independence. The workshops of our cities are recruited from the country, whose resourceful population is animated by dreams of larger success. It is this sort of democracy that has given industrial supremacy to America and sent her surplus products in the heart of Europe and the Orient.

This fact has been recognized by at least one economist. "Free land being given," says Achille Loria, "the division of society into a class of non-laboring capitalists, and a class of non-capitalistic laborers, is in either case out of the question; for under such circumstances it is impossible for an idle capitalist to acquire any profit. . . .

"Colonial countries where free lands abound offer striking illustrations of these propositions, and any one who has rightly comprehended the development of these interesting lands must recognize the truth of our assertions. Note, for example, in the descriptions of the early days of the United States, how this fortunate country is depicted as inhabited by a noble race of independent laborers, ignorant of the bare possibility of capitalistic property; read Washington's letters, which tell how impossible the farmers found it to acquire any income whatever from their lands unless they cultivated them along with their laborers; and mark how Parkinson, Strickland, and other Europeans who travelled in America during the eighteenth century, were one and all struck with amaze at this strange land where money did not breed

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money. We can also understand why the slave system of the ancient world and the serfdom of the ancient world were both reintroduced into our modern colonies; for it was only by resorting to such means that profits could be acquired during these epochs preceding the appropriation of the soil." *

During the years of internal expansion following the Civil War, free trade between the States developed our resources. Profits were large, but the game was free from favors. The mechanic passed readily from the bench to independence. Until very recently inordinate wealth did not exist. Neither did distressing poverty. Industrial conditions were more or less precarious, but failure was far from hopeless. Individual fortunes were created, but they were the premiums of talent and enterprise. They excited no envy and aroused no class feeling. There was still a vast unappropriated domain in the West ample for all. In so far as monopoly had made its appearance in industry, it was the monopoly of talent rather than of opportunity.

The struggle of these years of freedom involved hardship, it is true, but this was the price which the individual paid to progress. The hand weaver was sacrificed to the power loom; the man on the case to the type-setting machine; the isolated cabinetmaker to the factory; the machinist to the machine; the stage-coach to the locomotive. It was a free field open to all that developed the industrial power of America. It built our railroads, telegraphs, and telephones; it girded the earth with steamships and revolutionized all industry. It placed the wheat fields of the Dakotas alongside of the mills and factories of old England. It built our cities; it gave diversity, strength, and independence to life and character. The generation which closed with the century was one of intense competition and splendid achievement. It was a generation devoted to harnessing nature to the service of men. It brought forward the captains of industry. They were men familiar with every process from the bench to the counting-room. Human talent enjoyed an opportunity unparalleled in the history of the world. Democracy at work on the undeveloped resources of the country produced an array of men masters of their craft and leaders in their respective communities.

There is no more striking demonstration of the economic basis of all life, of all progress, of all civilization, in fact, than the history of the generation which followed the Civil War. It was not political liberty, it was economic opportunity that made America what she is. It mattered not from what section of the earth men came or what their previous environment had been. Those of force pushed their way to the fore and grew strong by contact with obstacles in a way that suggests the achievements of Drake and Hawkins, whose daring opened the way for the expansion of England over distant seas. It was economic opportunity that made America great. It was her unparalleled resources that gave her a position of industrial supremacy. The leaders of the age came up from the sod and the mill. They did so, not because they were politically free, but because they were industrially free.

In the last analysis the institutions of a people are but the reflection of the economic foundations upon which they are laid. This is true of politics, of industry, of morals, and of religion. A people's freedom is determined by its economic environment. If a nation is reared upon land monopoly, its political institutions will be aristocratic. Those who own the land will own the government. This is confirmed by the conditions of every nation in Europe. Wherever feudalism retains its hold, there reaction is strongest. Wherever the people are industrially free, there political institutions reflect that freedom.

Such is the significance of the American West. Such are some of its contributions to our life. But the West is far more than an American phenomenon. It is but a repetition of a movement that has been in process since long before the Christian era. "America," said Achille Loria, "has the key to the historical enigma which Europe has sought for centuries in vain, and the land which has no history reveals luminously the course of universal history." * This is true in almost every respect. It is the desire for economic freedom, the desire to escape from the burdens of land monopoly, that has lured generation after gen-

* "Economic Foundations of Society," p. 213.

* "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," by F. J. Turner. Report of the American Historical Association. 1894.

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eration westward from the colonies settled by Greece about the Mediterranean Sea and the legions of Rome scattered over the face of Europe, down to the present day. At last the waves of population have broken on the Pacific slope. But that the hunger for land is as intense as ever is demonstrated whenever an Indian reservation is opened up for settlement. Upon the borders of these reservations tens of thousands of persons gather, impatiently awaiting the signal to enter and take possession of the promised land. Like an avalanche they pour in upon the opened territory, conscious that the few remaining acres of our once apparently inexhaustible domain are being fenced in forever.

The West is now enclosed. The free land has been taken up. There is now no homestead to be had for the asking. The frontier has only an historical significance. The national domain is a thing of the past. "The public lands which now remain are chiefly arid in character," says the Public Land Commission.* The opportunity for a home, which for three centuries has been open to all, has finally been closed by title deeds or fraudulently appropriated by individuals and corporations in collusion with the Government.

The enclosure of the free public domain terminates the greatest epoch in American history. In a big perspective it may be likened to the fall of Rome, the opening up of a new route to India by Vasco da Gama, or the discovery of America by Columbus. It marks the end of the westward drift of civilization, a drift which, with occasional interruptions, has been going on since the beginning of history. Ever since the seventeenth century the Old World has had a vent in America. During these centuries Europe has been relieved of its discontent by the broad, hospitable prairies of the West. America has been a hospital for all of the world. The opportunity which it offered has relieved the explosive elements of other lands and brought them back into harmony with life.

An undertow is now setting back upon the East. Population is crowding in upon our cities. The energetic wage-earner, who formerly followed the westward trail, is now entering the trades union. Here he will find expression for the energy which formerly found an outlet in the West. It is this that explains the present industrial unrest. It is this that accounts for the political ferment. No longer can the discontented hope to improve his fortunes in another longitude. He must remain at home, become a tenant or a wage-earner. It is this, too, that explains the coming of poverty and distress. The alternative of a homestead in the West, which for three centuries has relieved the dispossessed of the world, is now closed forever. It is this that explains the change which has come over the spirit of America during the past ten years. And as time goes on this spirit of unrest must of necessity increase. In this sense, as has been said, America is the mirror of all history. An understanding of the evolution of our own land offers a key to an understanding of the evolution of the western world, from the beginnings of the migration of the Greek colonists out of the Peloponnesus into the western seas.

* Senate Document, No. 188, p. 3; 58th Congress, 3d Session.

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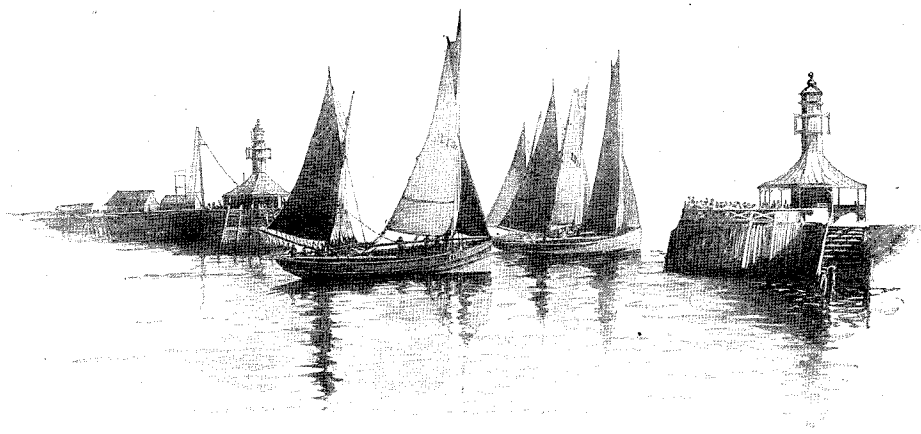

Harbor lights, Lowestoft.

DRIFTERS OUT OF LOWESTOFT

By Walter Wood

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS

SCARBOROUGH CASTLE, grim and ruined, tops the hill which overlooks the gray North Sea between Flamborough Head and Whitby Abbey, where Caedmon, founder of English poetry, was a monk, and not far from which was the monastic home of the Venerable Bede, father of English learning. When Baeda and Caedmon were alive they watched the early fishers sail away to catch and bring ashore that marvellously prolific creature which was and is of all fish the unchallenged king. They went and came, these small crude craft, when wind and sea permitted, and to-day, twelve centuries later, the men of the East coast put to sea, also at the will of wind and wave, to gather some of its abundant harvest.

The Lowestoft drifters have come south after their voyage north to accompany the herring in that mysterious migration which begins at the Shetlands, the unnumbered living mass advancing almost as the Gulf Stream goes on its appointed way.

We sailed from Scarborough on a Sunday as the bells were chiming for the morning service, knowing that when they rang for even-song, we should have shot our nets and be drifting at them, and that with her catch the vessel would run to Lowestoft and work from that, the home port, until the herring had inscrutably vanished for the season.

These Lowestoft vessels are only part of that vast fleet which is known as herring drifters, and includes the small boat containing two or three men and the steamer with her round dozen. There are ketches, like the Lowestoft drifters, and a great variety of other rigs, such as yawls, dandies, luggers, mules, Zulus, keelboats, yaffers and sploshers. The "Lowestoftman"—it is typical of the North Sea fishing industry that boats are spoken of as "men" of their ports: the "Hullman," the "Fileyman," the "Grimsbyman," and so on—is a well-found craft, some eighty feet in length and seventeen or eighteen in beam. They are honestly and stoutly built, and when they come to grief, it is through stress of wind and sea, and not because of owners' carelessness or fishermen's incapacity.

The drifters carry nets enough when they are fastened together and suspended in the sea to make a wall which may be a mile long, or even more, and several yards

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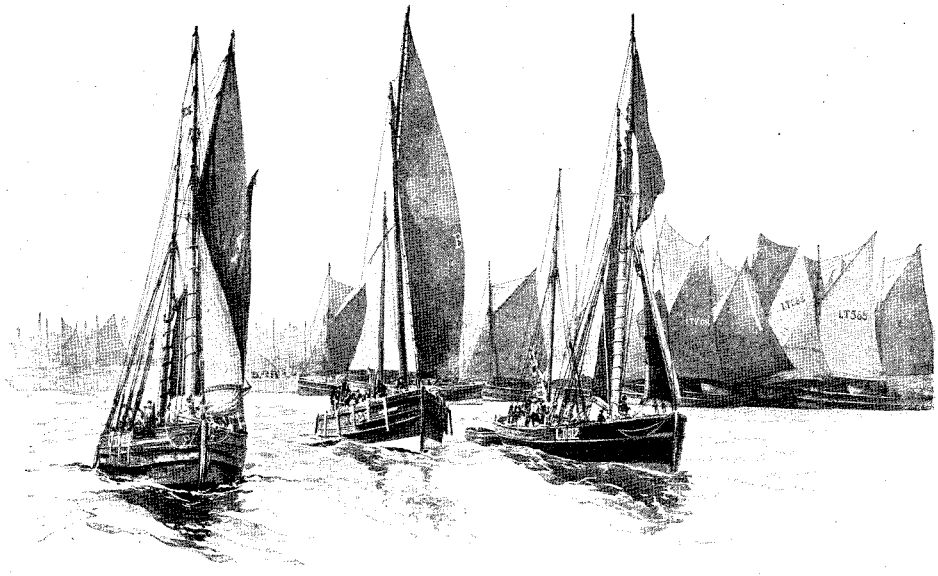
deep. The upper edge, called the "back," has a great number of corks which keep the nets upright, and to afford the necessary buoyancy barrels or great leather floats are used. The nets are shot over the quarter just before sunset, while the vessel sails slowly along. When all the nets are overboard the swing-rope is paid out; the boat is brought round head to wind, the ordinary sails are taken in, the foremast is lowered till it rests on the crutch of the mitch-board, the drift-mizzen is set to keep the vessel head to wind, and the fishing-lights are shown—the lantern on deck which can be seen in clear weather for five miles round, and a light at the head of the mizzen-mast. A watch is set, a solitary man, and the rest of the crew turn in until he hoarsely calls them up to haul.



We sailed from Scarborough on a Sunday morning

The Lowestoft fishermen say that the method of catching herrings has scarcely changed during the last thousand years or more, and that their nets must be the same in principle as those which were employed before Richard the Lion-hearted and his Crusaders sailed for the Holy Land. The statement has much of truth in it, and when we drift at our nets on the lonely sea, with our great lamp-like riding-light burning steadily amidships, we present much the same spectacle that could have been witnessed many centuries ago. It was at night when the herrings were caught, and night on the vast and melancholy waste of water hides that modernity which only day reveals. There are other riding-lights, and here and there, the mast-head and side-lights of a steamer going north or south; but the steel and iron hulls are only guessed by some chance glimmer from a port or deck-house.

And the men have changed but little, surely! Their dress for work is primitive, hiding all that is suggestive of the modern landsman. There is the jumper which the skipper and crew wear—a garment made of stout canvas and barked with the sail-cloth. It covers the arms and trunk nearly to the knees, almost as the coarse smock garbed the serf of old, and the men of his rank who would alone, in those days, go to sea to fish. The jumper in its long variety is like a night-dress. Its short form is generally favored, but skippers often use the long garment, as the covering keeps the cold out, and skippers, being leaders, have spare time in which to feel the draughts that invade all unprotected crevices. There are rough, thick, woollen stockings, and boots which may be thigh boots, or half boots, or clumpers, according to the weather, and as for head-dress, that is anything in the

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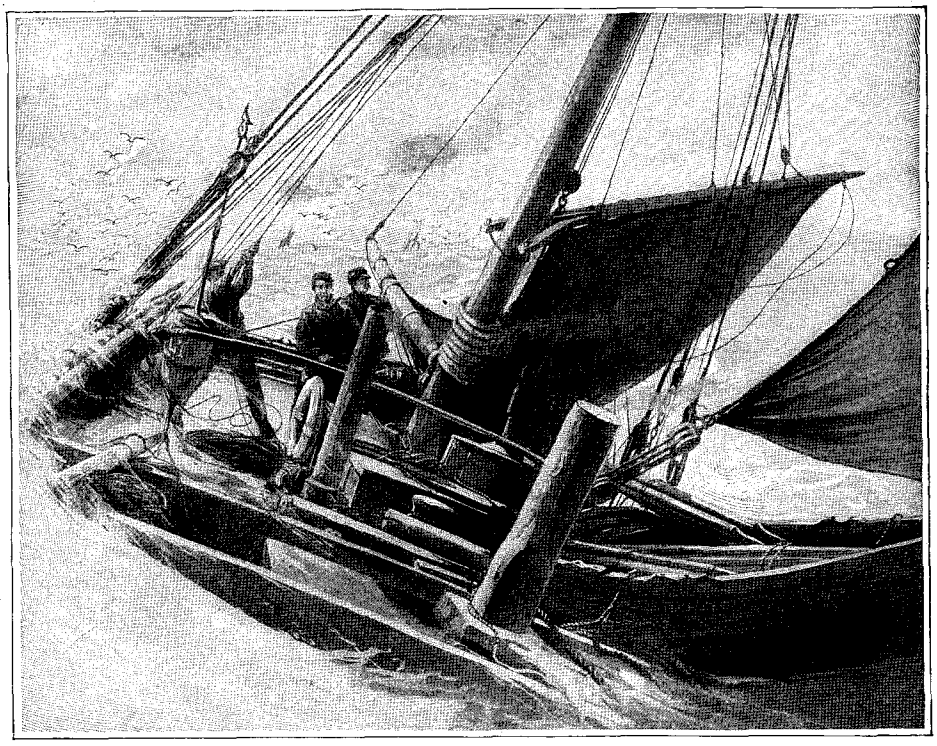

On the grounds.

way of covering which comes handy; but mostly a cap, except in bad weather, when it is the sou'-wester.

Our own skipper is a man who has followed the drifting for thirty years. His very life is wrapped up in the herring and its possibilities, for upon the success of the fishing his income depends. He is learned in the lore of herringing. You may try to turn him from the topics of the sea and drifters, but he will invariably come back to the herring, and you listen contentedly to his talk by the hour, for he has a subtle knowledge of his subject. He has much time to spend at the tiller, and in giving orders when the nets are shot or hauled; and there are the odd moments, too, when we assemble in the cabin aft, with its lack of light and air, and ways of life that are reminiscent of the customs of the Middle Ages.

When we get clear of the harbor and beyond the sad cadence of church bells, I volunteer to relieve the skipper at the tiller, asking for the course.

"Nor'-east-by-east, quarter east," he says. "She's a quick steerer, an' you wouldn't really get to feel her for a day or two. Not so much to starboard, sir; that's better. Now a bit to port, so, as she goes. She's like a wilful woman, an' needs humorin'; but she'll obey if you make her. Would I give women votes? Well, it's an odd question; but I wouldn't—an' I reckon I'd take away most o' the votes 'at men have got, for they've no qualifications to use 'em." From that we get to other subjects; but always return to herrings, drifters and the sea and fishermen.

The mate after a while takes the tiller and we go below to dinner. George, the boy, who is the skipper's son, has laid the feast. There is no waiting, no helping, no ceremony. A leg of mutton is in a tin dish on the cabin floor; another dish, big and oblong, contains gravy—a small lake of it; a third is heaped up with potatoes, and a fourth is filled with Norfolk dumplings. They have been boiled, and consist of flour and water and baking powder. On the Dogger, rolled out flat and baked, they would have been called "busters." George

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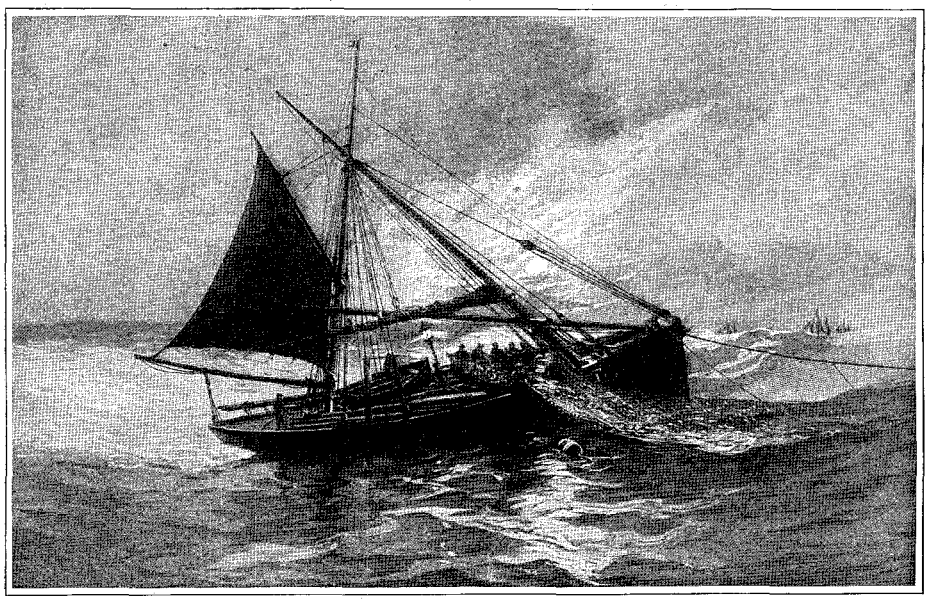
is proud of his cooking skill, and explains that he can make the dumplings better and richer by the addition of suet. We pour out tea, a heavy, sickly liquid, sweetened with condensed milk and much sugar, all boiled together with a mass of used leaves which have not been removed from the kettle. We help ourselves from the joint with our own little knives and two-pronged steel forks, and with a long, common, pewter spoon, scoop up such gravy as we can catch between the drifter's rolls and pitches, and if we want a dumpling we annex one with a fork-plunge. All of us can reach with ease, for our sea boots are mixed up with the dishes. It is very crowded in the cabin, and we are thrown against each other with the lurches, and our lake of gravy partly mingles with the cinders of the stove-pan, while our enamelled mugs overflow into our jumpers. George, with folded arms, gazes steadily upon me from a corner near the oil-lamp, and at times he smiles. I know what is passing through his mind, and assure him that I have been out on the North Sea many times and have never yet been mastered by it. "You're sure you aren't goin' to be turned up, sir?" he says, and the men laugh hilariously but kindly. I have been with many fishing crews at sea, but never with a kinder and cleaner-speeched than this.

"Now," says the skipper at last, knocking his pipe on the locker and clambering to his feet, "I reckon it's gettin' pretty nearly time to shoot." So we climb on deck, and just as the worshippers ashore are making ready for even-song we shoot our nets.

No confusion exists as to duty. The skipper controls and takes the tiller. The hawseman has to be forward to make fast the seizings of the warps; amidships is the whaleman, paying out the nets, while the net-ropeman also pays out and hauls in, holding the net-rope; the work of the net-stower is to pay out the nets from the net-room, which is a large chamber forward; the younker, being the man of all work, helps anybody who calls for his assistance, while the boy has all sorts of odd jobs to do, as well as the cooking and washing up.



Drifting.

The nets are floating near the surface, indicated by a mile-long line of bobbing barrels and buoys which mark the quarter, half and three-quarter lengths of nets, and we go drifting at the will of wind and tide. The sea, week day and Sunday, appears to be evermore the same, but, although we are toiling on the deep as harvesters, we know that it is Sunday. Westward, dimly

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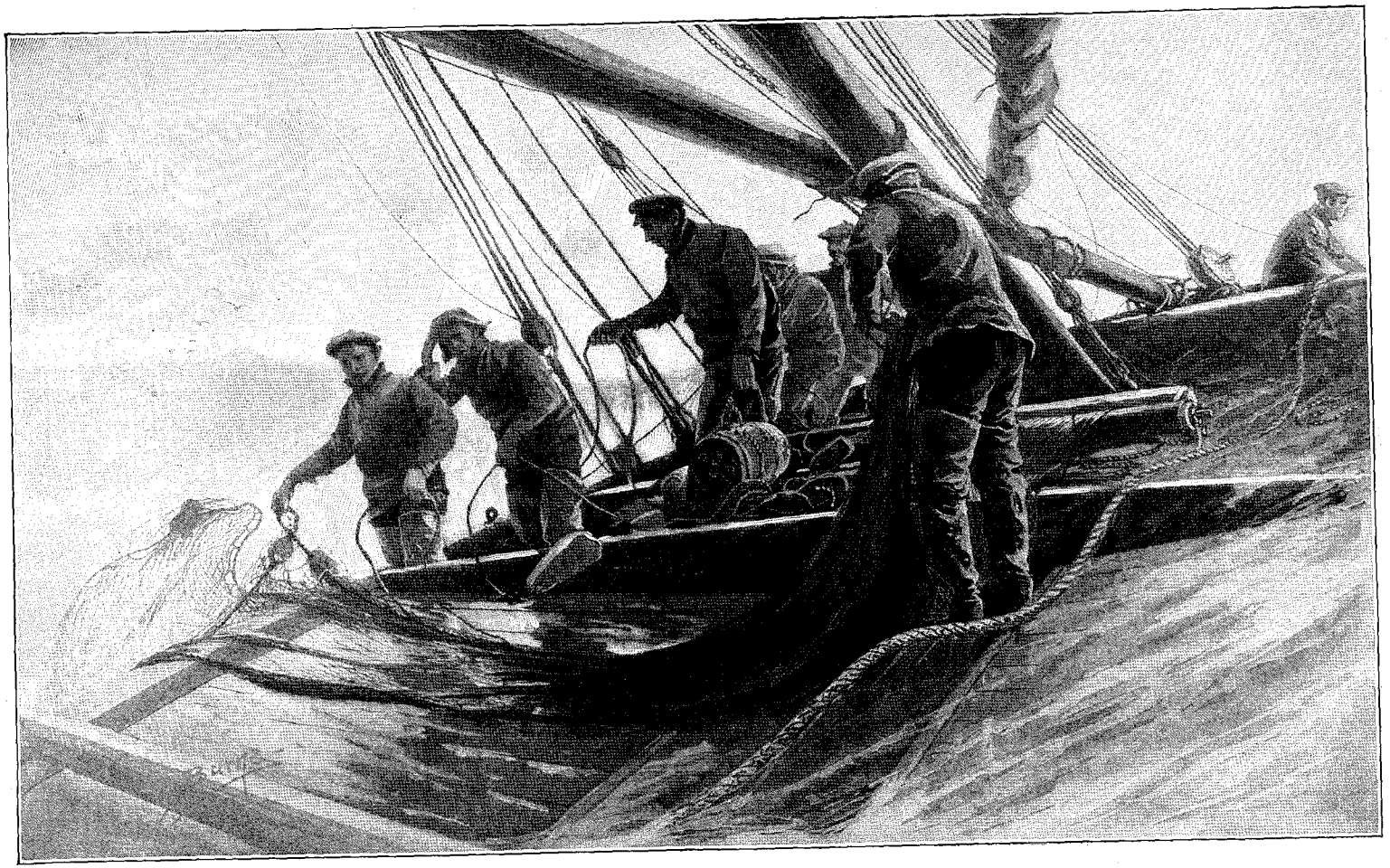

Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Drift-net fishermen—heaving the nets.

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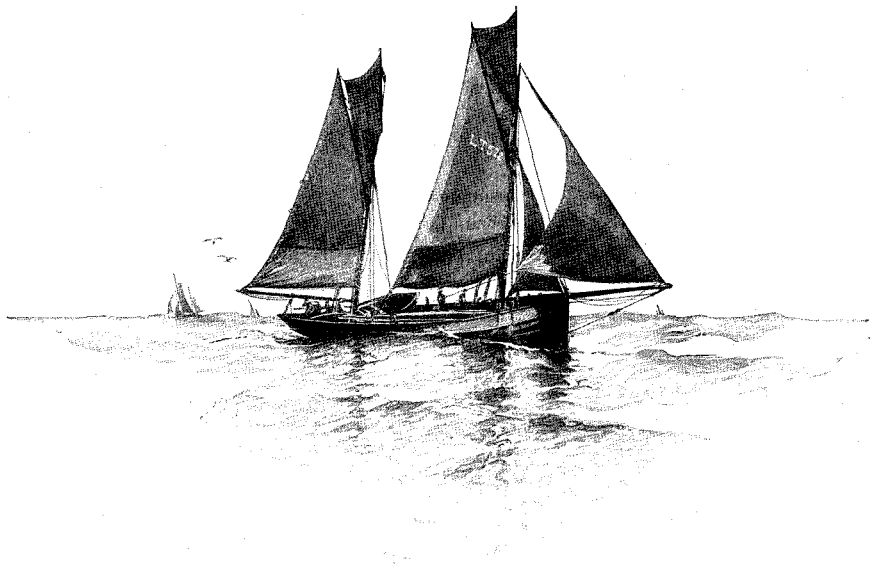
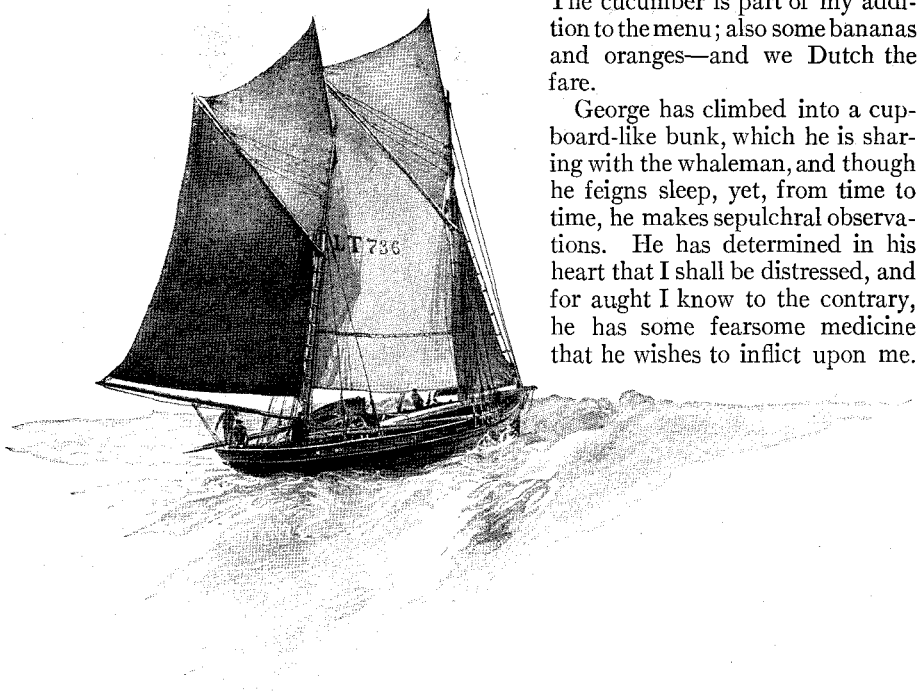


A new type of Keelboat.

seen, is the high land of the Yorkshire coast, with Caedmon's old monastery crowning the cliff at Whitby, and there returns to mind the picture of the men who on these same waters plied the craft of herringing more than a thousand years ago—pretty much in principle as we are doing now.

When we are slowly drifting we assemble in the gloomy cabin aft and take our tea. There is the kettle on the floor, and near it some enamelled mugs; accompanied by a great stack of bread and butter, a dishful of wedges of cheese; a dish of sliced cucumber and another dish of sliced onions. The cucumber is part of my addition to the menu; also some bananas and oranges—and we Dutch the fare.

George has climbed into a cupboard-like bunk, which he is sharing with the whaleman, and though he feigns sleep, yet, from time to time, he makes sepulchral observations. He has determined in his heart that I shall be distressed, and for aught I know to the contrary, he has some fearsome medicine that he wishes to inflict upon me.



A typical North Sea fishing boat.
An old type of the "Lowestoftman."

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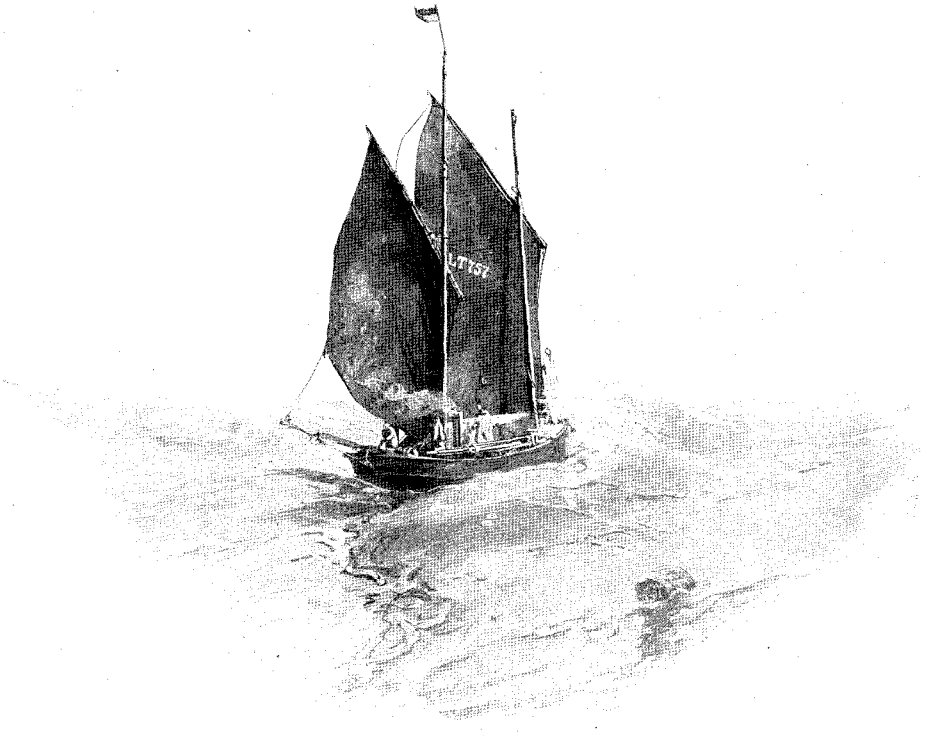
I am as stubbornly resolved that I will have none of it.

The skipper strips a banana cautiously, rather distrustingly. He does not seem fully to understand, and after the first bite says that he has never before eaten a banana, and thought it was a thing containing seeds. "Fishermen don't often eat fruit," he explains. "They don't seem to need it—and fruit's dear. But it's good—like a meller apple, I reckon. Yes, sir, I'll take another. I could learn to like 'em. Landsmen have a lot to be thankful for, when they can get things like that to eat, and why they should ever come to sea for pleasure, is a thing I can't understand."

"I reckon," says the whaleman, with a sigh, "'at no man but a fool or who wasn't forced, would go fishin'. It's sixteen week since I left my wife—an' I'm pinin' to see her again. She'll be goin' to church by this time. An' there's so much work to do an' so little for it when it's done."

"Yes," proceeds the skipper, "the men who do the most work don't get the most pay. The dealer an' the middleman comes in and sees that that don't happen. We used to sell the herrin' by the hundred, countin' of 'em an' givin' a hundred an' thirty-two to the dealer as a hundred. The



A Lugger.

A type of Scotch herring boat.

thirty-two were 'over-tail,' an' belonged to the dealer, who got nearly a third of the profit of the catch for just a-handlin' it ashore, although he hadn't to do any o' the hard work o' fishin'. We sell by measure now, a cran bein' a thousand herrin', but it's the dealer first an' the fishermen a long way second. That don't seem to be right, nohow, but then there's so many puzzlin' tangles in this queer world. Think what it means for fishermen and dealers when there's been an extryordinary catch—as sometimes happens. Only four year ago, in November, a fleet of us was kept out o' Lowestoft by fog. When the fog lifted, four hundred drifters, sail an' steam, crowded in, an' all had big catches, too. It was Sunday, but special permission was given to use

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the market, an' thirty thousand crans were landed—thirty million o' herrin'. Think of the 'over-tail' in that lot! Most of 'em went off to Russia—an' I wonder what'll happen to us if Russia doesn't take our herrin', but buys from the Japs? Them little colored men are wonderful, an' we've had several of 'em out in the fleets with us, learnin' our ways, so that they can buy drifters an' catch herrin' for themselves off the Japanee coast, I take it.

"There's so many stories told of fishin' that aren't true, an' so many people come an' bother you with foolish questions. One tale that's made such a lot of is the death-cheep of the herrin'. They'll tell you that when the herrin' are caught an' shaken out of the nets an' are wrigglin' an' lashin' about, they'll squeak just like wee little kittens. Well, sometimes they do, but not often, an' that's only when they're full of wind an' you step on 'em or pick 'em up an' nip 'em.

"Then there's land people who come an' bother you with foolish questions. I try to put 'em off, but can't allus do it. There was an old lady who worrited me past endurance with her questions, askin' if the herrin's were caught in the barrels, as she'd sometimes seen 'em that way in the shops. I told her no, an' then she aggravated me to that extent that I told the only fib I ever spoke in my life—for I larned a lot about the Scriptures at Sunday-school. 'How do you kill 'em when you've caught 'em?' she asked, an' I answered, 'We bite their heads!' She looked at the catch o' herrin's we had, an' murmured as she walked away, 'Lor'! How tired your poor jaws must be!'

"There's a wonderful lot o' luck in the herrin' fishin'. I like it best when we can have a good clear sweep of sea to ourselves—an' that comes earlier in the year, say in June, when we go away North, and come down with the shoals till we start to make Lowestoft our head-quarters. That's a better time than this, when we're all so crowded that there isn't room enough on the sea for us, and we get bunched up an' foul our nets, and sometimes lose them an' our fish as well. I've known us lose a hundred nets, costin' three pound each—three hundred pound altogether.

"You were askin' about the Dutchman that we saw comin' away from the North—it allus seems so strange to me how them old boms make their way out and home again—they do things so leisurely, you see. He hadn't even got his tawps'ls set. I reckon 'at the Dutchmen are poor fishermen; the French are better, an', of course, Lowestoft men best of all. I once saw some Dutchmen with a catch of herrin' so big that the nets looked just like a solid mass, an' the Dutchmen were three days in haulin'. They had to get the foremast up an' rig halyards, an' they shook the herrin' out like apples from a tree. The Dutchmen were three days in haulin', but I daresay we should ha' done the work in fourteen or fifteen hours. It's cruel hard work when it comes to a heavy haul, because there's no stoppin' for meals when we once begin."

"No," observes the hawseman, "there's just a mug o' tea an' then breakfast, which may be served at five or six in the mornin', or the same time in the afternoon—an' that's the fisherman's best meal. He don't take no count o' dinner, nor yet supper, so long as his breakfast's got. Old Skip there, he don't want no more nor two herrin' for breakfast, I reckon; an' I don't care for more nor eight or so; but the old net-stower, he can't be satisfied nohow wi' less nor a dozen, an' I do know fishermen who manage to get through nearer a score—an' herrin' are wonderful good things to eat, they say."

"There's no question, to my thinkin'," pursues the skipper, "'at herrin's get to know when you've come amongst 'em. They feel the loss o' their comrades an' swim away. An' I think that that's as wonderful as their want o' sense in not goin' astarn when they're meshed. If they did they would escape, many o' 'em, but they allus drive ahead, an' keep stuck. They've no chance, what wi' the drifters an' the dog-fish an' the cod, which carry off enormous numbers. The dog-fish are cruel an' destructive creatures, doin' a lot o' harm to our nets, but in the case o' the cod we do get something for our pains and loss, for we bring 'em on board. With the dog-fish we can do nothing but bang him on the head—an' we allus do that, givin' him a wide berth, for he's fair poison if he gets his teeth into you. I've seen cod that thick about the nets that they've been like a flock o' sheep, an' that crazy after herrin' 'at they just jump up out o' the water alongside an' beg for 'em, as a dog will beg for a biscuit.

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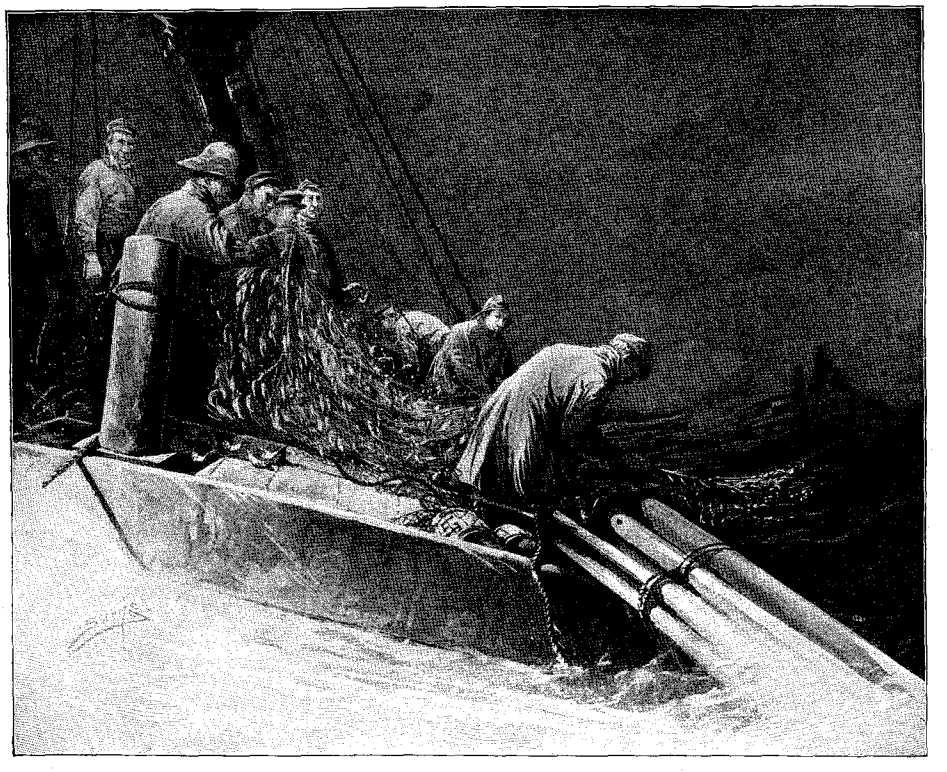

Hauling the nets.

You see, we get to understand fish, us fishermen, just as you gentlemen ashore know the ways o' dogs an' horses. Now, sir, I don't know about you, but I'm goin' to turn in. Take my bunk there, if you'd like it. I can manage on the locker."

"I think," I answer, "that I will lie down on deck."

George peeps from his dark cupboard and smiles broadly. The skipper gives me a coverless pillow and a couple of rugs and I climb the straight short ladder to the deck. "Take up thy bed and walk," says George, as a forlorn hope, and the laughter which greets the sally does not die till I am stretched on the planks, with the raw wind striking across my face and the roughening water from the pitiless and sullen Dogger lapping against the drifter's hull, telling its tales of hardship and suffering; bringing back oppressive memories, and resurrecting that nameless fear which comes to all who understand the North Sea and the smashing fury of its waves, when gales sweep landward from the east or north. I cannot rest, and rise and join the lonely watchman, and, holding by the riding-light and smoking, we converse in low tones, pausing at times to listen to the spouting of a blowfish which is swimming around the drifter, whose presence is interpreted by the watchman to be a sign of herrings. Always our talk is of the sea and drifters and herrings. Insidiously there comes up from time to time some tale of loss and sorrow and I call to mind the wrecks that I myself have seen. You cannot get away from the gloom and pity of it. The North Sea has you in its grip—and the grip is merciless.

"It's one o'clock," I tell the watchman in answer to his question. We rouse the crew, and in the darkness, sleepy, silent, heavy, oil-frocked and sea-booted, and in most cases wearing woollen mittens, they come on deck to start the long, laborious work of hauling the nets, which may last four or fourteen hours. George reels against me, owlish but incorrigibly hopeful. "Still tawpside-up, sir? That's good. Like these old drifters—they're all right so long as they keep afloat, aren't they? There's tea in the galley, and there'll be breakfast by and

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by." With that he tumbles down a little square hole forward, to stow the warp as the nets are hauled in, and I see him no more until the herrings have been shaken from the nets, and are slatting slimily about with the drifters' heavy roll.

Four hours' hard hauling, shaking, stowing and packing—and twenty thousand herrings as the pay for all the work. Not a heavy catch, not an overwhelming profit—ten pounds for owners and skipper and crew, with all expenses first to be deducted, but still something for the night's rough work; and so, with thankfulness that matters are no worse, we raise the foremast, get all sail on, and surge away to harbor on the rising sea, with the water washing inboard almost rail deep, and the breeze drumming through the rigging and sweeping out at the foot of the sails. The skipper takes the helm till breakfast is ready; then, willingly obedient to the summons, we tumble below again and fall hungrily upon tea, bread and butter and herrings—herrings freshly caught, gutted, beheaded and deprived of tails, slashed with jack-knives latitudinally, so that when the huge dishful of them is placed on the floor, piping hot from the boiling fat in which they have been fried, we can bend down and help ourselves, and with our fingers strip the crisp, delicious morsels from the bones and eat them. Savage, certainly; but cutlery is scarce and space is cramped, and there is no table, no ceremony. And do we not ashore, in splendid halls of banqueting, eat plovers' eggs, asparagus, and such like things as Bombay duck in just the same crude fashion?

Competition is as merciless in drifting as in other walks of life, and only the fittest of the fit survive. The drifter is seen at her best when she is running for market in a smart breeze, not the "smart breeze" of the North Sea smacksman, which means a dangerous gale; but the strong wind in which the Lowestoftman can carry all his canvas and crack on with tautened gear and deck awash. That is the time when skipper and crew enjoy the triumph of success of toil, and run to port with some of the sea's good harvest. These Lowestoftmen claim that their craft are the hardest-driven of any in British waters, and this may well be so, for on both main and mizzen they carry enormous jackyard topsails, and the Lowestoftman will hold on to these in strong winds which make it needful for lesser sails to be taken in.

When all expenses are paid the owner of the vessel receives half of what is left, and the remaining half is divided amongst the crew according to their rank, less three shares, which go to the owner. The skipper takes one and eleven-forty-eighth shares, the mate one and a quarter, the hawseman one, and the rest lesser shares, the boy receiving a half share. "It sounds pretty well," the skipper says, "but I've worked a whole year at the driftin', reckonin' the lost time ashore in winter, an' for all I've done I've made only thirty-four pound. It's a bare, hard livin' at the best.

"Yes, these drifters are fine boats, an' bein' what they are, we are pretty safe in them, an' when it breezes up too much, we can run in to port an' get away from the weather. The deep sea trawlers can't do that; they're out on the Dogger and have to stick it through, be the weather what it will. No, I've no mind to go. All my thirty year have been spent in driftin'—beginnin' in June or so, goin' north to meet the herrin', an' followin' on 'em south back to Lowestoft, an' workin' 'em till Christmas. It's bitter cruel work in the cold late autumn an' the winter, an' I've had many a narrow squeak. I've seen drifters founder with all hands; but I've allus got safe back. It's no good stayin' out when the wind an' sea are too strong, for you lose both nets an' labor; but competition gets that fierce you're forced to do as others do—an' some of 'em hang on to the weather till there's scarcely no chance to get away in safety. An' when they hang on you've got to hang on too, for fear o' bein' left. It would never do to run back without herrin' an' find 'at other fishermen had stuck on an' got some."

The wind falls just before we reach the harbor, and we pull in slowly with our sweeps. As we labor on a steam-drifter comes past, with her fussy little compound engine making a hundred and forty-five revolutions of the propeller a minute.

Her skipper, a black-bearded giant, leans out of the wheel-house door and shouts a friendly taunt at our own master, his mellow Suffolk drawl and cadence coming over the water like a song.

"Can't you get in, Jarge? Won't you be

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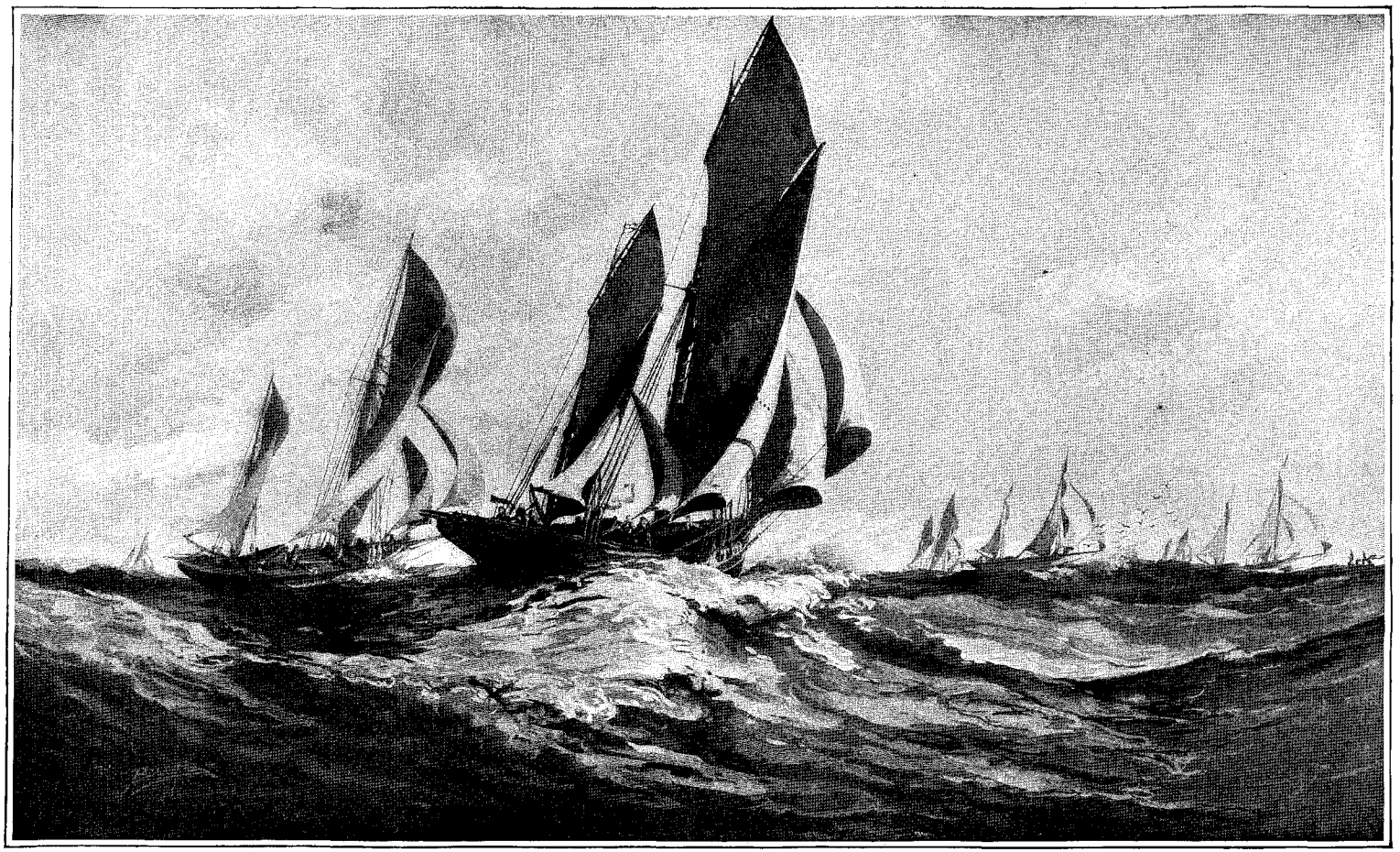

Drawn by M. J. Burns.

Off for market.

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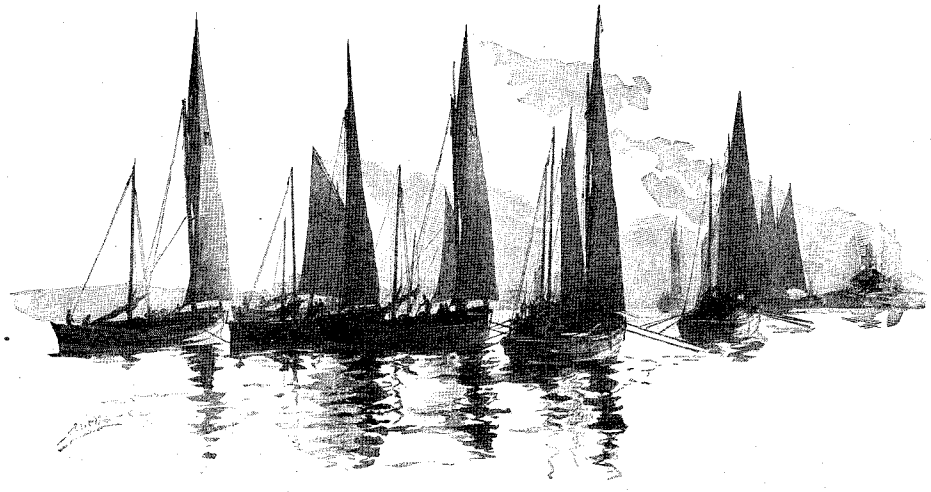

Scotch herring boats, entering Lowestoft Harbor.

late for market if you don't hurry up?" He waves his hand and laughs triumphantly.

Our skipper does not answer the genial giber, but to me he says, with a look of distrust of the future in his clear blue eyes, "Don't you see it for yourself, sir? Steamers is sweepin' sailin' boats off the herrin' grounds, an' soon there won't be one of 'em able to make a livin' out of driftin'. An' then what's to happen to some of us?—for we can't all go into steam."

When the drifters used to go to sea the urchins followed them along the haven, singing:

Herrings galore;
Pray, Master—
Gay Master—
Luff the little herring boat ashore.
Pray God send you eight or nine last;
Fair gain all,
Good weather,
Good weather,
All herrings—no dogs.

The boys continued their crude and unmelodious ditty until they were pacified with biscuits which were thrown to them by the crews.

There is no singing to sea nowadays, but when the herrings are landed, the ragged urchins follow the baskets and, swooping down, seize the fish which fall to the ground, claiming them as loot.

ASPHODEL

By Mary Tappan Wright

HIS friends had sent him to Greece. He brooded too much over things, they said, the change might divert his mind from his troubles. Besides, he had always wanted to go back to Athens. That he did not apparently care to go there now was of little importance; he really did not know what he wanted. Now they did know, they always had known, better than he himself.

It was, perhaps, because of their omniscience that he had ceased to tell them anything long ago, and so had left them in ignorance of certain "inhibitions," as he called them, which not only accounted for his reluctance to leave home, but also for a vague feeling that perhaps it might be better if he did not return to Greece, and especially to Athens, at all. The truth was that although he felt as if he were being warned away, it still was done lovingly and tenderly by those who, otherwise, were fain of his presence, and who unselfishly tried to dissuade him from coming to them, in fear of remote contingencies. During the voy-

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age this last view of the case had grown upon him, and he now looked forward to reaching Greece with the eagerness of one who feels himself anxiously expected. Then, too, was it not, all of it, the merest figment of tired nerves and an overtaxed brain? If any reason for avoiding Greece existed, if there were any danger, who would suffer but himself? Indeed, who would suffer at all? He would rather be ill in Athens than well in his own country, with all the intolerable associations of his devastated home; and as for dying—he could not ask anything better!

At this the invisible monitors seemed penetrated with a sort of delicious amusement, as if he had said something that meant far more than he knew.

He had been thus drawn between two opposing factions: his real and altogether tangible friends and relations, who knew what course was best for him, and meant that he should pursue it; and those beings, unreal and intangible, who were always carefully guarding his personality, who so evidently feared to tread. And now, as a result of an inrush of the tangible, he found himself here in the early dawn, entering the harbor of Patras.

All down the enchanted coast he had passed the day before, in a dream. The bare, terrible mountains, rising steeply from the sea, with only a few scrubby bushes dotted about upon them, had glowed with a lovely rose, as if from some mysterious, internal fire. Above them the sky had taken on a clear, pale green, and the water lay at their feet, a blue jewel. And, as when he first had seen them years ago, their loveliness had shaken him with a panic flutter of the heart that thrilled him to the verge of pain.

There had been some question in his mind of leaving the boat at Patras and going on to spend a day or two at Olympia. He was debating this still as he leaned over the taffrail, watching the dark skiffs put out from the rose-colored mist that hid the town. He had not been able to make up his mind. He had wished to go to Athens by sea, as he had done that other time—when they had all been with him; but he had been afraid to try it again, lest a second experience should mar the perfect memory of the first. Now, although yesterday had taught him that this would not happen, he was still undecided.

In the night it had been as if voices had spoken—and yet there was no sound. "Is it quite safe for him to go there?"

"Safe? What do you call safety?" another voice had replied.

"I am not judging by our standards," the first had answered, a little severely, "but according to his. If he knew the risks!"

"Are we not here to care for him? And even if anything should happen, has he not everything to gain?"

"You are as wilful as the children! They utterly refuse to believe that he may have reasons for preferring to remain; there may be things to finish."

"Things to finish!" There was a sense of laughter in the air. It reminded him of his wife's voice, that time long ago when their little girl refused to come in to her lessons because she had not done washing her doll's face.

"But really now," the first voice had protested, "it isn't as absurd as it seems. You forget that you felt the same when you——"

"Hush! He understands! It is unaccountable how unevenly that sixth sense—" and the dream was gone.

Yet was it a dream? He was startled, almost dismayed, to find himself quite naturally thinking of it as a reality. Up to now it had been a question of honor with him not to permit himself to acknowledge that these strange monitions had an existence separate from his own. As to any question of identity, he never even allowed himself to surmise; but this spring morning, in the ashen pink of the dawn, his eyes searched restlessly for something that he knew was near—a knowledge that transcended either sight or touch.

The turquoise water below him was filling with bobbing boats and shouting men. Only one of them, a tall fellow, stared up at him in silence. It was a splendid, grave, unchanging face lifted to his with a look of wistful question in the eyes. Hamilton returned the gaze for a moment, and then, delighted with the recognition that had come to him after so many years, called, "*Hé*, Pavlos, what are you doing in this part of the world? I thought you belonged to the Piræus."

Pavlos took off his hat and deposited it in his lap. "I have come to take you ashore, Kyrie," he said in Greek.

Hamilton turned back to his state-room,

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which was just behind him on the deck. His luggage was all packed. "Now when did I do that?" he asked himself as he went back and called to Pavlos to come up and get the things.

The man, who was of gigantic size, loaded himself with them all at once, and before other people had completed their bargaining, he was rowing Hamilton in the direction of the town.

"You haven't told me how you came to be here," Hamilton said.

"I came up to bury my brother; he has left me a little something, and I am, now, the last of my family." He raised his oars from the water and, after putting his cap in his lap again, leaned forward. "The Kyrios has not changed," he said.

"In all these years?"

"We are older, otherwise we are the same. It is life that is different."

"Yes," said Hamilton, thoughtfully, "it is life. For me, life is altogether different."

"And I, also, have lost them all."

"But how did you know?" asked Hamilton, wondering.

"We have the same look," said Pavlos, beginning to row again.

Hamilton eyed the man's splendid physique, his broad shoulders, honest eyes, and fine, powerful head, and then answered humorously, "I wish we had."

"You were going on to Olympia," said Pavlos after a pause.

Hamilton nodded, and they did not speak again until they were about to land, when, seeing him search in his pocket for his purse, Pavlos raised a restraining hand. "It is between friends; I came for you."

"But how could you know I was there?"

A puzzled expression crossed the man's face. "Very true, I did not know that you were there; but when I saw you I knew why I had rowed out. It was to welcome you."

There were still some hours of waiting before his train would start, and for a while Hamilton lingered on the quay. The sun was mounting slowly above the hills behind the town, gilding, one by one, the masts in the dim forest of shipping that crowded the harbor. An emigrant vessel was going out early that morning, to America; groups of wistful-faced men and boys stood idly about; there were hardly any women, and those there were were weeping at being left behind. At a dirty wharf alongside, a fu-

nereal fleet of scows were being unloaded by rows of gnomes, whose rounded backs were bent almost double under their bulging sacks of coal. They glanced up at Hamilton curiously from under their black pointed hoods, their white eyeballs flashing as the sun struck their soot-grimed faces. Further on, a long narrow dock stretched a pale green finger into the dark blue waters of the bay, and a company of moving green figures, still in pointed hoods like crowding Pucks, busied themselves upon it in unloading the delicately colored sacks of Paris green to be used on the currant vines in the vineyards. Everything about them, their hoods, their garments, even their hands and faces, was tinged with the powdery substance they were carrying. Hamilton watched them, fascinated, wondering to see them thus oddly refined and etherealized through a mere change of tint. They even seemed to move with a light-footed grace and precision impossible to their brethren of the barges. Pavlos at last aroused him from his reverie by picking up the luggage and starting away with it.

"The Kyrios had better come over to the Hotel Pateros and rest; the best train does not go until afternoon."

Hamilton, amused at his own docility, followed his towering guide, rested as he was told, and in the late afternoon, obediently under the same protection, turned his steps toward the station. "Good-by," he called from the car window as the train moved off; "I shall come and look you up at the Piræus."

"Perhaps," said Pavlos, standing with his hat in both hands; "perhaps."

As soon as they had left Patras, Hamilton turned eagerly to the window. Everywhere people were out cultivating the vine, and the vivid freshness of sprouting grain covered the ground beneath the gray branches of the olive trees; far down these bright, emerald-paved aisles, with their columns of brown and twisted trunks, he caught glimpses of pale blue, translucent, snow-capped mountains rising from the Gulf, where the deep lapis lazuli of the water was torn by wind-beaten strips of foaming, angry green.

The evening was approaching and all the world was tinged with rose. Above the green of the passing fields a pink mist hovered. "The asphodel!" he murmured.

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It was a sea of delicate flowers, blooming so high on their slender stalks that they almost floated above the earth. To Hamilton, for the moment, they seemed more than flowers; something spiritual emanated from them—longing, fluttering, wistful—in the suffusing glow of the momentary Greek twilight. He pressed closer to the window, eagerly expectant. No, there was nothing there. "And yet, why should there not be?" he said, as if answering one question with another.

They had begun to turn southward. The mysterious rose of the evening sky changed to a deep tint of salmon, black-green cypresses moved against it, and on the blazing horizon the sun was setting behind the stern, sharp battlements of a mediæval fortress. So—violent and uncompromising, like the altered sky—Glarenza had stood for centuries, at war with the spirit of its surroundings.

The country also was changing; oaks grew sturdy in the fields powdered in all their twisting twigs with tufts of young leaves. Some of them were still bare, their mighty branches showing through a haze of pale green mistletoe. It was growing dark. Hamilton pressed closer to the window, hoping to catch once more the faint living color of the asphodel; but it was gone, and by the time he reached the hotel in Olympia night had fallen.

When he started out the next morning the rain was descending in torrents. Nevertheless he crossed the river to the ruins; but after an hour or so of the slippery mud and pouring wet he was driven for shelter to the Museum.

His intention had been to go at once to the inner room in search of the Hermes of Praxiteles; but the haughty, sportsman-like creatures of the Great Pediment arrested him, his head turned reluctantly and his footsteps faltered. The tremendous force of those outlooking men and women, standing eternally as if with the breath of the gods blowing in their faces, held him, and the Hermes was forgotten. Absorbed, enthralled, he moved slowly backward until he found a chair and sat down there in the middle of the wide space. The custodian watched him a moment, and then, with a nod of approval, withdrew and left him to himself.

Through the open door he could hear the rain splashing in a waterfall from the eaves of the portico. The roof overhead drummed a steady bass, and in the corner of the Museum a pool of water was gathering on the floor from a little leak in the roof. The drops fell, one by one, with a clear ring like the strokes of a miniature bell.

Then all the world about was transfigured. Through neither hearing nor sight, by no familiar sense was he made aware of being surrounded by laughter and welcome, by faces wet with tears of happiness, and by little hands outstretched for his. And not these alone, the proud old Greeks, they also were changed. Not that they moved or bent one inch to look down upon him from their lonely pediment, but that they were informed with a vivid and splendid something that was more than life. "It is immortality," he said aloud, "immortality itself," and then became conscious that in this effort to translate, as it were, his sensations to his own soul, he had stepped back from some wider world into the narrow confines of human experience.

He drew his hand across his forehead. "What a strange thing to happen to me!" he said aloud, and feeling that in some way he must anchor himself to the normal and commonplace, he drew out a note-book, intending to make memoranda for the lectures he expected to give in the coming winter. But he did not write. He sat staring at the pediment, absorbed, dreaming. His pencil rolled to the floor and the neglected note-book dropped from his hand. Then, all at once, came a rush of childish feet, running from the dark corners to meet him, and, again, the welcomes, the happy tears, the penetrating love rushed back upon him. He had gone out into the real world. The narrow place he had left behind, with its note-books, its lectures, its necessity for treading the former ground, its lust of seeing and handling, seemed to be the unreal and the immaterial.

Carefully closing his senses to every impression but the inner ones, he prepared himself to enjoy this truer life. And then the voices of the night before called, warning—and youth and love and laughter withdrew.

The torrent drummed upon the roof, the leaking eaves splashed in the portico, and the far-off rumble of thunder sounded over

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the vast extent of ruined wall and green tree that marked the site of the ancient precinct. Hamilton went to the door, hesitated a minute, and then walked blindly down the hill in the rain and crossed the Kladeos. The great overturned drums of the columns of the Temple of Zeus, and the standing ancient pillars of the Temple of Hera were all streaked and streaming with wet. He walked about, his thoughts turning confusedly, as if his mind were moving in a maze to which it could not find the clue.

After an early dinner, when the sun had broken through the clouds, Hamilton climbed the hill behind the hotel. There was a little church up there with a strange, rude belfry outside it, built high on crossed stakes. A rough ladder led up to the bell, to which the sexton climbed, in order to sound the strokes with a hammer. In the churchyard near by were two or three pathetic graves. The epitaph to one young German, who, after "ein viel bewegtes Leben," rested there, made Hamilton think as he walked a little further along the brow of the hill, of his own "much troubled life"; but the thought came lightly, for Hamilton's was an essentially wholesome mind. In all simplicity he took life and work and weariness as they came; enjoying the first where he could, accomplishing the second as best he knew, and enduring the last without complaint.

Unmindful of the damp, he sat down on the hillside. Twisting through its clayey flats the muddy Alpheios flowed across the valley; Kronos rose green with pines behind the ruins that lay, quiet and reposeful, like heaps of granite in the midst of some New England landscape. Hamilton did not know how long he had been sitting there thinking; but all at once the little plain was filled with life. Below him, in the precinct, wheeling chariots, prancing horses, rich clothing and jewels moved, pulsating with color and glittering with silver and gold. Up to his ears came the cries of buyers and sellers, the clink of mending armor, the sound of the chipping of marble. He saw an ostentatious procession of interloping Romans met by the scorn of the outrivalled Greeks, and all the valley was awake and alive in the old gay turmoil of the games.

He sprang to his feet. "This will not do," he said firmly, and again there was nothing on the plain but two sluggish, yellow streams, a wooded knoll and an expanse of gray brown stones, scattered in gigantic confusion.

He hurried down the hill. Passing the hotel, he made his way again across the river, but turned to the left, away from the ruins. For a long time he walked there through the fields on the right bank, until the approaching sunset warned him that he had a long way to go before reaching the hotel again. The world was filled with pink light, and, as he hurried onward, something softly brushed his hand. He looked and found himself standing in the midst of a bed of tall asphodel. Suddenly his sense of haste vanished, and he sat down on the drum of a broken column, dreaming, questioning, quietly expectant. "And why not?" he murmured, as he had the day before. "What could be more natural than that the spirits of those departed should haunt this flower of the dead—fluttering, longing, wistful—waiting until our grosser senses shall be fined to a recognition of their presence?—Why not?"

The asphodel seemed to stretch away from him in acres of feathery, rose-like mist. Again the feeling came to him that his earthly senses were being overridden, superseded by some other sense more powerful than they. The rosy light flooded the earth and above the flowers a delicate sylph-like figure slowly took shape. It was like a part of the twilight; behind it in the sky a large star glistened, and it bent toward him a face full of laughter, full of life and mischief, all alight with the daring of a child who, in doing some forbidden thing, is still sure of forgiveness. Hamilton did not stir. By this time he knew well that any motion on his part would obscure the working of this new power which had so strangely taken possession of him. And again, out of the silence, came the warning. It was not speech, it was not sound, and yet he knew that it cried: "What are you doing, oh foolish child! Why will you not obey?" And the glimmering figure faded and was gone.

Much troubled, Hamilton returned to the hotel; but that night he dreamed. It was a relief to him in the morning to feel sure that he had had an honest, every-day dream. It had been of a surprising vividness and reality, it was true, but it was un-

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mistakably a dream. Those for the lack of whom his life was desolate had all been with him in a natural and every-day way. There had been no intimation of the supernatural. He had seen them with his eyes and heard them with his ears, he had held their hands in his and laughed with them and talked with them about the small events of a normal day. And in the morning he had awakened, sane and comforted.

On the way back to Patras the sun shone clearly, the sea was a pale blue, sweet and serene, not like the green, wind-swept waters of two days ago. Patras was swarming with men, the sun set red behind its mountains; electric lights sprang up, glittering on the crowded quay, and long reflections shivered in the water. Hamilton rejoiced, glad to find himself in a tangible world. Late that night he took a small coast-wise boat for Athens, still following out his original scheme. Before he left Olympia he had picked himself a large bunch of asphodel. It now lay withering in his cabin; the steward had asked leave to throw it away, but Hamilton had refused. "Not till I get some fresh," he said, and took it ashore with him the next afternoon when he reached the Piræus.

A party of young men from the American School of Archæology, who had been on the steamer with him from Brindisi to Patras, came out in a boat to meet him, and with them Pavlos, splendid, quiet, remote.

"He doesn't take passengers to and from the steamer any more," one of the young fellows had said; "he is too grand for that now; but when we got down here we found him waiting, and he said that you had engaged him to bring you ashore."

Hamilton glanced at Pavlos. He was rowing with steady strokes and an unmoved face. No one knew whether he understood English or not; but when they reached the quay, Pavlos touched him on the shoulder. "Wait for me a moment, Kyrie," he said; "I must speak to you."

Hamilton waited until Pavlos had put his boat in care of a friend; but when the man approached him he seemed unable for a few moments to express himself.

At last, "Ought you to be here, Kyrie?" he began. "Would it not be better to go back to your own people?"

"My own people have sent me away."

Pavlos shook his head.

"Why do you think it would be better for me to be at home?" asked Hamilton.

"I cannot say, and yet I know. You and I, Kyrie, know things that we are not able to tell about. Do you hold very much to life?"

"Not so very much."

"Ah, well, then, perhaps it is just as wise to remain. I also do not hold to life; but they will not take me."

Then Hamilton had been swept away with his young friends, and he did not see Pavlos again. He was to stay at the American School. It was a quiet, hard-working household of young men, and often there were so many of them away on excursions, or at work at the excavations, that but one or two were left. Hamilton had had more than half of the number who were there in his college classes, and they, knowing of his many sorrows, were very gentle; also, seeing his growing inclination for solitude, they withdrew themselves as much from his company as they could.

"I am sure I can't see what he is going to do when the asphodel is gone," one of them said to the other.

"I wondered if anybody had noticed that but me! He is never without a sprig of it."

"Jones brought him in a whole bunch the other day; he found it over there toward Hymettos."

"Then Jones has noticed it as well as we!"

"The question in my mind is, whether a man ought to let himself slowly die of a broken heart."

"Nonsense!" said the other. "He is tired, that's all. You let him get rested and he'll be all right again. Why, look at last night, he was the soul of the occasion. I never saw so amusing a man in my life!"

But the first man remained unconvinced. "He is more than tired," he said.

Hamilton, however, was not conscious of fatigue. In fact, he congratulated himself daily upon his immunity from the wearing fag from which he had suffered at home. Yet beneath his content there was a certain uneasiness. For all day long, on the long walks which he took, in the sunlit Museums, and, toward evening, when he sat on the School balcony and watched the pink light of the sunset vivify the great bulk of Hymettos, a feeling that he was surrounded —besieged, as it were—by a sort of loving

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tenderness, kept growing. It had never yet, as at Olympia by the field of asphodel, taken on a clear and definite form; but always there, was the sense of something eluding him,—something which, nevertheless, pursued.

At a turn of the road, from behind a column, in among the bushes, hidden in the red fields of poppies, out from the midst of many colored anemones, gentle presences trooped to meet him, and yet at the same time sought to avoid recognition. He never dared acknowledge to himself his inmost thought regarding them. To be definite was desecration; but he knew that every manifestation of their presence was a reluctant one, as if they had been overcome by an unconquerable longing to do that which they feared was not for his good.

Several weeks had passed and the warm weather was at hand. Hamilton's last fortnight in Athens had come, and, anxious to crowd as much into it as possible, he procured a permit from the authorities to visit the enclosure of the Acropolis after sunset.

"You come too often and you stay too long up here," an old Greek friend of his had said to him kindly; "it is dangerous, especially at the hour of sunset."

"But of all times the sunset is the most beautiful," objected Hamilton. "It is the time I am least willing to miss."

"Ah, you rebellious Americans! You are constitutionally incapable of learning the wisdom of adapting yourselves to the exigencies of a strange climate!"

"But I have always been immune to malaria."

"There are other things than malaria. You have been on the Acropolis for nearly two weeks, at all hours of the day and night; I assure you—*it is not safe!*"

"If you mean fever, I never had one in my life and I am nearly fifty." It was evening and they had been standing at the top of the steps of the Propylea.

With an impatient exclamation his old friend turned to go down.

"I have but three nights more," pleaded Hamilton, in extenuation.

The old man went on, but at the third step he paused and, turning around, quoted in Greek:

"O haunts of Pan's abiding,
O sentinel rock down-gazing,
On the Long-cliff caves down glimmering,
Where, with shadowy feet in the dance soft-sliding
Agraulus's daughters three go pacing
O'er the lawns by Athene's fane dew-shimmering
In moonlight, while upward floats
A weird strain rising and falling,
Wild witchery-wafting notes
O Pan, from thy pipes that are calling,
Out of thy sunless grots!"

"You mean—I may see them?" demanded Hamilton eagerly.

The Greek shrugged his shoulders.

"But that is the very thing I am wishing!" Hamilton assured him, smiling at the same time to give his words an air of jest.

"Oh, you Americans!" And the old gentleman cautiously descended the rest of the long flight of steps, shaking his head. At the foot he looked up and beckoned imperatively; but Hamilton, with a laughing gesture of refusal, turned away.

He stayed on the Acropolis for the next two nights, watching the sunset colors fade into moonlight, and the moonlight brighten into dawn. On the third and last night the guardian, sleepy with previous late hours, showed him a surreptitious way out, and toward half past nine o'clock left him.

There was no one else in the ruins. Hamilton had the whole splendid area to himself. A cool wind had arisen, and as he sat looking up at the façade of the Parthenon, the breeze sang in and out among the columns like some splendid voice. It was almost too late in the season for any possibility of rain, and yet from behind Hymettos some sullen clouds had begun to roll upward, stormy and black, into the deep blue of the moonlit sky.

"Are you ready now?" It was a question, not an articulate voice. Yet, even at that longed-for moment, Hamilton hesitated.

Was he ready? Are we ever ready?

And as if in answer to this thought: "How can he be ready, when he does not know what is before him?" asked another voice.

"I shall know at dawn," answered Hamilton, aloud. "Wait until then."

He could not tell why he answered thus; but all about him the noiseless voices repeated: "He will know at dawn."

The wind struck him chilly, and he moved to the northern parapet overlooking the city, that stretched away toward the hills like an immense translucent floor

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lighted from below. He had not hitherto been struck with the quiet of it; but there was no noise of rolling trams, no rumble of machines; the clinking Street of the Tinkers, that made a musical din up to the very hour of sunset, was still; once in a while a boy called to his mate on the slopes below, and far away, near the steep slopes of Lycabettos, a dog woke from time to time and bayed at the moon.

To his left, under the edge of the hill, some one began to play softly on the pipes. Hamilton laughed. "Pan," he murmured; "old Demetrios was right!" And he strolled in the direction of an opening under the edge of the Acropolis known as "The Cave of Pan." The music was abruptly hushed; he thought that he heard a boy's remonstrant laugh—oddly like his own. "It couldn't have been an echo," he said—for Hamilton had acquired a nervous habit of talking to himself—and leaned as far out over the parapet as he could, trying to look along toward the Cave. "Pan," he called softly, in Greek, "Pan!"

There was a short delighted giggle, quickly suppressed. Hamilton drew back; a faint icy prickling crawled over his flesh. "Oh, Pan!" he called, still louder, leaning out again; but Pan was still.

Hamilton walked thoughtfully back to the eastern end of the Parthenon, climbed to the top of the steps and, going a short distance within, sat down, leaning back against a column.

"If it were not so like them," he pondered, "I should not heed. Just thus it has always been, never claiming an iota of that which should be left to a man's own decision, not even in the small matters of every day; the very children—babies as they were—were taught to respect what might in my estimation be a more urgent claim. How often have they waited—and alas, that I should have kept them!—and shown no sign of impatience, nothing but a certain sweet, whimsical amusement! It was then, as it is now, the inertia of this heavy flesh that kept me lagging behind their delicate spirituality. What charming ruses they invented to attract my attention—and now, as then, the 'burden of this death' keeps us parted!"

He buried his head in his hands. "Oh, Pan, Pan," he cried, "my little Puck, my dainty Ariel!"

The clouds had gathered more thickly in the east, mounting higher toward the zenith. Over the mountain's ridge gushed pale rivers of mist that glistened in the moonlight and poured down the distant slopes like cascades of powdered silver.

Hamilton allowed his hands to fall between his knees and gazed toward it.

"Have I the right to go?" he questioned. "Are we not Soldiers of Life? May we desert the post to which we have been assigned? There is this to do—and that."

His mind wandered vaguely to his different interests—distasteful tasks, his very flesh wearied at the thought of them!—and yet, in proportion to their futility, they seemed obligatory. "But who knows?" he went on, communing with himself. "I am but a picket, a scout. Is it for me to gauge the value of the little I may gain, the worth of the clues I may find, leading men to a better knowledge of the Scheme of the Whole? How should I question my orders, ignorant as I am of the plan of the great campaign?"

The clouds closed in and the darkness covered him.

"Beloved," Hamilton's voice sounded from the shadows, "I may not choose to come to you. The dawn will brighten, and unless it is granted me by those under whose rule I continue to serve, I shall not know the sacred mysteries that to you are plain. Go back, dear ones, to the happy fields, to the pleasant country where you have waited hitherto, and abide my coming in patient joy; for I am ignorant where you are wise. Where you see, I am but little better than blind, and as yet, I am not chosen to tread where you have been called to walk. But one large knowledge is ours in common: the task that was laid upon you, you each fulfilled; the post you were set to watch, you guarded in simple fidelity; and so must I pursue my labor and accomplish my vigil. If with your greater light you deem this foolishness, remember that the light that is vouchsafed us is all we have. Beloved, beloved, I may not even choose."

A breath of wind blew over from the east like a great sigh; exhausted, Hamilton leaned back against the column behind him. The world grew darker, the moon was setting beneath the clouds. Loneliness besieged him as in the first days

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of his desolation. Then, in the heavy sultry air, he slept.

It was more a stupor than a sleep. Back of Hymettos the thunder threatened, the mist overflowed the plain, and in the flare of the stabbing lightning the exquisite columns that crowned the Acropolis sprang startled to life, softly clear against a background of seething cloud. Hamilton dully knew it all, but he did not awake, not even when the rain fell—pouring, flying, lashing by him, like the angry laughter of the ancient gods.

Then came quiet, and he knew no more until he opened his eyes on the deep blue wonder of the early dawn. Above the mountain arched an unclouded sky, lighted by a few clear stars and against it the beautiful brown yellow of the columns of the Parthenon stood in warm, intimate familiarity. Hamilton breathed a sigh of content. "It is like coming home," he whispered, "and, hark! the little Pan is still piping."

He rose and, passing between the columns, climbed down the first steep steps, then stopped. The night had hardly broken, and in all the shadowy distances it was still dim. The sound of the music was approaching. Hamilton turned. "Has that boy been playing all night?" he said.

In the direction of the Erechtheum people were moving, women dancing, and further on, above the rampart, a dark head appeared, while the noise of the pipes grew clearer. "Pan himself!" said Hamilton, "and the daughters of Agraulus dancing still, to this very day!—I must be dreaming!" He turned toward the temple again to reassure himself. At the foot of a column behind him a man lay huddled carelessly, as if in sleep. For a moment Hamilton thought it was the guardian soldier. "I should not have allowed him to stay out in the rain and storm, merely to gratify a caprice——"

He did not finish. The figure lying there suddenly took on a strange familiarity. "It is I," said Hamilton, "the shell of what was once myself! And these?" He wheeled swiftly and ran down the rest of the steps in great flying leaps. "Beloved! I am coming!" he cried. "I am coming!"

Laughing, weeping in pure joy, calling to him and to each other, they ran toward him. "They wouldn't let us come to you!" —"You were not allowed to know that we were there!"—"They always called us away!"

Hamilton moved forward in a little tempest of radiant delight as they surrounded him with their happy babel of welcome and caresses. He did not even see the group of frightened, anxious young men who hurried across from the Propylea toward the eastern end of the Parthenon.

For the differences in the values of two opposing worlds had already begun to make themselves felt, and that mere husk and shell—which Hamilton had left behind him without a thought—was to these young friends of his a matter of momentous meaning, of terrible import.

"It is of no use," said one of them, huskily, as he rose from his stooping attitude.

"He must have died in the storm!" said the other.

"And look," said a third—his voice was unsteady—"he is still holding a sprig of that asphodel I brought him yesterday morning!"

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Early in the evening veiled women . . . may sometimes be seen.—Page 459.

THE MOON OF RAMAZAN

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

IN most parts of the world the inconstant moon has lost her mystery. The secret of her farther side is the last whose inviolability she has succeeded in maintaining. But in the Ottoman Empire it is happily another matter. There a pleasing uncertainty still attaches to the glimpses of the orbed maiden. While calendars do exist, foretelling with some show of exactitude the revolutions of the lunar year, no calendar can be infallible with respect to the holy month of Ramazan or to the succeeding festival of *Baïram*. For then the new moon must be discovered in person, by watchers upon mountain tops, and the discovery duly proclaimed by cannon to an expectant world. If the mountain tops happen to be cloudy, so much the worse for the calendar. As the empire is broad, however, and amply provided both with mountain tops and telegraph lines, the margin of uncertainty is far narrower than used to be the case. It is to be hoped that the advent of the constitutional *régime* will not abolish it altogether.

While Ramazan is probably the sole month of the Mohammedan calendar known to the infidel world, the infidel world has never been very sure whether to spell its last syllable with a *z* or with a *d*. Let the infidel world accordingly know that either is right in its own domain. The Arabs say Ramadan, the Persians and Turks say Ramazan. They all observe throughout the month a species of fast that has no precise counterpart in the west. So long as the sun is in the sky food or drink of any kind may not pass the true believer's lips. He is not even allowed the sweet solace of a cigarette. But from the firing of the sunset gun until it is light enough to distinguish a black hair from a white he may feast to surfeiting. Watchmen will patrol the streets with drums to warn him that his moments of grace are numbered and cannon once more announce their end.

Nothing is more characteristic of late

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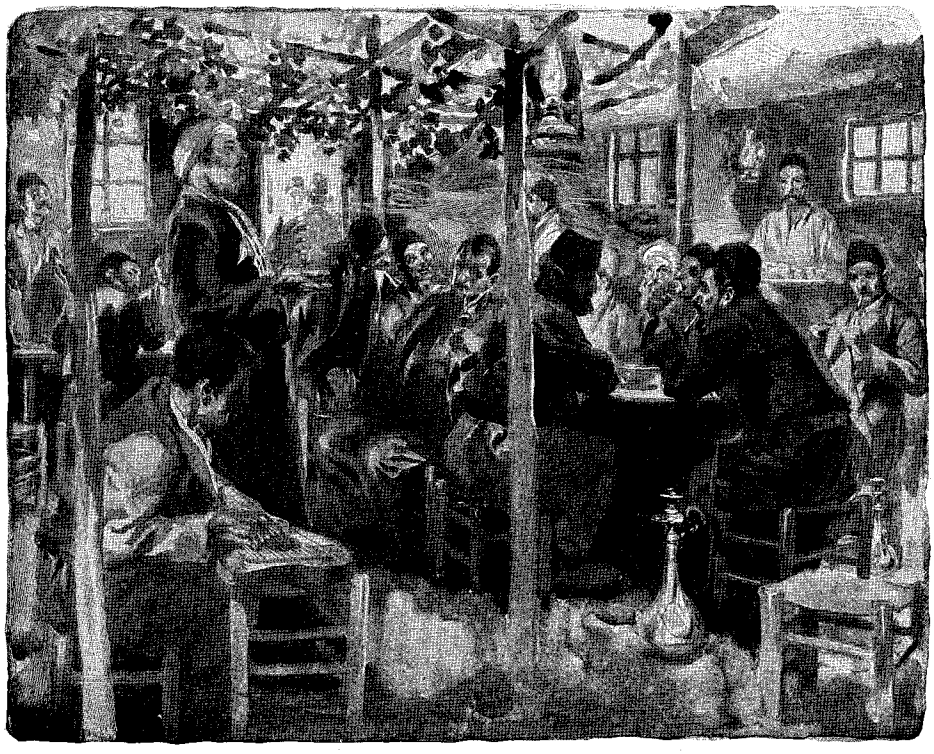

There the habitués sit a great part of the night.—Page 460.

afternoons in Ramazan than the preparations for the evening meal which preoccupy all moslems, particularly those who work with their hands. As the sun nears the horizon fires are lighted, tables are spread, bread is broken, water is poured out, cigarettes are rolled, and hands are lifted halfway to the mouth, in expectation of the signal that gives liberty to eat. This breaking of the daytime fast is called *iftar* and is an institution in itself. To be invited to *iftar* is a particular mark of friendship. So peculiarly is Ramazan a time for picking out those to whom it is desired to show this honor that, during the late *régime* in Constantinople, when circulation at night and everything tending to draw people together was forbidden, the month was one of comparative liberty. The Palace even set the example of hospitality on a regal scale. During the four weeks of the month every higher dignitary of state and municipality, every officer of army and navy stationed in the capital, and representatives at least of every soldier and sailor in the garrison, dined at Yildiz and received a present in gold. The sum ranged from the thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of the Grand Vizier to the twenty-seven piastres—a trifle over a dollar—of the private. These dinner parties cost the country a pretty penny. Bags and boxes of gold from every corner of the empire poured into the Palace for weeks beforehand, and it is said that a failure to make prompt discovery of the new moon for *Baïram* was due sometimes to the unreadiness of the imperial coffers for any new drain.

Notable as *iftar* is of the nights of Ramazan, however, it is only the first of their festive features. Théophile Gautier called Ramazan a Lent lined with a Carnival. The phrase is a happy one if it does not lead the hearer into attributing a Latin vivacity to Turkish merrymakings. Stamboul, always solemn under her centuries and proud even in decay, is never prouder or more solemn than when illuminated for the holy month of Islam. It is one of the sights of the world to see—from Pera or the bridges of the Golden Horn—the dark city under the moon of Ramazan, constel-

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Sometimes it is performed by the gypsy girls.—Page 460.

lated with circlets of light that bead the galleries of numberless minarets. The imperial mosques that cut out so superb a silhouette above the climbing roofs have two, four, or six minarets to illuminate, some of them with three galleries apiece. And they use a yet more magical device. Ropes are slung between minaret and minaret and from these are suspended lamps in such order as to spell texts from the Koran. The decorative Arabic letters written in gold against the sky only increase for those who cannot read them the mystery which the ancient city diffuses.

There are lighted streets winding invisibly through this illuminated darkness, as he may discover who can tear himself from the spectacle of the Golden Horn. And much is in them not to be seen at other times of the year. But their gayety is little enough like the uproar of a European carnival. Even in streets which are centres of amusement, where a carriage or even a man often finds difficulty in passing, there is nothing of the wild hilarity whereby an occidental must express his joy of life. The people stroll quietly up and down or sit quietly in the open coffee-houses, taking their *kef* in a way that reveals Turkish character on its most sympathetic side. They are practically all men. Early in the evening veiled women in their loose street costume may sometimes be seen, accompanied by a servant with a paper lantern. But as the hours wear on they disappear, leaving only fezzes and turbans in the streets. Even the Christian women, who also inhabit their quarters of Stamboul, observe the custom. It is the rarest thing in the world for an Armenian or a Greek of the poorer classes to take his wife out with him at night.

The coffee-houses are the most characteristic feature of Stamboul streets during the nights of Ramazan. While they naturally abound on the main thoroughfares, no quarter is without a few of these centres of social life. Thy are oftenest a single room, lighted by kerosene, with benches and tables around the walls, a corner where the *cafedji* concocts his beverages, and a window from which the outside world may

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be admired. In mild weather they overflow into it, under an awning or a trellis of grape vines. There the habitués sit a great part of the night over a cup of black coffee or a glass of tea, their feet as often as not tucked under them, holding a cigarette or the coil of a water pipe, engaged in the conversation which has given these places the name of Schools of Knowledge. Schools of knowledge they must be indeed to those capable of taking part in their councils. A foreigner, however, must usually content himself with admiring the gestures, costumes, and faces of his *convives*, the courtesy with which they receive him, the brasses, china, rugs, and Arabic texts ornamenting the coffee-house, its view of the lighted street, and the more formal entertainment which it is likely to offer during Ramazan.

The most usual is afforded by an instrument that we do not associate with the East. This is the gramophone, which enjoys an enormous popularity in Constantinople. There, however, it has been taught to utter sounds which might prevent many from recognizing an old friend. The present writer finds a great charm in the mounting minor, the intricate rhythms, of a music which the Russian composers have begun to make comprehensible to Western ears. And it expresses the East as perfectly as Tchaïkovsky, Beethoven and Verdi have expressed Europe. But the present writer must also confess a preference for the living executant to his mechanical echo. Happily one never has to go far during Ramazan to find him. Itinerant gypsies, masters of song, pipe, and tom-tom, are then much in evidence in the humbler coffee-houses. There they go two and two, a man and a boy, in the wide black trousers, the dark red girdle, and the almost black fez which they affect. In larger coffee-houses there will be a whole orchestra of the thin lute, as one may not too correctly translate the Turkish name of *indjé saz*—a group of Turkish singers who also play on lutes, *pochettes*, *violes d'amour*, zithers, and other stringed instruments of strange names and curves that suit the music they make. The songs accompanying it are love songs for the most part, endless in length, sung with a melancholy passion that haunts the memory and listened to in the unapplauding silence of perfect appreciation.

Dancing in the coffee-houses of the people is only a less common form of entertainment during Ramazan than music. Sometimes it is performed by the gypsy girls, bare-faced, dressed in vivid cotton prints, and jingling with sequins, who alone are immodest enough to enter a coffee-house. Oftener gypsy youths are the performers, or young Greeks. In cafés frequented by persons of a guild or a race the habitués themselves will indulge in the dancing. Varied as are the tongues and the costumes of the tribes who do the work of Constantinople, there are strong family resemblances between their dances. The performers, all men and boys, usually form a ring with hands clasped or on each other's shoulders. Chanting themselves or moving to the sound of pipe or strings they begin slowly, gradually working themselves up to a climax of frenzied motion that suggests the antique mysteries.

A more elaborate form of entertainment is provided by cafés fortunate enough to possess a court or some large back room. This is the marionette theatre. The Turkish marionettes, known by the name of their star performer, Karaghieuz, are a national institution. In fact their repertory includes almost all there is of a national theatre. In common with other Asiatic marionettes, they do not appear in person. The proscenium arch of their miniature stage is filled with a sheet of lighted paper. The tiny actors, cleverly jointed together of transparent materials, move between the light and the paper, so that their colored shadows are all the public sees. It is enough, however, to offer an amusement worth seeing. The theatre of Karaghieuz would make an interesting study in itself, reflecting as it does the manners of the country. Sometimes indeed it has reflected them so faithfully as to require the intervention of the censor. But Karaghieuz himself, or Black-Eye, is always amusing, whatever may be his lapses from propriety. This truculent individual reminds one of Punch although he is said to be a caricature of a veritable person, one of Saladin's viziers. He is a humpback with a black beard and a raucous voice, to whom no enterprise is too difficult or too absurd. He is accompanied by a right-hand man who points his repartee and is alternately his dupe and his deceiver. Their adventures and those of the crack-voiced la-

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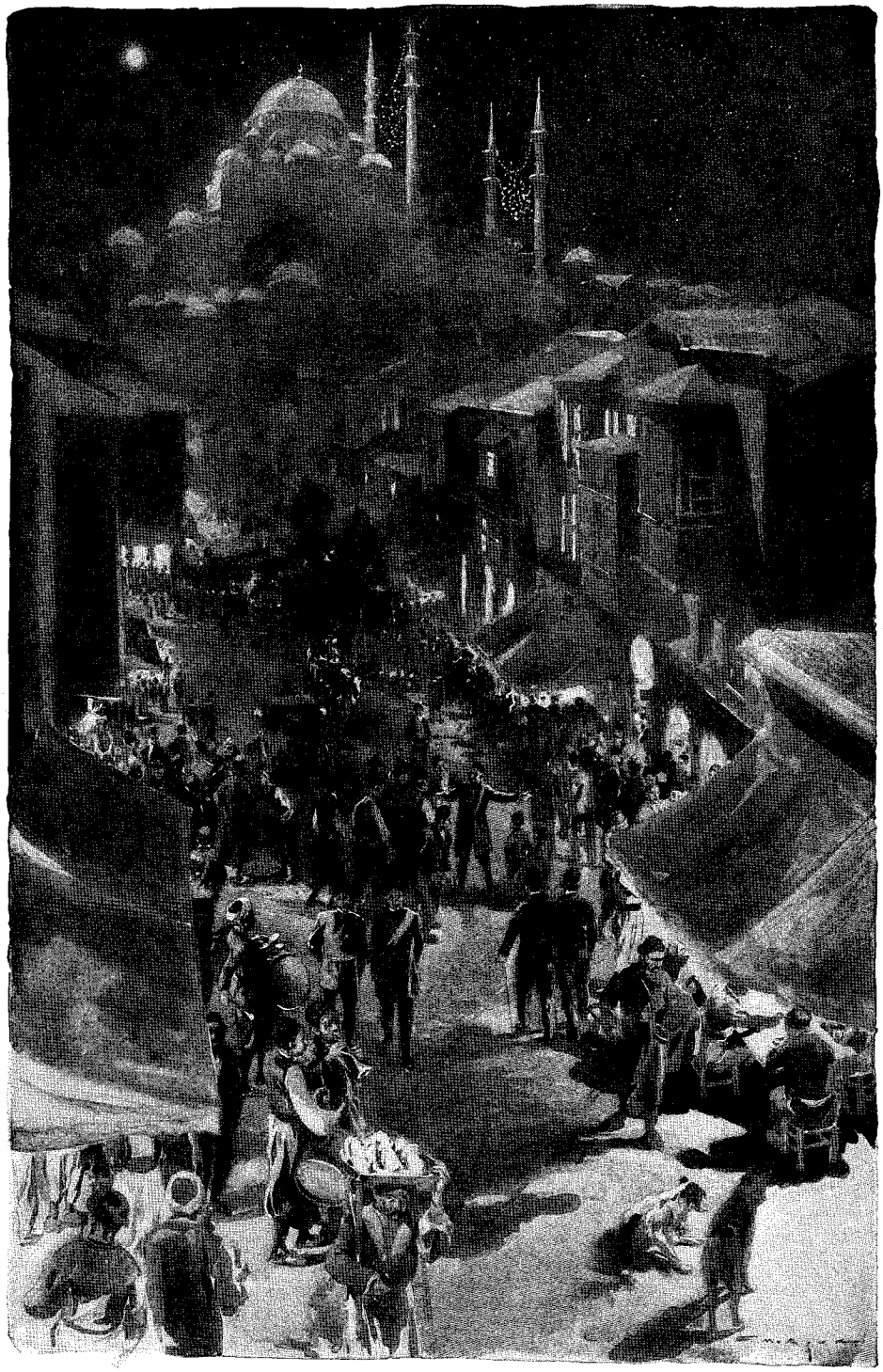

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

But it is a Bowery, with the reputation of Broadway.—Page 464.

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dies, the brilliantly costumed gentlemen, the wonderful dogs, cats, mice, and other creatures that make up the company, create a scene that a spectator of simple tastes willingly revisits. Among the elements of his pleasure must be counted the ill-lighted barrack or tent in which the representations take place, the gayly dressed children composing the better part of the audience—here, for once, ladies are allowed!—the loquacious vendors of sweets and drinks, and the music of pipe and drum to the accompaniment of which the little colored shadows play on their lighted paper.

There is no God but God and Mohammed is his Prophet.—Page 466.

The shadow-shows are by no means the only species of dramatic art to tempt the audiences of Ramazan. There are full-grown theatres that take themselves, the drama, everything, except the lives of their patrons, more seriously. They are perfect fire-traps wherein the play's the thing, innocent as they are in great part of those devices of upholstery which are the chief pride of the modern stage. The pit is aligned with rush-bottomed chairs and stools, above which rise in the European fashion tiers of not too Sybaritic boxes. A particularity of them is that, like the cafés and the streets, they contain no ladies. While there are Turkish theatres which ladies attend in the daytime, it is contrary to custom for them to take part in public entertainments at night. Consequently, the European ladies who sometimes penetrate Stamboul during the nights of Ramazan make themselves painfully conspicuous and the objects of the most unflattering comment. While women do appear on the stage, they are never Turks. They are usually Armenians, rarely Greeks or Syrians, whose murder of the language is condoned by the exigencies of the case.

The performances last the better part of the night. They begin at three o'clock Turkish, or three hours after sunset at any time of year, and close in time for the last meal of the night. There is a curtain-raiser, which is not seldom drawn from the manners of the people. The *pièce de résistance* however, is a comedy or melodrama adapted from the European stage. The former is likely to be more interesting to an outsider, for the Turks are capital comedians. There is a certain Hassan Effend of Stamboul of whom any comic stage might be proud. But the more serious pieces are characteristic too in their mixture of East and West. Madam Contess, as she is flatly pronounced, will be attended by servants in *shalvars* and fez, and two gentlemen in top hats will salute each other with earth-sweeping salaams.

Between the two plays intervene a couple of hours or so of singing and dancing that are to many the meat in the sandwich. These entertainments are also highly characteristic of the city that sits on two continents. The performers are generally Armenian women, who pronounce Turkish better and have more in common with the ruling race than the Greeks. Their cos-

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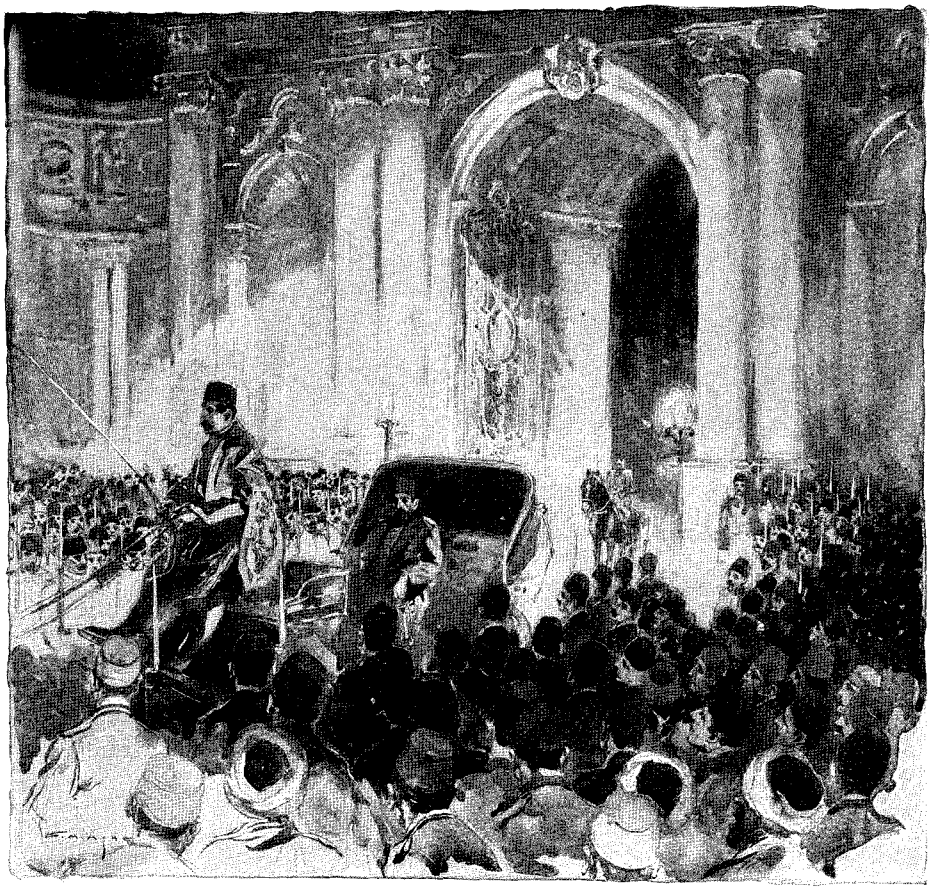

The imperial cortège poured from the Palace gate. [1908]—Page 466.

tume is supposably European, although a Western *coryphée* would never consent to be encumbered with the sleeves and skirts of her Armenian sister, or to let her locks hang so ingenuously down her back. She would also be more scrupulous with regard to her color schemes. Whatever the color of their costume, the *ballerine* of Stamboul cherish an ineradicable partiality for pink stockings. As feminine charm increases, to the eye of an Oriental admirer, in direct proportion to the avoirdupois of the object, the effect is sometimes startling.

The entertainment offered by these ladies is more of the East than of the West. It is a combination of song and dance, accompanied by melancholy strings and the clapping of the castanet. The music is even more monotonous, in the literal sense of the word, than that of the "thin lute." To the tyro one song sounds exactly like another, each beginning on the same high note and each *glissando* to the same low one. And one is inclined to protest that a lady suffering from so cruel a cold should never be permitted to leave her room, much less appear in pink stockings at midnight on a ramshackle wooden stage. But the charm of the monotone grows upon those who are susceptible to the melancholy and fatalism of the East. The dancing into which each song dies away has been a little more tampered with by the West. While the basis of it is the Arab *danse du ventre*, it is a *danse du ventre* tempered by the cult of the toe. What there may be of grossness about it is pleasantly chastened for an occasional spectator by the personal equation. I remember watching once a *danseuse* who must have been in her prime before many of her audience were in their cradles. But they had grown up in her

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tradition and cries of "One more!" greeted each effort of her poor old cracked voice. There was nothing pitiable about it. The audience had a frank affection for her, independent of her overripe charms, and she danced terrible dances for them, eyes half shut, with a motherly indulgence that entirely took away from the nature of what she was doing.

So popular is this form of entertainment that it is thrown in as a sop to sweeten most of the variety performances with which Ramazan abounds. The street of Stamboul where the theatres are clustered is a perfect Bowery of cinematographs, music-halls, shooting-galleries, acrobatic exhibitions, and side-shows of a country circus. But it is a Bowery with the reputation of Broadway and a picturesqueness that neither can boast, lined as one stretch of it is by arcades that are almost one succession of bright little coffee-houses and overlooked by the white mosque, ethereal at night among its dark planes and cypresses, that Suleiman the Magnificent built in memory of two of his sons. There crowds and carriages abound until two o'clock in the morning, itinerant vendors of sweets and drinks call their wares, tom-toms beat, and pipes cry their wild invitation to various smoky interiors. The scene is one of the most characteristic of Constantinople for its mixture of East and West. One is lined by the other here in such a way that it is hopeless to separate them. They compose a product of their own which is neither, but which is none the less picturesque. If the cinematograph, for example, is more of the West than of the East—a European often wonders what idea of our manners and morals the grave fezzed spectators gain therefrom—there are story tellings, there are in particular wrestling matches that are all Asia.

Wrestling is the great Turkish sport—and one suppressed in Constantinople under the old *régime*, on account of its tendency to draw people together. It usually takes place out of doors, in some open space enclosed by green tent-cloth and not too brilliantly lighted at night. The spectators of distinction are accommodated with chairs under an awning, the others squat on their heels around the ring. The wrestlers, sometimes several pairs at a time, come out bare-footed, in leather breeches reaching just below the knee. Their first act, if you please, is to anoint themselves with oil from head to foot. That done, each couple stand side by side, join right hands, bend with the right foot forward, and an old man recites over them an incomprehensible rubric giving their names and recommending them to the suffrage of the public. They then prance forward to the tent of honor, alternately slapping their hands and their leather legs. There they kneel on one knee and salaam three times. Finally, after more prancing and slapping, during the course of which they hastily shake hands once as they run past each other, they are ready to begin. They start by facing each other at arm's length, putting their hands on each other's shoulders, and bending forward till their heads touch. They make no attempt at clinching. That is apparently the one hold forbidden. The game is to throw your man by pushing his head down till you can get him around the body, or by catching at his legs. Slippery as the wrestlers are with oil, it is no easy matter. Time after time one will seem to have his man, only to let him wriggle away. Then they go at each other again with a defiant "Ho-ho!" The trick is generally done in the end by getting hold of the breeches. When at last a man is thrown the two embrace and then make the round of the ring collecting tips. Celebrated wrestlers however collect their money first. The scene is picturesque enough under the moon of Ramazan, with the nude figures glistening in the lamplight, the dimmer ring of spectators' faces encircling them, and the troubled music of pipe and drum mounting into the night.

But I must beware of giving the impression that Ramazan is merely a month of pleasure and of repose therefrom. It is a holy month, and during its term religious zeal rises higher than at any other time. I know not how much this may be due to the nervous effect incidental to so complete a derangement of the ordinary habits of life. At all events, tempers habitually mild grow noticeably strained as the month proceeds and fights multiply in number. Like Lent, it is also a time of religious conferences. There is preaching every night in the mosques, which is utilized for any public expression uppermost in the general mind. The Ramazan of 1326, otherwise 1908, was

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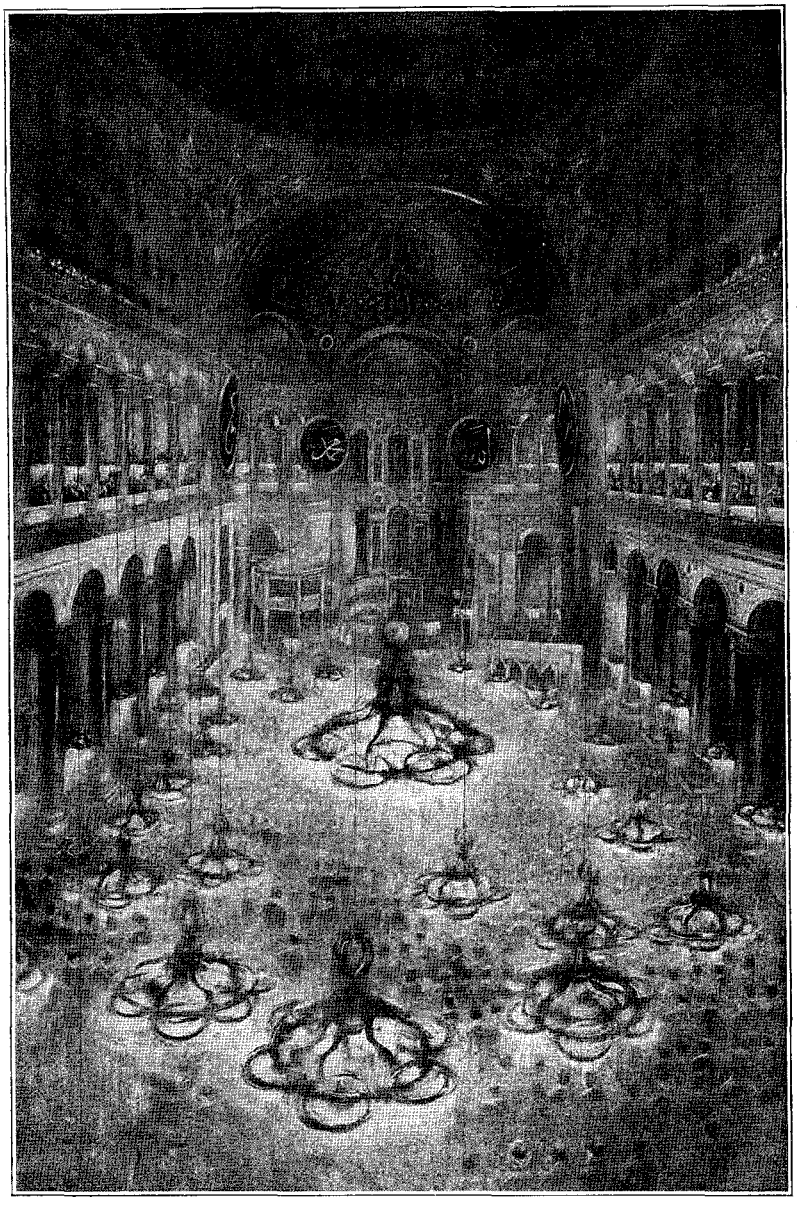

You look down from the gallery through a haze of light.—Page 467.

made the occasion for enlightening the provinces on the subject of the constitutional *régime*, as it was in the capital for various attempts at subverting the same.

Two dates in the month have a particular importance. On the earlier of these, the fifteenth, takes place the ceremony of kissing the Prophet's mantle. It used to be one of the most picturesque spectacles of the city. It still is for those fortunate enough to enter the Chamber of the Noble Robe in the old Seraglio and to see the Sultan distribute inscribed handkerchiefs as the grandees of the empire kiss in turn the silk covering in which is kept this most precious relic of Mohammedanism. But the dislike of the Caliph Abdul Hamid for showing himself in public diminished his former state parade across the city to a hasty trip by steam launch. All there is of pageant is

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displayed by the procession of the Palace ladies to the land gate of the Seraglio. Even this is not in any ordered sense a procession. There is too much rivalry between carriages to arrive first, too little exclusion of alien elements. The streets are sanded beforehand, in order to temper to imperial bones the terrible thank-you-ma'ams of Stamboul. Platoons of honor are stationed at all cross streets. The advent of beauty is heralded by detachments of the imperial guard—the lancers on their matched horses making a brave show with their scarlet banderoles, the handsome Albanians in white Zouave uniforms braided with black, the dark little Arabs of Tripoli in jaunty green turbans stuck on one ear, and the picked infantry of the Palace, tall fellows in dark blue piped with red. Then, at irregular intervals, come groups of closed court carriages. Some, a-glitter with precious mountings, are drawn by gigantic prancers that make the crowd fall back. Others pant by as if they had been picked up at the nearest cab station. All are attended by frock-coated eunuchs of every degree of fatness and blackness, on horseback and on the boxes of the carriages. Their fair charges are dressed in the old fashion, with stiff white *yashmak* and black-caped *feredjé* muffling all of them but the eyes and the hands. The *yashmak* is not so thick, however, that one may not make out beneath it the contour of a pretty face. The ladies evidently enjoy their outing and the attention they receive. A few keep their curtains severely down, but the greater number peep out from side to side, treating the public to a rare exhibition of almond eyes.

Much more brilliant is the ceremony of the twenty-seventh of Ramazan, when Mohammedans commemorate the divine gift of the Koran. On that night, called the Night of Power, the Sultan goes in state to evening prayer. The short avenue leading from the Palace to the Hamidieh mosque is lined with arches and loops of light, the mosque itself is outlined with little oil lamps, and the dip beyond is illuminated by architectural designs and Arabic texts. The effect is fairy-like against the background of the city, twinkling with the dim gold of faraway masts and minarets. While the crowd is smaller than at the ordinary Friday *Selamlik*, the police precautions are even stricter. But Turkish police have their own way of enforcing regulations. I remember a young man in a fez who approached the mosque on one Night of Power nearer than is allowed. A gorgeous officer went up to him: "My *bey*, stand a little down the hill, I pray you." The young man made an inaudible reply, evidently an objection. The gorgeous officer: "My brother, I do not reprimand you. I pray you to stand a little down the hill. It is the order, my child. What can I do?" The young man stood a little down the hill. Presently other young men came, to the sound of music, their bayonets glittering in the lamplight. Some of them were on horseback, and they carried long lances with red pennons. They lined the avenue, they blocked up the cross streets, they surrounded the mosque. Before the last of them were in place the Palace ladies, spectators of all pageants in which their lord takes part, drove down and waited in their carriages in the mosque yard. Finally the voice of the *muezzin* sounded from the minaret. In his shrill sweet minor he cried the words that have been translated "There is no God but God and Mohammed is his Prophet." Then bands broke into the Hamidieh march, fireworks filled the sky with colored stars and comets' tails, and the imperial cortège, lighted if you please by big white paper lanterns, poured from the Palace gate—a mob of uniforms and caparisons scintillating about a victoria drawn by two superb white horses. The man on the box, magnificent in scarlet and gold, was a more striking figure than the pale, bent, hook-nosed, gray-bearded man in a dark military overcoat behind him, who saluted in response to the soldiers' "*Padishah'm chok yasha!*" The procession turned into the mosque yard and majesty entered the mosque. For an hour fireworks exploded, horses pranced, and the crowd circulated very much at its will, while a high sweet chanting sounded at intervals from within the mosque. Then majesty reappeared, mob and paper lanterns and all, the soldiers shouted again, and the high white archway once more received the Caliph of Islam.

What takes place within the mosque, and I suppose within all mosques on the Night of Power, Christians are allowed to watch from the gallery of St. Sophia. While this custom was not instituted with any mis-

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sionary intent, a more impressive exhibition of the power of Islam could scarce be devised. Of course the place itself contributes greatly to the effect. Its hugeness, its openness, its perfect proportion, its breaking of pillar into arch, of arch into vault, of vault into dome, make an interior that predisposes to solemnity. The gold mosaic that was once its splendor is now largely hidden beneath the whitewash of the modern restorer, but the Night of Power brings out another gold. The cornices of the three galleries, the arches of the first, the vast space of the nave, are illuminated by thousands of wicks whose soft clear burning in glass cups of oil is reflected by the precious marbles of the walls. You look down from the gallery through a haze of light diffused by the chandeliers swinging below. These, irregularly hung about three central chandeliers are scalloped like flowers of six petals. They might be great water-lilies, floating in their medium of dusky gold. Under them the nave is striated by lines of worshippers, their darkness varied by the white of turban or robe, men all, all shoeless, standing one close to the next with hands folded and heads down. There is not an exception to the universal attitude of devotion. The *imam*, from his high hooded pulpit with the sword and the banners of conquest, recites the prayers of the evening. Choirs sitting cross-legged on raised platforms chant responses from the Koran in a soaring minor that sounds like the very cry of the spirit. Every now and then a passionate "*Allah!*" breaks out, or a deep "*amin*" reverberates from the standing thousands Then the long lines bow, hands on knees, and straighten again. Once more they bow, drop to their knees, bend forward and touch their foreheads to the ground, with a long low thunder that rolls up into the dome. The Temple of the Divine Wisdom can never have witnessed a more moving spectacle of reverence and faith.

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"I suppose it is necessary that we should at least appear to be exchanging the ordinary inanities."—Page 473.

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXXI

THE PEACE-MAKER

IT was in this condition of affairs that a short time after John Marvel had been dismissed from his cure by his incensed Rector, a great dinner was given by Mrs. Argand which, because of the lavishness of the display and the number of notable persons in the city who were present, and also because of a decision that was reached by certain of the guests at the dinner and the consequences which it was hoped might ensue therefrom, was fully written up in the press. If Mrs. Argand knew one thing well, it was how to give an entertainment which should exceed in its magnificence the entertainment of any other person in the city. She was a woman of great wealth. She had had a large experience both at home and abroad in entertainments whose expenditure remained traditional for years. She had learned from her husband the value, as a merely commercial venture, of a fine dinner. She knew the traditional way to men's hearts, and she felt that something was due to her position, and at the same time she received great pleasure in being the centre and the dispenser of a hospitality which should be a wonder to all who knew her. Her house with its great rooms and galleries filled with expensive pictures lent itself well to entertainment. And Mrs. Argand who knew something of history fancied that she had what quite approached a salon. On this occasion she had assembled a number of the leading men of affairs in the city, with the purpose not so much of entertaining them, as of securing from them a co-operation, which, by making a show of some concession to the starving strikers and their friends, should avail to stop the steady loss in her rents and drain on even her great resources. She had already found herself compelled, by reason of the reduction in her income, which prevented her putting by as large a surplus as she had been accustomed to put by year by year, to cut off a number of her charities, and this she disliked to do, for it was a blow to her pride to feel that others knew that her income was reduced.

The idea of the dinner had been suggested by no less a person than Dr. Capon himself, to whom the happy thought had occurred that possibly if a great mass meeting composed of the strikers could be assembled in some great auditorium, and addressed by the leading men in the city, they might be convinced of the folly and error of their ways and induced to reject the false teaching of their designing leaders and return to work, by which he argued the great suffering would be immediately reduced, the loss alike to labor and to capital would be stopped, peace would be restored, and the general welfare be tremendously advanced. He would himself, he said, take pleasure in addressing such an audience, and he felt sure that they would listen to the friendly admonition of a minister of the Gospel, who could not but stand to them as the representative of charity and divine compassion.

I will not attempt to describe the richness of the floral decorations which made Mrs. Argand's great house a bower of roses and orchids for the occasion, nor the lavish display of plate, gilded and ungilded, which loaded the great table, all of which was set forth in the press the following day with a lavishness of description and a wealth of superlatives quite equal to the display at the dinner; nor will I take time to describe the guests who were assembled. Mr. Leigh was not present, but expressed himself as ready to meet his men half way. It was universally agreed by the guests that no entertainment which was recalled had ever been half so rich in its decorations or so regal in its display; that certainly the same number of millions had never been represented in any private house in this

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city, or possibly, in any city of the country. It remains only to be said that the plan proposed by the Rev. Dr. Capon met with the approval of a sufficient number to secure an attempt at its adoption, though the large majority of the gentlemen present openly expressed their disbelief that any good whatever would come of such an attempt, and more than one frankly declared that the Doctor was attempting to sprinkle rose-water when really what was needed were actually guns and bayonets. The Doctor, however, was so urgent in the expression of his views, so certain that the people would be reasonable and could not fail to be impressed by a kindly expression of interest and the sound advice of one whom they must recognize as their friend, that a half-derisive consent was given to a trial of his plan.

Among the notices of this dinner was one which termed it Belshazzar's Feast, and as such it became known in the workingmen's quarter. The proposed meeting, however, excited much interest in all circles of the city, especially in that underlying circle of the poor whose circumference circumscribed and enclosed all other circles whatsoever. What was, indeed, of mere interest to others was of vital necessity to them, that some arrangement should be arrived at by which work should once more be given to the ever increasing body of the unemployed, whose sombre presence darkened the brightest day and tinged with melancholy the most radiant expectation. In furtherance of Dr. Capon's plan a large hall was secured, and a general invitation was issued to the public, especially to the workingmen of the section where the strike existed, to attend a meeting set for the earliest possible moment, an evening in the beginning of the next week. The meeting took place as advertised and the attendance exceeded all expectation. The heart of the poor beat with renewed hope, though, like their wealthy neighbors, many of them felt that the hope was a desperate one. Still they worked toward the single ray of light which penetrated into the gloom of their situation.

The seats were filled long before the hour set for the meeting and every available foot of standing room was occupied, the corridors of the building were filled, and the streets outside were thronged with groups discussing the possibility of some settlement in low and earnest tones, broken now and then by some strident note of contention. Knowing the interest in the movement throughout the quarter where I lived, and having some curiosity besides to hear what Coll McSheen and the Rev. Dr. Capon had to say, I went early in company with Wolffert and John Marvel, the former of whom was absolutely sceptical, the latter entirely hopeful of permanent results. The crowd on the platform represented the leaders in many departments of business in the city, among whom were a fair sprinkling of men noted for their particular interest in all public charities and good works, and in a little group to one side, a small body composed of the more conservative element among the leaders of the workingmen in the city. The whole affair had been well worked up and on the outside it gave a fair promise of success. A number of boxes were filled with ladies interested in the movement and I had not been in the hall five minutes before I discovered Eleanor Leigh in one of the boxes, her face grave, but her eyes full of eager expectation. It was with a sinking of the heart that I reflected on the breach between us, and I spent my time considering how I should overcome it.

The meeting opened with an invocation by the Rev. Dr. Capon, which appeared to strike some of the assemblage as somewhat too eloquent, rather too long, and tinged with an expression of compassion for the ignorance and facility for being misguided of the working class. When he began the assemblage was highly reverent, when he ended there were murmurs of criticism and discussion audible throughout the hall. The introductory statement of the reason for the call was made by the Hon. Collis McSheen, who, as Mayor of the city, lent the dignity of his presence to the occasion. It was long, eloquent, and absolutely silent as to his views on any particular method of settlement of the question at issue, but it expressed his sympathy with all classes in terms highly general and an impartial expression of advice that they should get together, provided all could get what they wanted, which appeared to him the easiest thing in the world to do. Following him, one of the magnates of the city delivered a brief business statement of the loss to the

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city and the community at large, growing out of the strike, expressed in figures which had been carefully collated, and closed with the emphatic declaration that the working people did not know what they wanted. One other thing he made plain, that in a strike the working people suffered most, which was a proposition that few persons in the hall were prepared to deny. Then came the Rev. Dr. Capon, who was manifestly the chief speaker for the occasion. His manner was graceful and self-assured, his voice sonorous and well modulated, and his tone was sympathetic, if somewhat too patronizing. His first sentences were listened to with attention. He expressed his deep sympathy somewhat as the Mayor had done, but in better English and more modulated tones, with all classes, especially with the working people. A slight cough appeared to have attacked one portion of the audience, but it stopped immediately, and silence once more fell on the assemblage as he proceeded.

"And now," he said, as he advanced a step nearer to the edge of the platform, and, having delivered himself of his preliminary expressions of symapthy, threw up his head and assumed his best pulpit manner, "under a full sense of my responsibility to my people and my country I wish to counsel you as your friend, as the friend of the poor"—the slight cough I have mentioned became audible again—"as the friend of the workingman whose interests I have so deeply at heart."

At this moment a young man who had taken a seat well to the front on the main aisle, rose in his seat and politely asked if the Doctor would allow him to ask him a question, the answer to which he believed would enable the audience to understand his position better. The pleasant tone of the young man led the Doctor to give permission, and also the young man's appearance, for it was Wolffert.

"Certainly, my dear sir," he said.

Wolffert suddenly held up in his hand a newspaper.

"I wish," he said, "to ask you where you dined last Friday night; with whom?"

The question provoked a sudden outpour of shouts and cheers and cries of derision, and in a moment pandemonium had broken loose. The Doctor attempted to speak again and again, but about all that could be heard was his vociferation that he was their friend. Wolffert, whose question had caused the commotion, was now in a chair and waving his arms wildly about him, and presently, moved by curiosity, the tumult subsided and the audience sat with their faces turned toward the man on the chair. He turned, and with a sweep of his arm toward the stage, he cried:

"We don't want to hear you. What have you done that you should give us advice? What do you know of us? If we are to have a priest to address us, let us have one that we can trust. Give us a man like John Marvel. We know him and he knows us."

The effect was electrical. Shouts of "Marvel! Mr. Marvel! Marvel! Marvel! John Marvel!" rang from their throats, and suddenly, as with one impulse, the men turned to our corner where John Marvel had sunk in his seat to escape observation, and in an instant he was seized, drawn forth and lifted bodily on the shoulders of men and borne to the platform as if on the crest of a tidal wave. Coll McSheen and Dr. Capon were both shouting to the audience, but they might as well have addressed a tropical hurricane. The cries of "Marvel, Marvel" drowned every other sound, and presently those on the stage gathered about both McSheen and the Rector, and after a moment one of them stepped forward and asked John Marvel to speak.

John Marvel turned, stepped forward to the edge of the platform, and reached out one long arm over the audience with an awkward but telling gesture that I had often seen him use, keeping it extended until, after one great outburst of applause, the tumult had died down.

"My friends," he began. Another tumult.

"That is it. Yes, we are your friends."

Still the arm outstretched commanded silence.

He began to speak quietly and slowly and his voice suddenly struck me as singularly sympathetic and clear, as it must have struck the entire assembly, for suddenly the tumult ceased and the hall became perfectly quiet. He spoke only a few minutes, declaring that he had not come to speak to them; but to be with them, and pray that God might give them (he said "us") peace and show some way out of the blackness which had settled down upon

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them. He bade them not despair, however dark the cloud might be which had overshadowed them. They might be sure that God was beyond it and that He would give light in His own time. He was leading them now, as always—the presence of that assembly, with so many of the leading men of the city asking a conference, was in itself a proof of the great advance their cause had made. That cause was not, as some thought, so much money a day, but was the claim to justice and consideration and brotherly kindness. He himself was not a business man. He knew nothing of such matters. His duty was to preach —to preach peace—to preach the love of God—to preach patience and long suffering and forgiveness, the teaching of his Lord and master, who had lived in poverty all His life, without a place to lay His head, and had died calling on God to forgive His enemies.

This is a poor summary of what he said very simply but with a feeling and solemnity which touched the great audience, who suddenly crushed out every attempt to contradict his proposition. Something had transformed him so that I could scarcely recognize him. I asked myself, can this be John Marvel, this master of this great audience? What is the secret of his power? The only answer I could find was in his goodness, his sincerity, and sympathy.

"And now," he said in closing, "whatever happens, please God, I shall be with you and take my lot among you, and I ask you as a favor to me to listen to Dr. Capon."

There was a great uproar and shout; for Dr. Capon had, immediately after John Marvel got control of his audience, risen from his seat, seized his hat and coat and cane, and stalked with great majesty from the platform. There were, however, a number of other speeches, and although there was much noise and tumult, some advance was made; for a general, though by no means unanimous, opinion was shown in favor of something in the nature of a reconciliation.

As I glanced up after John Marvel returned amid the shouts to his seat, I saw Miss Leigh in one of the boxes leaning forward and looking with kindled eyes in our direction. Thinking that she was looking at me, and feeling very forgiving, I bowed to her, and it was only when she failed to return my bow that I apprehended that she was not looking at me but at John Marvel. If she saw me she gave no sign of it; and when I walked the streets that night, strikes and strikers occupied but little of my thoughts. Unless I could make up with Eleanor Leigh, the whole world might go on strike for me!

XXXII

THE FLAG OF TRUCE

My acquaintance was now extending rapidly; and I had found that the city was an epitome of the world. It took a great many people to make it and there were other classes in it besides the rich and the poor. It was in one of these classes that I was beginning to find myself most at home.

I received one day an invitation to dine one evening the following week at the house of a gentleman whom I had met a week or two before and whom I had called on in response to an invitation unusually cordial. I had not been to a fashionable dinner since I had come to the West, and I looked forward with some curiosity to the company whom I should meet at Mr. Desport's, for I knew nothing about him except that I had met him in a law case and we had appeared to have a number of things in common, including objects of dislike, and further, that when I called on him he lived in a very handsome house, and I was received in one of the most charming libraries it was ever my good fortune to enter, and with a graciousness on the part of his wife which I had never known excelled. It was like stepping into another world to pass from the rush of the city into that atmosphere of refinement and cluture.

My heart, however, was a little lower down than it should have been, for I could not but reflect with how much more pleasure I would have arrayed myself if it had been an invitation to Mr. Leigh's. In truth, the transition from my narrow quarters and the poverty of those among whom I had been living for some time, made this charming house appear to me the acme of luxury, and I was conscious of a sudden feeling, as I passed this evening through the ample and dignified hall into the sumptuous drawing-room, that somehow I was well fitted for such surroundings. Certainly I found

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them greatly to my taste. I was received again most graciously by Mrs. Desport, and as I had followed my provincial custom of coming a little ahead of time, I was the first visitor to arrive, a fact which I did not regret, as Mrs. Desport took occasion to tell me something of the guests whom she expected. After describing what I concluded to be a somewhat staid and elderly company, she added:

"I have given you a young lady whom I feel sure you will like. She is a little serious-minded, I think, and some people consider that she is simply posing; but however eccentric she may be, I believe that she is really in earnest, and so does my husband; and I have never seen a young girl improve so much as she has done since she took up this new work of hers."

What this work was I was prevented from inquiring by the arrival of a number of guests all in a bunch.

A dinner where the guests are not presented to each other differs in no important sense from a table-d'hôte dinner. The soup is likely to be a trifle colder and the guests a trifle more reserved—that is all. Mrs. Desport, however, followed the old-fashioned custom of introducing her guests to each other, preferring to open the way for them to feel at home, rather than to leave them floundering among inanities about the weather and their taste for opera. And though a lady whom I presently sat next to informed me that they did not do it "in England or even in New York now," I was duly grateful.

Having been presented to the company, I found them gay and full of animation, even though their conversation was inclined to be entirely personal and related almost exclusively to people with whom, for the most part, I had no acquaintance. The name of young Canter figured rather more extensively in it than was pleasant to me, and Dr. Capon was handled with somewhat less dignity than the cloth might have been supposed to require. I was, however, just beginning to enjoy myself when my attention was suddenly diverted by the sound of a voice behind me, as another guest arrived. I did not even need to turn to recognize Eleanor Leigh, but when I moved around sufficiently to take a side glance at her, I was wholly unprepared for the vision before me. I seemed to have forgotten how charming she looked, and she broke on me like a fresh dawn after a storm. I do not knew what I was thinking, or whether I was not merely just feeling, when my hostess came forward.

"Now we are all here. Mr. Glave, you are to take Miss Leigh in. You know her, I believe?"

I felt myself red and pale by turns and, glancing at Miss Leigh, saw that she, too, was embarrassed. I was about to stammer something when my hostess moved away, and as it appeared that the others had all paired off, there was nothing for me to do but accept the situation. As I walked over and bowed, I said in a low tone:

"I hope you will understand that I had no part in this. I did not know."

She evidently heard, for she made a slight bow and then drew herself up and took my arm.

"I should not have come," I added, "had I known of this. However, I suppose it is necessary that we should at least appear to be exchanging with ordinary interest the ordinary inanities of such an occasion."

She bowed, and then after a moment's silence added:

"I have nothing to say which could possibly interest you, and suggest that we do what I have heard has been done under similar circumstances, and simply count."

I thought of the molten metal pourable down an offender's throat. Truly here was Jocasta. And with the thought came another: Did it mean that she was going to marry that young Canter? It was as if one who had entered Eden and discovered Eve had suddenly found the serpent coiling himself between them.

"Very well." I was now really angry. I had hoped up to this time that some means for reconciliation might be found, but this dashed my hope. I felt that I was the aggrieved person, and I determined to prove to her that I would make no concession. I was not her slave. "Very well, then—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—nine, ten, eleven, twelve—thirteen," I said, looking straight ahead of me and dropping every syllable as if it were an oath.

"Or, as that is not very amusing, suppose we cap verses? I hear you know a great deal of poetry—Mr. Wolffert told me. I never knew any one with such a memory as his."

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I bowed, and as, of course, "Mary had a little lamb," was the first thing that popped into my head with its hint of personal application, I foolishly quoted the first verse.

She was prompt to continue it, with, I thought, a little sub-tone of mischief in her voice:

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule,"

she said demurely. There she stopped, so I took up the challenge.

"Which made the children laugh and say
This lamb's a little fool."

It was a silly and inept ending I knew as soon as I had finished.

She paused a moment and evidently started to look at me, but as evidently she thought better of it. She, however, murmured, "I thought we would quote verses, not make them."

I took this to be a confession that she was not able to make them, and I determined to show how much cleverer I was; so, without noticing the cut of the eye which told of her wavering, I launched out:

"There was a young lady of fashion,
Who, finding she'd made quite a mash on
A certain young swain,
Who built castles in Spain,
Fell straight in a terrible passion."

To this she responded with a promptness which surprised me.

"A certain young lady of fashion,
Had very good grounds for her passion,
It sprang from the pain
Of a terrible strain
On her friendship, and thus laid the lash on."

I felt that I must be equal to the situation, so I began rapidly:

"I'm sure the young man was as guiltless
As infant unborn and would wilt less
If thrown in the fire
Than under her ire——"

"Than under her ire," I repeated to myself. "Than under the ire"—what the dickens will rhyme with "wilt less"? We had reached the dining-room by this time and I could see that she was waiting with a provoking expression of satisfaction on her face over my having stalled in my attempt at a rhyme. I placed her in her chair and, as I took my own seat, a rhyme came to me—a poor one, but yet a rhyme:

"And since, Spanish castles he's built less,"

I said calmly as I seated myself, quite as if it had come easily.

"I was wondering how you'd get out of that," she said with a little smile which dimpled her cheek beguilingly. "You know you might have said,

'And since, milk to weep o'er he's spilt less;'

or even,

'And since, striped mosquitoes he's kilt less.'

Either would have made quite as good a rhyme and sense, too."

I did not dare let her see how true I thought this. It would never do to let her make fun of me. So I kept my serious air.

I determined to try a new tack and surprise her. I had a few shreds of Italian left from a time when I had studied the poets as a refuge from the desert dulness of my college-course, and now having, in a pause, recalled the lines, I dropped, as though quite naturally, Dante's immortal wail:

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che recordarci del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

I felt sure that this would at least impress her with my culture, while if by any chance she knew the lines, which I did not apprehend, it would impress her all the more.

For a moment she said nothing, then she asked quietly, "How does the rest of it go?"

She had me there, for I did not know the rest of the quotation.

"E ciò sa il tuo dottore,"

she said with a cut of her eye, and a liquid tone that satisfied me I had, as the saying runs, "stepped from the frying-pan into the fire."

She glanced at me with a smile in her eyes that reminded me, through I know not what subtle influence, of spring, but as I was unresponsive she could not tell whether I was in earnest or was jesting.

I relapsed into silence and took my soup, feeling that I was getting decidedly the worst of it, when I heard her murmuring

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so softly as almost to appear speaking to herself:

"'You are old,' said the youth, 'and your jaws
are too weak
For anything tougher than suet,
Yet you finished the goose with the bones and
the beak—
Pray how did you manage to do it?'"

I glanced at her to find her eyes downcast, but a beguiling little dimple was flickering near the corners of her mouth and her long lashes caught me all anew. My heart gave a leap. It happened that I knew my Alice much better than my Dante, so I answered quietly:

"'In my youth,' said his father, 'I took to the
Law,
And argued each case with my wife,
And the muscular strength which it gave to my
jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.'"

She gave a little subdued gurgle of laughter as she took up the next verse:

"'You are old,' said the youth. 'One would
hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever,
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your
nose—
What made you so awfully clever?'"

"'That is not right,' said the caterpillar," I interjected.

"That's not a verse," said Eleanor Leigh in a tone of triumph.

I hoped that she was embarrassed when I found that she had taken my napkin by mistake, and she was undoubtedly so when she discovered that she had it.

"I beg your pardon," she said as she handed me hers.

I bowed.

With that, seeing my chance, I turned and spoke to the lady on my other side, with whom I was soon in an animated discussion, but my attention was not so engrossed by her that I did not get secret enjoyment out of the fact when I discovered that the elderly man on the other side of Miss Leigh was as deaf as a post and that she had to repeat every word that she said to him. Being far from deaf myself where she was concerned, I soon caught my own name repeated three times, evidently in reply to a question from him as to who I was, and I must say she gave a very acceptable description of me.

The lady on the other side of me was rambling on about something, but just what, I had not the least idea (except that it related to the problem-novel, a form of literature that I detest), as I was soon quite engrossed in listening to the conversation between Eleanor Leigh and her deaf companion, in which my name, which appeared to have caught the gentleman's attention, was figuring to some extent.

"Any relation to my old friend, Henry Glave?" I heard him ask in what he doubtless imagined to be a whisper.

"Yes, I think so," said Miss Leigh.

"You say he is not?"

"No, I did not say so; I think he is."

"He is a fine lawyer," I heard him say, and I was just pluming myself on the rapid extension of my reputation, when he added, "He is an old friend of your father's, I know. I was glad to hear he had come up to represent your father in his case against those rascals. A friend of yours, too," were the next words I heard, for decency required me to appear to be giving some attention to my other neighbor, whom I devoutly wished in Ballyhac, so I was trying resolutely, though with but indifferent success, to keep my attention on the story she was telling about some one whom, like Charles Lamb, I did not know, but was ready to damn at a venture.

"He told me he came on your account, as much as on your father's," said the gentleman, rallyingly. "You had better look out. These old bachelors are very susceptible. No fool like an old fool, you know."

To this Miss Eleanor made some laughing reply, from which I gathered that her neighbor was a bachelor himself, for he answered in the high key which he mistook for a whisper:

"You had better not say that to me, for if you do, I'll ask you to marry me before the dessert."

I was recalled to myself by my other neighbor asking me suddenly, and in a tone which showed she demanded an answer:

"What do you think of that?"

"Why, I think it was quite natural," I said.

"You do?"

"Yes, I do," I declared firmly.

"You think it was natural for him to run off with his own daughter-in-law?"

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"Well, not precisely natural, but under the circumstances, you see, it was certainly more natural than for him to run off with his mother-in-law—you will have to admit that."

"I admit nothing of the kind," she declared, with some heat. "I am a mother-in-law myself, and I must say I think the jibes at mothers-in-law are very uncalled for."

"Oh! now you put me out of court," I said, laughing. "I did not mean to be personal. Of course, there are mothers-in-law and mothers-in-law."

Happily, at this moment the gentleman on her other side insisted on securing her attention, and I turned just in time to catch the dimples of amusement that were playing in Eleanor Leigh's face. She had evidently heard my mistake.

"Oh! he is so deaf!" she said, half turning to me, though I was not quite sure that she was not speaking to herself. The next second she settled the question. "He is so distressingly deaf," she repeated in an undertone, with the faintest accent of appeal for sympathy in her voice. I recognized it as a flag of truce.

I replied, however, solemnly:

"I passed by his garden and marked with one eye,
How the owl and the panther were sharing a pie.
The panther took pie-crust and gravy and meat,
While the owl had the dish as its share of the treat."

The color mantled in her cheek and she raised her head slightly.

"Are you going to keep that up? I suppose we shall have to talk a little. I think we are attracting attention. For Heaven's sake, don't speak so loud! We are being observed. It is very rude of you to go on in that way when I am speaking. Now listen to me a minute."

"When the pie was all finished the owl as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon."

"You remind me of a machine," she smiled. "Here am I stuck between two men, one of whom cannot hear a word I say, while the other does nothing but run on like a machine." I observed, with deep content, that she was becoming exasperated.

At that moment the hostess leant forward and said:

"What are you two so interested in discussing there? I have been watching, and you have not stopped a minute."

Eleanor Leigh burst into a laugh. "Mr. Glave is talking Arabic to me."

"Arabic!" exclaimed the hostess. "Mr. Glave, you have been in the East, have you?"

"Yes, he came from the East where the wise men always come from," said Miss Leigh. Then turning to me she said in an undertone, "You see what I told you."

For reply, I simply quoted on, though I had a little pang as I saw the shadow come into her eyes and the smile leave her mouth.

"My father was deaf,
And my mother was dumb,
And to keep myself company,
I beat the drum."

"I think that was a very good occupation for you," she said, turning away, with her head very high.

"Will you let me say something to you?" she added in a low tone a moment later, and, without waiting, she said:

"I think it was rather nasty in me to say what I said to you when you first came in, but you had treated me so rudely when I spoke to you on the street."

"You do not call it rude not to answer a letter when a gentleman writes to explain an unfortunate mistake, and then cut him publicly?"

"I did not receive it until afterwards," she said. "I was away from town, and as to cutting you—I don't know what you are talking about."

"At the Charity Fair."

"I never saw you. I wondered you were not there."

Had the earth opened, I could not have felt more astounded, and had it opened near me I should possibly have sprung in in my confusion. I had, as usual, simply made a fool of myself, and what to do I scarcely knew. At this instant the hostess arose, and the dinner was over, and with it I feared my chance was over too.

"Give me a moment. I must have one moment," I said as she passed me on her way out of the dining-room with the other ladies, her head held very high.

She inclined her head and said something in so low a tone that I did not catch it.

When, at last, the host moved to return to the drawing-room, I bolted in only to be seized on by my hostess and presented to a middle-aged and waistless lady who wanted to ask me about the Pooles, whom

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she had heard I knew. She had heard that Lillian Poole had not married very happily. Did I know?"

"No, I did not know," nor, in fact, did I care, though I could not say so. Then another question: "Could I tell why all the men appeared to find Miss Leigh so very attractive?" Yes, I thought I could tell that—"Because she is very attractive."

"Oh well, yes, I suppose she is—pretty and all that, with a sort of kitteny softness—but——"

"There is no 'but' about it," I interrupted brusquely—"she is just what you said—very attractive. For one thing, she has brains; for another, heart. Neither of them is so common as not to be attractive." I thought of the young tigress concealed in that "kitteny softness" of which the lady spoke, and was determined not to permit the sly cat to see what I really felt.

Finally, having escaped from her, I was just making my way toward Miss Leigh who had been standing up talking to two men who on entering the room had promptly sought her out, when a servant entered and spoke to the hostess who immediately crossed over and gave his message to Miss Leigh. "Mr. James Canter has called for you; must you go?"

"Yes, I fear I must." So with hardly a glance at me she passed out leaving the room so dark that I thought the lights had been dimmed, but I discovered that it was only that Miss Eleanor Leigh had left. I could not in decency leave at once, though I confess the place had lost its charm for me, especially since I learned that Miss Leigh's escort for the ball was Mr. James Canter. I did not know Mr. Canter well, but I had met him and had come to know pleasantly a number of his friends, and I had other reasons than jealousy for preferring that he should not be Eleanor Leigh's escort. In my meditations that night as I walked the streets, Mr. James Canter held a somewhat conspicuous place.

James Canter was possibly the most attentive of all the beaux Miss Leigh had, and they were more numerous than I at that time had any idea of. He was prospectively among the wealthiest young men in the city, for his father, who idolized him, was one of the largest capitalists in the State. He was certainly esteemed by ambitious mammas among the most advantageous *partis* of all the city could boast. And he was of all, without doubt, the most talked of. Moreover, he was not a bad fellow at heart. He had many friends, was lavish in the expenditure of his money beyond the dream of extravagance, and was what was called, not without some reason, a good fellow. Before I met him I had already had a glimpse of him as he bucked against his rival, Count Pushkin, on the night when, dejected and desperate, I, in a fit of weakness, went into the gambling-house determined to stake my last dollar on the turn of the wheel, and the sight of Pushkin saved me. The manner in which he threw his hundred-dollar and five-hundred-dollar bills on the board amazed me. But it was after I met him that I came to know what the pampered young man was. At first, I rather liked him personally, for he was against Pushkin and his gay manner was attractive. He was good-looking enough after the fleshly kind—a big, round, blondish man, only he was too fat and at twenty-eight had the waist and jowl of a man of forty who had had too many dinners and drunk too much champagne. But when I came to know him I could not see that he had a shred of principle of any kind whatsoever. His reputation among his friends was that had he applied himself to business, he would have made a reputation equal to his father's, which was that of a shrewd, far-sighted, cool-headed man of business who could "see a dollar as far as the best of them," but that he was squandering his talents in sowing a crop of wild oats so plentiful that it was likely to make a hole even in his father's accumulated millions, and its reaping might be anywhere between the poorhouse and the grave. I knew nothing of this at the time, and after I came to know him as I did later, my judgment of him took form from the fact that I discovered he not only did not tell the truth, but had lost the power to tell it or even to recognize it. He had lost the inestimable gift by which men know truth at sight. Still, I think my real appraisement of him came when I discovered that he was paying assiduous attentions to Miss Leigh. Since my case against the Argand estate and my consequent employment by other street-car men, I was beginning to be thrown with some of the lawyers and this led to further

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acquaintances, among them young Canter. I could not help remarking the frequency with which I found his name in juxtaposition with hers in the published accounts of social functions, where "Mr. Canter led the cotillion with Miss Leigh," or "Mr. Canter drove his coach with Miss Leigh on the hox seat," etc., etc., and as my acquaintance began to extend among the young men about town, I heard more than occasional conjectures as to their future. It appeared to be accepted rather as a matter of course that the result lay entirely with the young man. It was a view that I fiercely rejected in my heart, but I could say nothing beyond a repudiation of such a view in general.

On one occasion when Canter and some episode in which he had figured as rather more defiant than usual of public opinion, came up, a young fellow, a lawyer named Wrigsby, said to another lawyer, a friend of his and an acquaintance of mine, "What is Jim going to do when he gets married? He'll have to give up his 'friends' then. He can't be running two establishments."

"Oh! Jim ain't going to get married. He's just fooling around."

"Bet you."

"Bet you—not now. He can't."

"Oh! he can pension her off."

"Her?—which her?"

"Well, all of 'em. If he don't get married soon, he won't be fit to marry."

It was here that I entered the conversation. They had not mentioned any name—they had been too gentlemanly to do so. But I knew whom they had in mind, and I was inwardly burning.

"He isn't fit to marry now," I said suddenly.

"What!" They both turned to me in surprise.

"No man who professes to be in love with any good woman," I said, "and lives as he lives is fit for any woman to marry. I am speaking generally," I added, to guard against the suspicion that I knew whom they referred to. "I know Mr. Canter but slightly; but what I say applies to him too."

"Oh! you'd cut out a good many," laughed one of the young men with a glance at his friend.

"No, gentlemen, I stand on my proposition. The man who is making love to a pure woman with a harlot's kisses on his lips is not worthy of either. He ought to be shot."

"There'd be a pretty big exodus if your views were carried out," said one of them.

"Well, I don't want to pose as any saint. I am no better than some other men; but, at least, I have some claim to decency, and that is fundamental. Your two-establishment gentry are no more nor less than a lot of thorough-paced blackguards."

They appeared to be somewhat impressed by my earnestness, even though they laughed at it. "There are a good many of them," they said. "Your friends, the Socialists——"

"Yes. I know. The ultra-Socialist's views I reprobate, but, at least, he is sincere. He is against any formal hard and fast contract, and his motive is, however erroneous, understandable. He believes it would result in an uplift—in an increase of happiness for all. He is, of course, hopelessly wrong. But here is a man who is debasing himself and others—all others—and, above all, the one he is pretending to exalt above all. I say he is a low-down scoundrel to do it. He is prostituting the highest sentiment man has ever imagined."

"Well, at any rate, you are vehement," said one.

"You've cut Jim out," said the other.

In view of this episode and of my knowledge of Mr. Canter, it was natural enough that I should be enraged to find him the escort of Eleanor Leigh, and I think my temper rather showed itself in the conversation which took place and which soon became general, partly because of the earnestness with which I expressed my views on the next subject which came up. The two or three young girls of the company had left at the same time with Miss Leigh, and the ladies who remained were, for the most part, married women of that indefinite age which follows youth after a longer or shorter interval. They had all travelled and seen a good deal of the world, and they knew a good deal of it, at least, some of them did and they thought that they knew more than they actually did know.

They were in the main a lot of smart and smartish women and their talk fell on modern conditions. They agreed with more unanimity than they had yet shown on any subject that America was hopelessly bourgeois. Listening to them, I rather agreed with them.

"Take our literature, our stage, our

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novels," said one, a blonde lady of some thirty-five years, though she would have repudiated at least a lustrum and a half of the measure.

"You differentiate the literature and the novels?" I interrupted.

"Yes. I might—but—I mean the lot. How provincial they are!"

"Yes, they appear so. Well?"

"They do not dare to discuss anything large and vital."

"Oh! yes, they dare. They are daring enough, but they don't know how—they are stupid."

"No, they are afraid."

"Afraid? Of what?"

"Of public opinion—of the bourgeois so-called virtue of the middle class who control everything."

"That is the only valid argument I ever heard in favor of the bourgeois," I said.

"What do you mean? Don't you agree with me?"

"I certainly do not. I may not seek virtue and ensue it; but at least I revere it."

"Do you mean that you think we should not write or talk of anything—forbidden?"

"That depends on what you mean by forbidden. If you mean——"

"I think there should be no subject forbidden," interrupted the lady by whom I had sat at table, a stout and tightly laced person of some forty summers. "Why shouldn't I talk of any subject I please?" She seemed to appeal to me, so I answered her.

"I do not at this instant think of any reason except that it might not be decent."

This raised an uncertain sort of laugh and appeared for a moment to stagger her; but she was game, and rallied.

"I know—that is the answer I always get."

"Because it is the natural answer."

"But I want to know why? Why is it indecent?"

"Simply because it is. Indecent means unseemly. Your sex were slaves, they were weaker physically, less robust; they were made beasts of burden, were beaten and made slaves. Then men, for their own pleasure, lifted them up a little and paid court to them, and finally the idea and age of chivalry came—based on the high Christian morality. You were placed on a pinnacle. Men loved and fought for your favor and made it the guerdon of their highest emprise, guarded you with a mist of adoration, gave you a halo, worshipped you as something cleaner and better and purer than themselves; built up a wall of division and protection for you. Why should you go and cast it down, fling it away, and come down in the mire and dust and dirt?"

"But I don't want to be adored—set up on a pedestal."

"Then you probably will not be," interrupted my deaf neighbor.

"I want to be treated as an equal—as an—an—intelligent being."

"I should think that would depend on yourself. I do not quite understand whom you wish to be the equal of—of men? Men are a very large class—some are very low indeed."

"Oh! You know what I mean—of course, I don't mean that sort."

"You mean gentlemen?"

"Certainly."

"Then I assure you you cannot discuss indecent subjects in mixed company; gentlemen never do. Nor write coarse books—gentlemen never do nowadays—nor discuss them either."

"Do you mean to say that great novelists never discuss such questions?" she demanded, triumphantly.

"No, but it is all in the manner—the motive. See how Scott or George Eliot handles such vital themes. How different their motive from the reeking putrescence of the problem-novel."

"Oh! dear! they must be very bad indeed!" exclaimed a lady.

"They are," suddenly put in my oldest neighbor, who had been listening intently with his hand behind his ear, "only you ladies don't know how bad they are or you would not discuss them with men."

XXXIII

THE RIOT AND ITS VICTIM

IT is a terrible thing for a man with a wife and children to see them wasting away with sheer starvation, to hear his babes crying for bread and his wife weeping because she cannot get it for them. Some men in such a situation drown their sorrow in drink; others take a bolder course, and defy the law or the rules of their order.

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The Railway Company, still being forced to run their cars, undertook to comply with the requirement, even though the protection of the police was withheld. They were instructed, indeed, to be present and keep the peace, but it was known to both sides that no real protection would be granted. Coll McSheen's order to the force bore this plainly on its face—so plainly that the conservative papers roundly denounced him for his hypocrisy, and for the first time began to side decisively with the Company.

The offer of increased wages to new men was openly scouted by the strikers generally. But in a few houses the situation was so terrible that the men yielded. One of these was the empty and fireless home of McNeil. The little Scotchman had had a bitter experience and had come through it victorious; but just as he was getting his head above water, the new strike had come —against his wishes and his vote. He had held on as long as he could—had held on till every article had gone—till his wife's poor underclothes and his children's clothes had gone for the few dollars they brought, and now he was face to face with starvation. He walked the streets day after day in company with a sad procession of haggard men hunting for work, but they might as well have hunted on the arctic floes or in the vacant desert. For every stroke of work there were a hundred men. The answer was everywhere the same: "We are laying men off; we are shutting down."

He returned home one night hungry and dejected to find his wife fainting with hunger and his children famished. "I will get you bread," he said to the children, and he turned and went out. I always was glad that he came to me that night, though I did not know till afterward what a strait he was in. I did not have much to lend him, but I lent him some.

"I will pay it back, sir, out of my first wages. I am going to work to-morrow."

"I am glad of that," I said, for I thought he had gotten a place.

The next morning at light McNeil walked through the pickets who shivered outside the car-barn, and entered the sheds just as their shouts of derision and anger reached him. "I have come to work," he said simply. "My children are hungry."

The first car came out that morning, and on the platform stood McNeil, glum and white and grim, with a stout officer behind him. It ran down by the pickets, meeting with jeers and cries of "Scab! scab!" and a fusillade of stones; but as the hour was early the crowd was a small one, and the car escaped. It was some two hours later when the car reappeared on its return. The news that a scab was running the car had spread rapidly, and the street near the terminus had filled with a crowd wild with rage and bent on mischief. As the car turned into a street it ran into a crowd that had been increasing for an hour and now blocked the way. An obstruction placed on the track brought the car to a stop as a roar burst from the crowd and a rush was made for the scab. The officer on the car used his stick with vigor enough, but the time had passed when one officer with only a club could hold back a crowd. He was jerked off the platform, thrown down, and trampled underfoot. The car was boarded, and McNeil, fighting like a fury, was dragged out and mauled to death before any other officers arrived. When the police, in answer to a riot-call, reached the spot a quarter of an hour later and dispersed the mob, it looked as if the sea had swept over the scene. The car was overturned and stripped to a mere broken shell; and on the ground a hundred paces away lay the battered and mutilated trunk of what had been a man trying to make bread for his children, while a wild cry of hate and joy at the deed raged about the street.

The men who were arrested easily proved that they were simply onlookers and had never been within fifty feet of the car.

The riot made a fine story for the newspapers, and the headlines were glaring. The victim's name was spelled according to the fancy of the reporter for each paper, and was only actually discovered two days later. The press, except the *Courier*, while divided in its opinion on many points, combined in its denouncement of the murder of the driver, and called on the city authorities to put down violence.

Moved by the similarity of the name to my friend McNeil, I walked over that afternoon to that part of the city where he had lived. It was one of the poorest streets of the poor section. The street on which I had lived at the old Drummer's, with its little hearth-rug yards, was as much better

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than it as the most fashionable avenue was better than that.

The sidewalks were filled with loafers, men and women who wore the gloomiest or surliest looks. As I passed slowly along, trying to read the almost obliterated numbers, I caught fragments of their conversation. A group of them, men and women, were talking about the man who had been killed and his family. The universal assertion was that it served him right, and his family, too. I gleaned from their talk that the family had been boycotted even after he was dead, and that he had had to be buried by the city, and, what was more, that the cruel ostracism still went on against his family.

"Ay-aye', let 'em starve, we'll teach 'em to take the bread out of our mouths," said one woman, while another told gleefully of her little boy throwing stones at the girl as she came home from outside somewhere. She had given him a cake for doing it. The others applauded both of these. The milk of human kindness appeared to be frozen in their breasts.

"Much good it will do you! Do you get any more money for doing it?" said an old man with round shoulders and a thin face; but even he did not seem to protest on account of the cruelty. It was rather a snarl. Two or three young men growled at him; but he did not appear afraid of them; he only snarled back.

I asked one of the men which house was the one I was seeking. He told me, while half a dozen hooted something about the "scab."

When I came to the door pointed out I had no difficulty in recognizing it. The panels and sides were "daubed" up with mud, which still stuck in many places, showing the persecution which had been carried on. Inside, I never saw a more deplorable sight. The poor woman who came to the door, her face drawn with pain and white with terror, and her eyes red with weeping, would not apparently have been more astonished to have found a ghost on the steps. She gave a hasty, frightened glance up the street in both directions and moaned her distress.

"Won't you step inside?" she asked, more to get the door closed between her and the terror of the street than out of any other feeling; and when I was inside, she asked me over again what I wanted. She could not take in that I had called out of charity; she appeared to think that it was some sort of official visit. When she found out, however, that such was my object, the effect was instantaneous. At first she could not speak at all; but after a little she was calm enough and poured out all her woes. She went over anew how her husband had come over from Scotland several years before and they had been quite comfortably fixed. How he had gotten work, and had belonged to the union, and they had done well. He had, however, been obliged by the union to strike, and they had spent all the money they had, and in addition to that had gotten into debt. So, when the strike was over, although he obtained work again, he was in debt, and the harassment of it made him ill. Then how he had come North to find work and had had a similar experience. All this I knew. It was just then that her last baby was born and that her little boy died, and the daughter of the employer of her husband was so kind to her, that when her husband got well again, there was talk of a strike to help others who were out, and she made him resign from the union. Here she broke down. Presently, however, she recovered her composure. They had come to her then, she said, and told her they would ruin him.

"But I did not think they would kill him, sir," she sobbed. "He tried to get back, but Wringman kept him out."

There was not a lump of coal in the house; but her little girl had gone for some cinders, while she minded the baby. She had to go where she was not known—a long way, she said—as the children would not let her pick any where she used to get them.

When I came out I found that it had turned many degrees colder during the short time I was in the house, and the blast cut like a knife. The loafers on the street had thinned out under the piercing wind; but those who yet remained jeered as I passed on. I had not gotten very far when I came on a child, a little girl, coming along. She was bending almost double under the weight of a bag of cinders, and before I reached her my sympathy was excited by the sight of her poor little bare hands and wrists, which were almost blue with cold. Her head was tucked down to keep her face

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from cutting the wind, and when I came nearer I heard her crying—not loud; but rather wailing to herself.

"What is the matter, little girl?" I asked.

"My hands are so cold—Oh! Oh! Oh!" she sobbed.

"Here, let me warm them." I took the bag and set it down, and took her little ashy hands in mine to try and warm them, and then for the first time I discovered that it was my little girl, Janet. She was so changed that I scarcely knew her. Her little pinched face was covered with ashes. Her hands were ice. When I had gotten some warmth into them I took off my gloves and put them on her, and I picked up her bag and carried it back for her. My hands nearly froze, but somehow I did not mind it. I had such a warm feeling about my heart. I wonder men don't often take off their gloves for little poor children.

I marched with her through the street near her house, expecting to be hooted at, and I should not have minded it; for I was keyed up and could have fought an army. But no one hooted. If they looked rather curiously at me, they said nothing.

As I opened the door to leave, on the steps stood my young lady. It is not often that a man opens a door and finds an angel on the step outside; but I did it that evening. I should not have been more surprised if I had found a real one. But if one believes that angels never visit men, these days, he should have seen Eleanor Leigh as she stood there. She did not appear at all surprised. Her eyes looked right into mine, and I took courage enough to look into hers for an instant. I have never forgotten them. They were like deep pools, clear and bottomless, filled with light. She did not look at all displeased and I did not envy St. Martin.

"How do you do, Mr. Glave?" It was quite as if she had expected to find me there—and she had. She had seen me stop little Janet and put the gloves on her. She was on her way to the house, and she had stopped and waited, and then had followed us. I did not know this until long afterward; but I asked her to let me wait and see her home, and so I did.

That walk was a memorable one to me. When I put her on the car, she was so good as to say her father would be glad to see me some time at their home, and I thought she spoke with just the least little shyness, which made me hope that she herself would not be sorry.

When I left her, I went to see my old Drummer, and told him of the outrages which had been perpetrated on the poor woman. It was worth while seeing him. He was magnificent. As long as I was talking only of the man, he was merely acquiescent, uttering his "Ya, Ya," irresponsively over his beer; but when I told him of the woman and children, he was on his feet in an instant—"Tamming te strikers and all teir vorks." He seized his hat and big stick, and pouring out gutturals so fast that I could not pretend to follow him, ordered me to show him the place. As he strode through the streets, I could scarcely keep up with him. His stick rang on the frozen pavement like a challenge to battle. And when he reached the house he was immense. He was suddenly transformed. No mother could have been tenderer, no father more protecting. He gathered up the children in his great arms, and petted and soothed them; his tone, a little while before so ferocious, now as soft and gentle as the low velvet bass of his great drum. I always think of the Good Shepherd now as something like him that evening; rugged as a rock, gentle as a zephyr. He would have taken them all to his house and adopted them if the woman would have let him. His heart was bigger than his house. He seemed to have filled all the place; to have made it a fortress.

(To be concluded.)

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THE OLD THINGS

By Edith Rickert
Author of "The Cry of the Soil," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH

"SO Kathie's coming home, is she?" said Judge Lamb. "Well, well, who'd have thought it after more than twenty years of Europe! It's a pretty sudden move, eh? By the look of you, I should say you had something to do with it, young man."

"Oh, no," answered Jerry Fetterling modestly, "I only pointed out what was the matter with her."

"And what was the matter?"

"Well, to put it figuratively, her roots were thirsty for her native soil."

"Humph! Did you tell her that the old homestead was to be sold?"

"Yes, I told her that. Perhaps she means to buy it and—well, settle in."

"Alone?"

"As to that I can't say," said Jerry, with a touch of color in his brown face. "But I hope——"

"Oh, you hope!" said the Judge, sardonically. "I see."

The young engineer looked worried: "I wish *I* did!"

Then one day in mid-April Katherine Brodie arrived, in a whirl of snow that bowed down the blossoming apple trees. She was not met at the station, for she had sent no word of her coming, being anxious to steal back into her old place and get the home feeling again before any one should know that she was there.

As the train moved away, she stood apart on the platform, looking rather wistfully from face to face. They were all strange to her and yet now and again one was oddly familiar, as if it belonged to some kindred of the people she had known many years before.

The station was much like her memory picture of it, but smaller and dingier. It looked as if its walls had not been painted or its stove blacked since she left Centreville; while even the square wooden spittoons seemed to hold the accumulations of years. The one "hack" had the same musty blue curtains that she remembered, only the driver was strange. The street leading up into the town was horrible, as she had seen it before, with a mixture of mud and snow and grit from the blast-furnace; and the growth of the town seemed to be marked chiefly by an increase of tin cans and advertising boards in the vacant lots.

When the hack had creaked and splashed round the corner by the post office, Katherine shut her eyes for a moment, afraid to look at the old homestead in which three generations of her family had lived and died. Then, with a leap of the heart, she realized that it was not so changed. To be sure, the brickwork looked dingy and the garden unkempt over against the new hotel that now hid the river and the canal, and a *For Sale* sign hung on the front gate; but the steep gable, like that of a Dutch farmhouse, the little Gothic porch, the shady front yard with its shrubs along the fence, and the kitchen standing apart from the house, were, at first glance, most comfortingly the same. Yet even as she lingered there, the disillusionment began: a broad walk had replaced the tan-bark path, the flowering quince under which she used to lie and sing and dream and catch lady-birds in the tall striped grass, had disappeared, and the old peach tree from which she used secretly to collect the only chewing-gum she ever knew—the peach was plainly a maple!

The kitchen door opened and a woman came out, shielding her face with a shawl against the wind. Katherine gave a little cry because the gesture was so familiar and the face was both altered and showed no sign of recognition until she herself called out, "Sophie." Then only some look or trick of the voice brought back memory, so that she was welcomed home by the old woman who had served three generations in that house.

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Strange enough was Katherine's first question: "Sophie, it *was* a peach tree, wasn't it?" And when Sophie had made out her meaning, she answered: "I mind it was struck by lightning, and your grandfather set out a young maple, the very day he was took bad. It was the last tree he planted."

"Twenty years ago," murmured Katherine, and found herself wringing her hands.

There was the white-pillared, brick-floored veranda, but the great settle with its green chintz cover was gone; and she had no heart to look up among the rafters for her old swing. . . .

Suddenly she gave a little piteous cry that brought Sophie to her side: "Where is the well?"

"We've had the town water laid on this ten years and more," was the proud answer. "Your Aunt Esther always liked to keep things up as long as she lived. It's only since . . . perhaps whoever buys the place . . . but your grandfather wouldn't have liked to see it in strange hands, would he? . . . The trunks is in, and I'll be getting you some supper, if you don't mind being by yourself a little."

But Katherine scarcely heard. The well was filled up—the deep well which, as a child, she used to believe, went through the earth so that there was always a thrilling chance that a pig-tailed Chinaman might be hauled up in the bucket. It was choked and grass grew over its grave! With an aching sense of loss, she turned the knob of the sitting-room door.

The place was already in twilight and the furniture was indistinct, but the air, or the shadowy outlines of the walls, or something less definable gave Katherine a sudden feeling of home; and she dropped into a chair, shutting her eyes to keep back tears of relief. Sitting thus, she found that she remembered perfectly the ordering of the room: in front of her would be the square old-fashioned fireplace with its high-backed squiggly flower-vases; under the window must be the huge mahogany sofa; behind her chair, her grandmother's tall bureau with the landscape-faced clock atop, and in the far corner should stand the old yellow cupboard that, Dutch-fashion, held all the family treasures, books and sewing baskets and toys and "goodies." Nay, her memory served to replace the look and position of each chair and table, and of the very pictures on the walls. The rocker in which she was sitting—surely, yes, it stood by the fireplace—would be that in which grandfather had often crooned her to sleep.

But even as she realized that her hands were resting on unfamiliar plush, and not on the old wooden chair-arms, Sophie came in with a lamp; and the room that whirled before Katherine's dazed eyes was strange enough. The old hunting-scene wall-paper had been replaced by a modern "art" design, the fireplace had been boarded in and served merely as background to a glittering base-burner, and all the old mahogany furniture had been supplanted by spindle-legs and "art" tapestries.

"Your Aunt Esther always liked things up to date," said Sophie proudly, and added that supper was ready.

That night, Katherine cried herself to sleep with a feeling of utter desolation. All these years she had lived with Aunt Nina across the seas, not dreaming that her life was futile until Jerry Fetterling came and explained her likeness to a transplanted tree that had never taken proper root. But for him, she thought in some anger, by this time she might have been married to Thomas Hayward. Then she remembered how Jerry had said, "Couldn't call him Tom, could you?" and her anger melted into a faint gratitude that this fate at least she had escaped. But, nevertheless, she was passionately disappointed. Her sense of vague unrest had found relief in the thought that what she needed was to come home and take root among the old things; and now she was here, and the old things had vanished down the stream of the years.

In the morning she had a visitor before she had left the breakfast-table—Jerry Fetterling. He had brushed past Sophie without ceremony:

"I had to be the first. It's all over the town, though, that you're back. I heard it on my way to the office. Is that cup of coffee for me? It will taste better than your English tea, I guess. And how does it feel to be here? Pretty good?"

"Hateful!" she said bitterly. "The old things are all gone!"

He was clearly puzzled: "What things?"

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She was not met at the station, for she had sent no word of her coming.—Page 483.

"I mean that this place is all changed and there's nobody left but Sophie, and what on earth can I do with myself?"

"But you knew all that before you came, didn't you?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand! It was foolish of me, of course; but I had a feeling that if I came back here where I was so happy as a child—perhaps something of it—the old joy, I mean—might return! But

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there's only the empty shell left of everything I loved!"

"Give yourself time—give yourself a little time," he urged.

But she remained uncomforted: "Time won't bring *them* back."

He did not know exactly to what the "them" referred, but he thought it safe to say: "No, but it will help you to settle in and find things natural. You'll do it fast enough. I know how I felt for the first week or two after I came home from Europe; then I buckled down to work and was all right."

"It's different with you," she said sorrowfully. "You had your work. But whatever shall I find to do in this place?"

He leaned his elbow on the table and his chin in his hand, studying her a while before he answered: "What did you do in the Old World? Eat and sleep and dress and go to church and shows and parties, and read a bit and make calls? . . . They do all those things here."

She shook her head with soft persistence: "You don't understand the difference."

Still he looked at her, studying her delicate, piquant face, her graceful ease of speech and manner, her neutral-tinted gown; and he admitted presently: "Yes, I think I do—more or less. But we're all human here just the same. You'll give us a fair trial, won't you?"

"Oh, I came to do that," she said.

He attempted argument: "You see, after all, you belong here as much as I do."

But she would not agree to that: "Your people are still alive!"

He tried a forlorn sort of humor: "Well, you'll find this town isn't as dead as you seem to think, and you've no end of cousins!"

"Ah, cousins," she answered remotely, and angered him.

"Good Lord!" he retorted with some heat. "If you can't find any other occupation, you might just set to work to civilize the place!"

She was even more tantalizing when she lifted softly reproachful eyes to his, saying: "Oh, Jerry, Jerry! See what you have got me into!"

He pushed back his chair and walked away to the window, returned and stood leaning over her, red but determined: "If you treat me that way again, I shall call you Kathie, and you must make the best of it!" A good deal more was to be read in his face than his words implied.

She bit her lip, frowned, then smiled, finally said: "I never can remember that you are grown up, or take you quite seriously."

He did not unbend: "You said something of the sort in London; and—it's a pretty serious matter for me."

She was suddenly penitent: "I'm sorry—I"—and could go no further.

"Never mind," said he. "You either will or you won't—the Lord knows which; and I suppose I shall, some day!" Thereupon he departed abruptly, almost without leave-taking.

Very soon after, Judge Lamb hurried in: "Well, Kathie, well! Glad to see you! But you might have wired. It's been a long time since you went away. Are you really going to buy the old place and settle in and—marry somebody here?"

She reddened with anger: "Who told you all that?"

"Nobody. Guessed it," said he, with a twinkle, adding: "You might do worse."

She was appeased and granted: "Yes, perhaps I might do worse. But indeed—it was only that I was homesick for—the old things; and just now I miss more those that are gone than I care for those that are left."

The Judge did not pursue this theme, but said reflectively: "I never could understand this business of running away from your own country. It's good enough for me. Plenty of breathing space and plenty of money, if you've your wits about you. Come now, honestly, tell me what you find over there—across the pond—that we can't give you?"

"Nothing," said she, "and everything. I'm afraid I can't explain. It's not that there's more to live upon—but more—well, art of living."

"And what do you mean by 'art of living'?" asked her cousin, very sceptical.

"I suppose," said she, feeling sure that he would not understand, "it's a question of atmosphere, of relative values. You learn to eliminate the obvious, and to appreciate differences of—of proportion and delicate shades of meaning—and all that——"

"Kathie," interrupted Judge Lamb, "I'm a plain man and I don't know what you're talking about. All I can say is, we'd

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They were keyed into an expectation of having soon to deal with her as one of the family.—Page 489.

be mighty glad to have you stay with us; but if you feel like that, I'm afraid you don't belong here."

"But then," said she, lifting troubled eyes, "I don't belong there *quite*. There's not much difference—oh, it's infinitesimal, but it exists—I feel it, and they feel it, the English, and I'm afraid it will never vanish. And if I come back here, there's more than twenty years of England to live down—you see——"

"Well," said the Judge, "you know you're welcome to stay in the old house as long as you like—unless an unexpected purchaser should turn up; and in that case we shall always be glad to have you at our place. The family will be descending on you soon. I must be off. . . .

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"It's very—hard on the woman—when the man is—stupid or—shy."—Page 490.

You'll have to put up with a lot of callers, I guess."

Her cousin was right. All Centreville came; at least, all the women, in their best clothes of the latest fashion but one; and they talked politely of the great world with which Katherine was familiar, and showed as much acquaintance as possible with Royalty and Nobility and Places of Interest; and they invited her to come and see their babies and to attend club meetings and church suppers; and even, as they grew better acquainted, offered to teach her the latest thing in fancy work.

It was a slow and—to Katherine—dreary business, bridging over the gaps, social and intellectual, between Centreville and London. More than once during the first week, she was on the point of cabling to Aunt Nina that she would return. She went to various club meetings, admired all the babies, attended dutifully to the fancy work, imparted such knowledge as she had of the world of dress outside, and won for herself a degree of popularity—with reserves. Centreville felt that she did not give herself with the heartiness that might be expected of Deacon Brodie's daughter; while she, in turn, conscious that many things in which she was interested, would be as unintelligible as Sanskrit to her neighbors, felt bound to keep safely within the narrow circle of each day for itself. It was a positive relief one afternoon, when Jerry Fetterling came to drive her out to his home. To him at least she could talk freely.

She waited with eagerness for his quick "Well, how are things going?"

"Not at all," she answered, shaking her head sadly. "It won't do, I'm afraid. But I'm giving it a fair trial."

"Centreville?" said Jerry, and added with unusual grimness: "I hope it is properly grateful."

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"Don't be sarcastic," she pleaded. "I want to talk to you—reasonably."

"Very well," said he, still not without bitterness. "Sarcasm is unreasonable, isn't it?—in a place as—what's the word?—primitive as Centreville." Before she could answer, they came out on the river-bank, with the open hills beyond. "Anyway," said he, "it's nice country, isn't it? You know all about that sort of thing; and *it* doesn't change."

"But," she protested, with her pretty smile, "one can't live by scenery alone."

And again he was stirred to anger: "You seem to think we are altogether impossible! Is human nature so different in England?"

"If you were impossible," she appeased him, "should I be talking to you like this? But those women!"

Her challenge irritated him, and yet he scarcely knew how to set about the defence. "I knew you were different," he said, moodily flicking his whip. "Of course I knew that—and yet I hoped. . . . You must have something in common with them, if you could only find it out!"

"Oh!" she cried, in grieved protest that he should place her so apart; but he would not retract. "I suppose your place *is* over there!"

And after that there was an uncomfortable silence between them until they reached the hollow in the wood where she looked to find the square brown house of which Jerry had spoken to her in London. For a moment, she thought that her memory had failed her, then she saw that somebody—Jerry, no doubt—had been busy with paint-pot and additions until the old-fashioned homestead was become a gingerbread villa. Within, it was no better. He had spared no expense on carpets and curtains, suites of furniture and sets of books—all harmless, uninteresting, and expensive. All savor of individuality had been carefully removed. The worst of it was, she had a haunting suspicion that this renovation which had come about recently, was a piteous attempt to be more in accord with her own ideals; and she had a momentary impulse to run away to the other end of the world.

Nor had Jerry confined his efforts to his home. He had persuaded his father from cowhide and homespun into broadcloth and patent leather, his mother to lay aside the gingham apron that alone might have afforded solace to her idle hands; he had encouraged his little sister into finery and had given her unwisely of art jewelry.

They were all very nervous, very anxious and very stiff until Katherine began to talk of Jerry; and then they unbent to an alarming degree. She could see all too plainly, whether by his fault or their own shrewd guessing, they were keyed into an expectation of having soon to deal with her as one of the family. Her indignation was turned into amusement when she saw the discomfort on Jerry's face; he deserved the punishment, she thought.

They had scarcely turned back out of the lane, on the drive back into town, when he faced her with a quick "So that's a failure, too!"

She chose to misunderstand him: "You should have left them as they were."

It was his turn to look bewildered: "What?"

"Your home—your people. You've only made them unnatural and unhappy. Forgive me—I know I'm impertinent."

It was a long time before he answered. She glanced at him shyly several times. His face was hard-set, as she could see even in the twilight; but she had no clue to his thought until he broke out with: "There! I hope that's over! I saw the moment you entered the house what a —— fool I'd been! We're different, you and I—as different as Centreville and London. But it can't go on, you know."

"What can't?" she asked gently.

"I mean, they're not your sort, my folks. I'm not your sort. What's the good of my going on worshipping the very ground you tread on?"

If he had presumed the least bit, undoubtedly she would have been quick to feel the force of his reasoning; but his complete renunciation made her, being a woman, perverse. However, he had small comfort from her state of mind—nothing more than a glimpse of a handkerchief pressed to an averted face.

"Don't fret about it; it's not your fault," he said, after a long silence.

And again, when they were near Centreville; "There are some things past a man's altering."

And still further, when he drew up at the door of her house: "I hope you—don't

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mind what I said. It was rather an outbreak and—I'm ashamed. I'd been castle-building—without any foundation, it seems, and I must ask you to forgive that, too." He hesitated just a moment, then as she said nothing, added, "Good-night," and would have turned away.

He was arrested by a curious little sound as of a hasty intake of breath; and looking at her suddenly, found thickly gathered tears in her eyes.

"Will you come in?" she stammered in confusion; and after a moment, he tied up his horse and followed her into the big parlor with its amber-shaded lamp.

She was standing by the table, drawing off her gloves; and for all her invitation, she seemed to find nothing to say.

He broke the silence by taking up one of the long suède things and spreading it between his fingers: "This would look mighty out of place in my old home."

A sudden gleam of laughter crossed her trouble: "Not as your home is now. That is what is the matter. You've tried to put your family into suède gloves and they don't fit. You should have kept to the old things. . . . I should have liked it all as—as you told me about it—over there."

He was very pale, even in the ruddy light, and with great difficulty managed to get out: "What am I to understand?"

She turned away her face, saying almost inaudibly: "It's very—hard on the woman—when the man is—stupid or—shy."

Thereupon he went round the table and seizing her elbow, drew her, not strongly resisting, within the circle of light. In sheer nervousness she went on: "Sometimes people put a false value on—things. I wanted to come back to the old life—not the furniture; and all that gave it a value is gone. I wanted—but I didn't know it until to-day—what——"

Then he was not so stupid: "Could I possibly give it to you, do you think?"

She only smiled by way of answer; but in her eyes and on her lips he read invitation.

And when presently he said: "I can't believe it yet. When I remember how you feel about the old things——"

"But, Jerry," she interrupted softly, "isn't love the oldest thing in the world?"

HOW LIKE THE ROSE

By Thomas Walsh

How like the rose to bloom a day
And leave but memory behind
Of where among the thorns she twined,
Frail visitant who might not stay.
What godhead grants the thorns delay
To riot in their native clay,
While beauty passes on the wind,
How like the rose!
Ah, whither must she thus away
Whose embassy hath been so kind
That Love none other voice would find
Than hers to warn our hearts and say,
How like the rose!

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THE TRUE IMPRESSIONISM IN ART

By Birge Harrison

WHEN instantaneous photography was first discovered some thirty years ago, high hopes were entertained of it by the artists. It was thought, for instance, that it would prove of inestimable value to such painters as Meissonier and Schreyer, men who delighted to portray the horse in violent action. But to the surprise of everybody these great expectations were not realized. At first the artists themselves were puzzled to account for this, and to explain why the curiously contorted attitudes now disclosed for the first time conveyed so little the impression of motion. But when the instantaneous photographs were subjected to a process of elimination and selection it was discovered that there were practically only two instants in the stride of the galloping horse that conveyed any idea of rapid flight to the human eye. The first of these was at the very beginning of the stride, when, with all four legs hunched together under the belly, the animal was preparing for the forward leap; and the second was at the end of the impulse, when, with legs outstretched to the limit, the horse was ready to take the ground again for another stride. Both of these periods, it will be seen, were the instants of *arrest of motion*—instants when the human eye could readily seize the action without the intervention of the kodak. Then at last was perceived the fundamental law which underlay the phenomena: the human eye and the human brain behind it declined to accept as a symbol of motion anything which the eye had not been able to see for and by itself unaided. In this case, of course, it was only during the two instants of arrest of motion that the eye had been able to note the position of the horse's limbs. And these two positions of comparative inaction had, through long association, become to us the permanent and fixed symbols of action in the racing horse. The kodak had, indeed, revealed hitherto unsuspected facts and aspects of motion, but the eye would have none of them and clung only to that which was visual.

It was this experience with the earliest kodaks which finally made plain the reason why, from time out of mind, artists desiring to convey the concept of motion had instinctively chosen the end or the beginning of the stroke or impulse—the axe poised in mid-air for its downward sweep, or the stroke completed in the heart of the tree—the lifting wave poised for the fall, or the breaker that had crashed to its turbulent end upon the beach.

Shortly, also, it began to be seen that the marine painter who depended upon the kodak for his drawing lost all sense of motion in his waves; that the wind-blown drapery of a photograph was nearly as rigid as a sheet of crumpled tin; that the impression, in fact, which the eye received from nature was not that which was rendered by the camera; and that therefore the human brain could never accept the photograph as a thoroughly satisfactory transcript of nature.

It is to be feared that the hopes which are at present being built upon color photography are doomed to like disappointment, for the simple reason that the photographic lens in no way resembles the lens of the human eye. The very fact that it is a more perfect instrument is against it. It gives us scientific facts; and scientific facts are generally artistic lies. Art has nothing to do with things as they are, but only with things as they *appear* to be, with the visual not the actual, with impressions not with realities. It is a scientific fact, for instance, that trees are green, and yet it is only under the rarest combination of favoring circumstances that a tree is really green to the visual sense. It is much more likely to be pearly gray or royal purple or rich amber or sapphire blue, according as it happens to be seen under the pale effulgence of dawn, the shimmering blaze of noonday, the golden glow of sunset, or the azure mystery of night. And it is the same with every other landscape feature under the great blue arch of heaven. Each rock, each tree, each waving field of grain has, of course, its fixed and definite local color, but the *appearance* of each of these objects changes a thousand times a day. And

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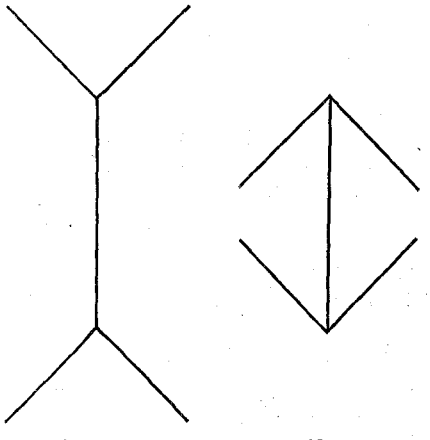
it is with this equation—this fleeting, intangible, ever-shifting, ever-varying *appearance* that artists have to do. The facts of nature are to him nothing, the mood everything.

By an ironical chance he has it in his power to convince the most uncompromis-



No. 1. No. 2.

ing and unimaginative scientific purist of the truth of his statement that the most unquestionable facts of science are often the most shameless of visual lies—and this by the simplest sort of a *scientific* demonstration. In the diagram on this page two upright lines of equal length are traced side by side and near enough together to allow of easy visual comparison. To No. 1 have been affixed at top and bottom a pair of divergent wings extending upward and downward away from the centre. To No. 2 the same wings have been affixed, but their direction has been reversed so that they extend toward the centre of the diagram instead of away from it.

Now, no amount of didactic statement will convince the human eye that those two central lines are of the same length. Here the scientific fact has certainly become a visual lie. If an artist should by any chance be using these two forms as units in a decorative frieze wherein it was essential that they should be of the same length, he would unhesitatingly lengthen the central line of No. 2 and shorten that of No. 1 so that visually they would become equal; and in so doing he would be telling the truth in his own way; whereas had he allowed the foot-rule to control him he would have been guilty of an artistic lie.

The Greek architects observing that the horizontal architrave surmounting the columns on their temples appeared to sag, corrected the fault by giving their architrave a slightly upward arch, thus, by means of a curve, securing a straight line; or at least a line which was architecturally and *visually* straight.

Here, then, clearly lies the division line between science and art—the one gives us actual truths, the other visual truths; the one facts, the other moods, impressions, visions; each in its place admirable, each ministering to one of the two great needs of humanity—the physical and the spiritual. If only a pact could be signed between them, by the terms of which each should agree to abide peaceably within the bounds of its own legitimate sphere, all would be well. But alas! science is a conscienceless freebooter. So much the sturdier of the two, he encroaches constantly on the domain of art; insists on recognition where he has no right to a hearing, and monopolizes the whole front of the stage. Even the artists are unable to escape his importunities; and the younger ones especially are often misled and lured to a false allegiance.

This is small wonder, of course, when you remember that ever since the day of our birth we have been storing our minds with thousands upon thousands of facts—very useful facts, too, in their way, facts whose possession and unconscious use are essential to our very physical existence. But when, as artists, we go into the open to study and to dream, they become as poison in our nostrils, they rise before us like a miasma, a deadly cloud that obscures the whole face of nature, so that we see the landscape not as it is but as we have been taught to see it in some former stage of existence.

Among the facts that have thus been clamped upon us there are two, alas, which have been learned by everybody—that trees are green and that the sky is blue. It matters not that the sky is often pale green or violet or pearl gray or opal; blue it is painted forever and forever, and the trees are painted green. And these blue and green monstrosities find not only a ready sale but much loving appreciation. There are in the world so many others who, as children, learned that the sky is blue and the trees are green, and who have never

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since opened their eyes. To tell the truth, so strong is the hold upon us of these early traditions that it takes many years of the severest training to overcome them. In many cases, and not infrequently in the case of some truly great painter, the fifty-year mark is chalked up against him before the scales fall utterly from his eyes and he is able at length to look out straight before him with a vision that is clear and unobscured. Take my word for it, technic is not the difficult thing in art. Any reasonably capable youth can readily master all of the technical problems in existence in a few short months, but it requires many a long and weary year to learn to see.

And to think that but for those stored-up facts it would all have been so easy. If painters, gazing upon nature could only look forth with the simplicity of a new-born child, which opens its eyes for the first time on a fresh and virgin world, the principal problem of art would be solved in an instant. Give us, oh Lord, to see, and we shall find the means of expression. It is a simple platitude to say that an artist can always paint as much as he sees. All of the fumbling and struggle and hard work connected with a picture comes of the effort to see just a little more, just a little better. Technic truly is mere child's play. It is a question, moreover, if too much of it is not a serious handicap to any artist—if it does not tend to degrade him to the level of the mere handicrafts man. At any rate, it is quite certain, as Millet so truly said, that technic should never open shop for itself; should always hide modestly behind the idea to be expressed. In the work of his own great period, the technic is so rough as to prove conclusively his contempt for mere surface quality. And this crudity must have been voluntary. We may go even further and say that it must have been *intentional*, for, in his own brilliant youth there were none so clever, none so *habile* as he. In the case of our own Winslow Homer, also, the thing to be said is often so vital, the vision so clear-cut, that although the paint is simply flung at the canvas we don't care a fig. The mood has been rendered—the thing has been said—the message has carried, and we do not stop to consider the phraseology.

But, as I have before intimated, each painter must look at all times out of his own eyes and not through the eyes of his brother. In fact, in the modern scheme of things the artist is the last rank individualist to survive. For him the merger and the combination spell ruin. Again we insist and insist yet once again that the very essence and marrow of art is personality. Any surrender of personality, therefore, can lead to but one goal,—the abyss of artistic decay.

Under these circumstances it becomes interesting to inquire just how much the young painter may accept with safety from his master; in what manner he may best acquire the thorough and intimate knowledge of technic which is so essential to his success, without sacrifice of that personal integrity which is still more essential. Let us at once concede the fact that there is no perfect system of art instruction. Admitting this much, there is no possible question that the system most nearly approaching the ideal is that which has the great art school or institution for its central idea. To begin with, students learn much more from each other than they do from their masters. The constant attrition and stimulation, the wholesome emulation of the school keep every mental fibre on the full jump, every nerve alive and tingling. The progress made by each helps the other forward. The student sees here a technical point, there a trick or an idea, and, like the young barbarian that he is, he promptly appropriates these all to his own use. And this is just so much to the good, for the callow cub is putting on technic much as a young animal puts on flesh.

The system has only one serious drawback. The tendency of all schools is to develop *a school*. This is bad, because the whole intent of art training should be to develop individual artists, each differing from the other to the full breadth and extent of personal temperament. The danger, it is true, arises only toward the end of the school period, when the cub's eyes are at last open and they are beginning to "take notice of things about them." But it is nevertheless a very genuine and menacing danger which is to be guarded against and combated in every way possible.

When, in the course of human events, it came my turn to fulfil the universal duty of the older to the younger generation, I had this danger writ large before me. One day

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there came the inevitable little deputation of students asking if the master would kindly consent to paint a study before the class, "just to indicate to them the way he would go about it" to obtain this effect or that. My reply, I remember, was somewhat brusque. "Not on your life," I said. "I will tell you all that I know of the fundamental principles which underlie all good art and which are everywhere and eternally the same. I will tell you also as much as I, personally, know of the infinite variety of technical methods which abound in oil painting, and from which it is yours to select at will such as may best suit the temperament and the personal point of view of each of your number. But I will never do you the unkind service of putting you in the way to imitate a technic which, though serviceable to me, personally, would no more fit your æsthetic needs than would an old coat of mine fit your body. Remember that art is nature *as the artist sees it*, and it is no more possible for two human beings to see nature in the same way than for the same two people to have exactly similar features. As our brains vary, so does our point of view. Cling desperately to your own vision, therefore. Accept no advice, take no criticism that does not harmonize with it. In this way only can you hope to be original. Turn the mind to nature like a mirror and let it reflect exactly what is thrown upon it. He who attempts to improve upon nature either lacks good judgment or is endowed with a conceit so colossal that there is no health in him.

"Be reverent before nature and honest with yourself and your art will ring true every time. All of you, it is true, will not sing the song of the nightingale because you were not all born nightingales; but the blackbird's lay is sweet, and the thrush and the oriole fill the woods with melody. Even the homely robin and the linnet have modest little notes of their own which are pleasant to the ear of a dewy April morning. Of all the songsters in creation there is only one, I believe, whose lay is universally condemned—and that is the parrot."

The greater the artist, I think, the more certain is he to cling religiously to nature, not only for his inspiration, but for the actual *material* of his creations. Rodin not long since said to an interviewer, "All my attention as an artist is devoted to reproducing exactly that which I see in nature. I do not endeavor to 'express something.' Those who have a preconceived idea—an inspiration as they call it—are seldom able to render their ideal. Those, on the contrary, who charm us by their talent have done nothing throughout the ages but reproduce nature. They copy as closely as ever they can the most beautiful, the most admirable, the most perfect thing in the world—which is nature."

This does not mean, however, that an artist must necessarily be a mere machine, that he has no intellectual liberty of choice in regard to what he shall represent and how he shall represent it. Art includes every object of intrinsic beauty that was ever created by man; the Turkish rug, the Chinese ceramic, the Moorish carving, the Japanese color print, and the Gothic cathedral are just as truly art in the highest sense as the Greek marble or the modern oil painting. But there are certain limits beyond which an artist may not step; and all art which has attained to greatness has been the sincere expression, not only of the individual artist, but of the race to which he belongs, and the epoch in which he lives. It will not do for Americans to make Oriental rugs or Japanese color prints; and we have all seen and deplored the Japanese attempt to assimilate and reproduce our own Occidental art—have shuddered, indeed, at the brilliant and hollow shell without a soul as at the work of some Frankenstein of art. Is it not enough for us to admire without attempting to imitate; to surround ourselves with the beauty of all ages and all peoples while calmly pursuing the type of beauty which it is given to us to see as none others have been able to see it? Now, if I am not much mistaken, the form of beauty which appeals to us as it has appealed to no other people in any epoch of the world's history, is the poetry of outdoor nature; her mystery, and her ever-varying and shifting moods. Surely in this wide field there remains to us a sufficient latitude of choice both as regards the subjects we shall paint, and the manner in which we shall render our impressions. It is always open to us to choose our direction. By looking always for beauty, for instance, we can gradually train the eye always to see beauty. In each of us there is a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde, and in art as in life it depends on ourselves which shall rule.

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When I was a student in Paris away back in the seventies, a group of young enthusiasts who were at that time making some stir in the art world asserted with a great deal of unnecessary noise and bravado that good painting would glorify the most revolting subject. The subject was nothing, the craftsmanship everything. I remember that I was temporarily caught up in the swirl of the movement and that for a time I ran with the iconoclasts; and the memory of this makes me still lenient to any youngster who raises the old cry—false as it is. It is a phase, one of the growing pains of adolescence which are normal and to be expected. If we only remember that, we shall have no cause to worry; I believe that every young painter must at some time worship at the shrine of technic just as every youth who is to grow up to true and generous manhood must at some period of his boyish career be a socialist. But it is a sign of mental atrophy, of arrested development when the youth or the artist fails to graduate out of this chrysalis stage.

Nature is not all beautiful by any means. But why should we choose to perpetuate her ugly side? I believe it to be one of the artist's chief functions, as it should be his chief delight, to watch for the rare mood when she wafts aside the veil of the commonplace and shows us her inner soul in some bewildering vision of poetic beauty. I should not personally care to hold a brief for the opponents of this view, nor should I know how to support it. Yet a painter of worldwide reputation once said to me that he positively hated a picture in which there was a moon. He declared that any picture which depended for its appeal upon the beauty of the subject was weak-kneed art publicly advertising its own weakness. The very perfection of craftsmanship could not save such a picture, he said. The best and only answer to this perfectly sincere critique is that the painter who made it has remained all his life a craftsman—a craftsman of the highest distinction, if you will, but never an artist.

Now, from all that has been said above, it would appear that originality must be the easiest of all qualities to attain. But this is unfortunately not the case. The facility is only apparent. The hard and sober reality is that the personal note is the most difficult of all things for an artist to grasp and hold. It is only necessary to count over the number of our truly original artists (it can be done on the fingers of two hands) to see how true this statement is. One of the oldest of our proverbs says that to err is human. It is also human, unfortunately, to be a sheep—to do as you see others do—to imitate the thing which you admire; and the sad result of this is that few ever learn to see the thing which lies out in the sunlight under their own very eyes. And this is why originality, why true impressionism will ever remain one of the rarest and most precious qualities in art.

Now, it has doubtless been objected that the present paper while professing to deal with impressionism says mighty little about the impressionists. But I have failed singularly in my intention if by this time I have not made it clear that any one who honestly and sincerely records his impressions of nature is in the truest sense an impressionist—that Velasquez and Titian and Rembrandt were as truly impressionists as ever were Manet or Monet or Sisley—because, in the canvases of these great masters of the Renaissance there rings the true note of personality—proof positive of their honesty, their reverence, and their humility before nature. To tell the truth the so-called French impressionists were far more accurately termed luminists, or painters of light. Their special achievement in art was a purely technical triumph—the discovery that, by the use of broken color in its prismatic simplicity the pulsating, vibrating effect of light could be transferred to the surface of a canvas.

But they were neither the fathers of impressionism nor were they especially distinguished in this line. As a matter of fact they were somewhat deficient in the quality of personal vision, and their rage to secure the effect of light at all hazards led to a certain monotony of technic which tended to blunt the personal note in their work.

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SOMETHING

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

"WELL, *Teddy*!" Mrs. Starr's intense little face was impressed, even awed, and yet at the same time triumphant. Mr. Starr glanced without excitement at the letter she was holding up across the breakfast table. His polite "Well?" betrayed the noncommittal caution of the legal mind, though there was a gleam of provisional amusement behind his glasses that changed her triumph to pleading.

"Oh, Teddy, won't you admit, just this once, that it is at least queer? You know how we were talking of Cousin Emma last night, and I hadn't even thought of her for days and weeks—and now here is a letter from her. Do you mean to say that that is mere coincidence?"

Mr. Starr appeared to deliberate. "We also talked a good deal about Mr. Roosevelt," he observed finally, spreading out the morning paper. "Anything from him?"

"Oh, if you are going to be funny—!" And his wife turned disappointedly to the coffee pot. The reproof evidently disturbed him, for presently he emerged from the news to ask:

"What time of day was the letter written, Lollie?" She met the advance with an eagerness that showed unquenchable hope of a convert.

"Yesterday morning, dear; the postmark says 2 P.M."

"Well, then, did her thought-wave take eight hours or so to get here, or was it the letter in the mail that suddenly wigwagged last night?"

"Now, Teddy, what is the use of being tiresome and literal?" Lollie was plaintive. "I only claim that there's *something*—I don't pretend to know how it works. It happens too often for mere coincidence to explain it." And she began to read her letter. A moment later he was interrupted by a note of triumph.

"*Now* will you be convinced!" she cried. "What were we saying about her last night?"

He admitted, with the reserve of a truthful but circumspect witness, that they had been wishing the boy might go down to Cousin Emma for a week of country life, and so confirm his restored health. She nodded assent.

"Exactly! Now listen:

"MY DEAR LAURA: I have been thinking of you so much lately. I have had a feeling that something was going wrong, with you or yours, and was on the point of writing to you when a letter from Aunt Miriam brought the news of the dear boy's illness. I am so thankful that he is well again. Won't you send him down to me for a week or two of country air? Tell him Flora has five new puppies, and that——"

She broke off to crow over him. "What do you say to that, Mr. Teddy?"

"Why, I say he had better go," was the irritatingly calm answer.

She gave up the point with a sigh. "Oh, yes. I will take him down to-morrow. Will you have more coffee, dear?"

"Well, by Jove!" Mr. Starr was staring at her with astonished eyes.

"What?" she asked excitedly.

"That *is* the queerest thing!"

"Tell me, dear!" Her unsuspecting delight in seeing him, for once, roused should have touched him.

"Do you know," earnestly, "the very moment you spoke, I was about to ask you for another cup of coffee? Wasn't that strange? How do you explain it?" Her face fell.

"I think you're simply *hor*-rid," she protested, resentfully accepting the cup. "You are just a stupid materialist, blind to everything that you can't feel with your two paws. I tell you, Theodore Starr, the world is simply full of things that you will never know."

"Well, when some healthy, normal man tells me about them, I will begin to listen," he conceded.

"I don't believe the very healthy ever know some things," she answered with unexpected mildness. "Their bodies crowd

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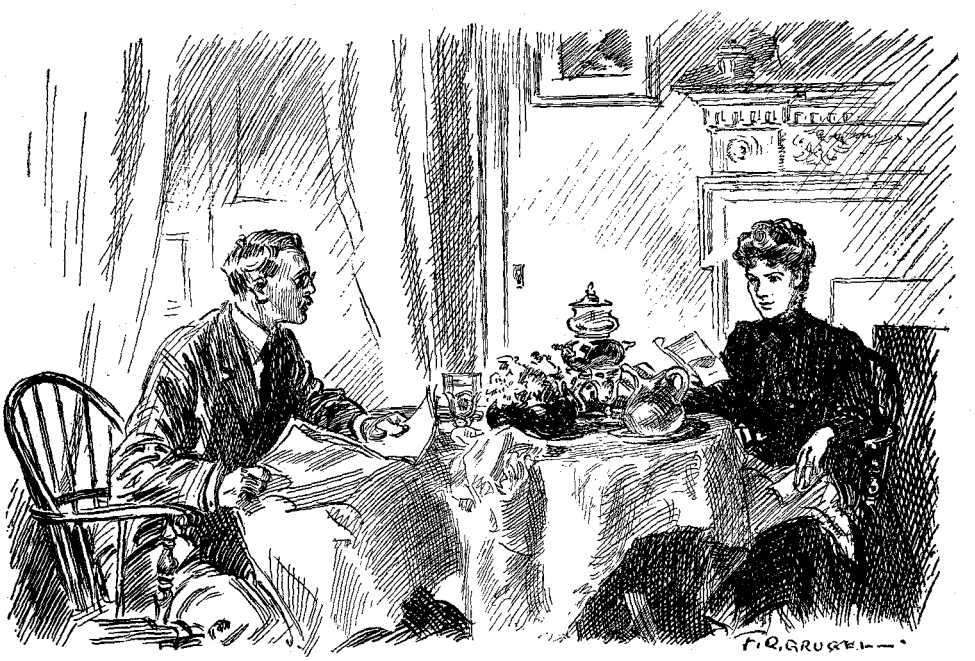

"I only claim that there's *something*."—Page 496.

out their souls. I know things every day—things I couldn't prove to you, and yet I *know* them. If anything were wrong with you or the boy, I should know it instantly—absolutely—know it and go to you!" She was deeply in earnest, and her eyes looked so big and brown, her face so white and little, that his teasing was checked.

"Lollie, my dear, we could spare some of your soul for a little more body," he said worriedly.

The next day she took the boy down to Cousin Emma, planning happily to stay a night herself. The little farm had been a second home to her childhood, as it was now to her son. Nevertheless, at ten o'clock that night her husband, deep in a book, thought he heard the nibble of a latch-key. Before he could be sure, the door opened and she came swiftly in. Her eyes darted from him to his safe and orderly surroundings, then returned with a smile that betrayed relief.

"I came home after all," she announced; but her lightness had a touch of bravado. He put his hands on her shoulders, holding her at arm's length.

"Lollie, you were going to stay all night," he accused her.

"But the boy was perfectly happy with Cousin Emma——"

"And then you had one of your marvelous intuitions: you FELT that I was suffering and in danger," he went on sternly. "So you made them harness up at all hours——"

"It wasn't late, sweetheart," she tried to interrupt him with feminine blandishments, but he still held her off.

"And you pushed the train along with your two feet the entire way, then came home on a dead run to save me—— '

"'And the dog was a-laffin','" she broke in. "If you don't want to greet me properly, you might let me take my hat off."

He greeted her properly; but—"Now, don't you see, Lollie, what nonsense it all is—these psychic messages?" he insisted. She slipped away with a laugh.

"Who said I had a psychic message? I wanted to come home, and I did, that's all. Cousin Emma understood."

"Of course she did; she is worse than you are. She has 'feelings' about the bread's rising, and the train's being late, and company coming; and sometimes her premonitions come true, but she never keeps track of the times they don't! For your own sake, Lollie, I want you to realize——"

"Teddy, I have a feeling—an intuition—that you are going to lecture for the next half hour, so I have an engagement upstairs."

She ran off, incorrigibly light-hearted and elusive; but a moment later he heard

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Thought he heard the nibble of a latch-key.—Page 497.

his name called in quite another voice—a quick, frightened cry. He dashed upstairs, to find his wife sitting, breathless, on the side of the bed with the charred remains of a muslin curtain at her feet.

"Teddy!" she panted. "You *know* we never light that gas—just because—of the curtain. And to leave it lit—with the window open——!"

"By Jove! Did I? It had just caught?" He was looking anxiously for stray sparks.

"The draught of opening the door blew it right in. I did feel so helpless!" She shuddered. "But it came down at the first pull: I had only to step on it."

"There ought never to have been a curtain there, anyway," he began, gathering up the remains. "Either this must stay down, or I shall have that fixture taken out. That was bound to happen, sooner or— What is it?" he interrupted himself, caught by his wife's fixed gaze.

"I was just thinking," she said slowly, "that it was as well I came home!"

"Oh, come, now—that is utter nonsense! Don't you suppose I am as capable of putting out a blaze as you? Besides—" He set forth the logic of the case exhaustively, becoming almost vehement in his desire to make her see the falseness of her position; and she heard him out with a baffling air of gentle indulgence.

"I am so glad I came!" was her only comment.

Laboriously printed letters told her daily that her "loving little son" was well and hoped she was well, and for five days Mrs. Starr went to sleep in peace about him and got up in contentment.

"I am never uneasy for a moment when Cousin Emma has him," were her last words Saturday night. Six hours later, Mr. Starr was awakened by a breathless voice. There was just light enough to show him two big, frightened eyes staring at him out of a white little face.

"Teddy!" Her hand closed tightly on

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At the station they found a wagon going in their direction.—Page 500.

his arm. "It woke me up. I am so frightened. It's the boy!"

"What? What has happened?" he asked bewilderedly.

"I don't know—there is something wrong. I am sick with fright! I can't stand it." She sprang up and began hurriedly to dress.

"Now, Laura!" he began, all the logical remonstrance of the indignant legal mind arrayed in his voice. She put up one hand as though to check a child's interruption.

"Find me a time table," she commanded, twisting up her hair with fingers that shook. Something in the face staring unseeingly from the mirror turned back the tide of his argument, leaving him silent. He obeyed, then, still in silence dressed and went down stairs returning presently with a glass of milk and some biscuits.

"There is a sort of milk train we can get in half an hour," he announced drily. "How we shall get up from the village, and how you will explain our dropping in at dawn, I am not so clear about."

She glanced at him dimly out of her dire preoccupation. "I am ready now," was all she said. He insisted on the milk, and brought the crackers in his pocket.

The chill of a bleak March daybreak was on the deserted streets and in the early car that crashed and jolted down to the station. The one passenger car of their train appeared unprepared for passengers, the cinders and orange peel of its last trip still strewing seats and floor. Their breath was visible in the stale, chill air. Mr. Starr, sunk in discomfort, at first maintained the silence of outraged patience; but his wife's blank unconsciousness of him and his attitude presently goaded him to more active measures.

"Look here, Lollie," he began with a forced air of reasonableness, "I want you to tell me exactly what it was—what you heard or saw or dreamed, to send you on this wild goose chase." The face she turned to him was so pitifully haunted that he was obliged hastily to harden himself with reminders of his own annoyance.

"I don't think I can tell you," she said finally. "It was a sort of dream, and yet I was awake. There was some big, dark danger just ahead of him, and I knew, if I ran fast enough, I could save him. Then it all vanished, leaving this awful oppression." She strained her hands against her chest. "Oh, why does the train stop and stop?" she cried.

He could do nothing with her, or for her, and in spite of all his logic and his common sense, her state began presently to have an effect on him. Untoward things did happen on lonely little farms. He vehemently maintained that there was no more reason to expect disaster to-day than on any other

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day; yet he, too, grew nervous at the slowness of the train, and caught himself at the absurd device of trying to hurry it with braced feet. The crackers in his pocket crumbled, forgotten. But for shame's sake, he would have spent the last half hour pacing the aisle.

At the station they found a wagon going in their direction and willing to drop them at the farm gate. The morning down here was turning out sweet and sunny: birds were calling, and a green mist lay on the willows. Mr. Starr threw off his oppression, and tried to tease Laura into a lighter mood; yet even he felt a tightening in his throat when at last they jumped down before Cousin Emma's rambling old white house. The wide open windows and the peaceful smoke from the kitchen chimney spoke reassuringly of morning order and coffee. Laura darted through the gate, then stopped short.

"Look at that!" she cried joyously.

"That" was their own small son, apparently in the best of health, high up in the branches of an apple tree just ahead of them. He turned sharply at her voice, and evidently was moved to run and meet her without the formality of first climbing down. There was a dreadful sound of slipping and clutching, and a little body came crashing toward the granite slabs below.

"I've got him!" called Mr. Starr, in answer to his wife's cry; and a moment later he was seated smartly on the granite slabs with his son on top of him.

"Why, hello, daddy!" shouted the boy, cheerfully ignoring this little interruption in his welcome.

"Don't you climb that tree again!" was the ungracious response as Mr. Starr slowly picked himself up. Mrs. Starr was on her knees by the boy, loving and kissing him with passionate little whispers and murmurs. Then she lifted wet eyes to her husband.

"Now, dear, do you see why we came?" she asked.

"For Heaven's sake, Laura!" Mr. Starr's tried nerves gave away altogether. "You'll drive me crazy! Don't you see that you startled him and made him fall? If we had stayed sensibly home in our beds, he would have climbed down as he climbed up. How can you be so foolish?"

She pressed her face into the little body she held. "I knew, I knew!" she murmured.

"Well, well!" Cousin Emma's hospitable voice preceded her down the path. "This is nice! I had a feeling that you would be down to-day, but I didn't look for you so early. Come right in and have some breakfast. Did the boy tell you what a fright he gave me last night?" she added, after their greetings were over. They stopped short in the path. "Walked in his sleep, the little tyke; something woke me just in time to find him in the hall, headed straight for the stairs. I *was* frightened."

Mrs. Starr had flung her arm about her son; but her eyes, big and awed, were lifted to her husband's face.

"What time did it happen?" he asked, defensively, drawing out his watch.

"Oh, soon after I went to bed. I hadn't been asleep long. About eleven, I should think!"

He nodded at his wife. "Just as you were saying that you felt perfectly comfortable about him," he reminded her with open satisfaction. She shook her head with the patient quiet of perfect conviction.

"There's Something!" she answered.

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ARE WE SPOILING OUR BOYS WHO HAVE THE BEST CHANCES IN LIFE?

By Paul van Dyke

THERE are in America at the present time a very large number of boys who seem to have the best possible chances in life; because the most remarkable economic result of the work of the inhabitants of the United States for the last two generations is not the one most talked about. The peoples from whom we inherit our civilization have passed through several epochs marked by the rapid growth of great fortunes—notably for example at the end of the fifteenth century. The extraordinary thing in our time, from the social, economic point of view, is not the existence of a few families who are very rich, but the existence of a great many families who are very well-to-do.

We have heard so much about millionaires that we are apt to forget how much their wealth depends upon wealth diffused throughout the nation. It impresses the imagination when a single strong box contains a hundred thousand shares of the stock of a railroad, but, after all, the stocks of all the railroads have value because of the mountains of bales picked from southern cotton fields, the half billion or more of dollars gathered from our wheat fields, the three billion odd bushels of oats into which our twenty million of horses and mules shall plunge their mouths, the sixty odd millions of tons of hay stacked in our fields or stored in our barns—all the huge potential of life and energy and happiness our people take from the generous earth. The great wealth of the few depends on abundance for the many; and the profits of the Sugar Trust are only the sum of the gains on the few grains of sugar dropped into thousands of millions of breakfast cups and baking dishes. Millionaires are like surface waves on the tide of national prosperity. And that tide of national prosperity has brought to a very large number of men incomes enough in excess of necessary expenses to give their families the most desirable things and opportunities.

These people do not call themselves rich, though fifty years ago families living on the same scale would have been called rich. But life in their families is apt to have an effect on the children of the house, like the effect of their surroundings on the children of the very rich. The primal needs of life are hidden behind an apparatus of living. They draw water out of a spigot; the well and the bucket belong to an old-fashioned song. The morning's milk arrives with the rising sun, and the connection between the dinner table and butcher's bills is a matter entirely outside the range of their thoughts.

All the circumstances of life keep alive in the mind of the boy of the household where the pressure of the struggle for existence is steadily felt, the perception that work is a necessary part of life. Many well-to-do fathers felt in the home of the grand-parents this wholesome pressure of the facts of life. But the pleasure they find in using their power to give their children what they want blinds them, too often, to the need of substituting some other pressure for it in the upbringing of children who seem to have better chances in life than their parents had.

And this blindness exposes their children to a very serious danger. That danger does not arise simply because the young folks have a good time and find life pleasant. A melancholy youth is no particular help to manly virtue. The peril which threatens many boys of these families whose parents are anxious to fill their children's lives with pleasures is that they grow up accustomed to doing invariably what they want to do, without training any power to make themselves do what they do not want to do at that particular moment. It is not luxury which threatens them, but an incapacity for work, fostered, and even trained, by the willingness of parents to let them follow always the line of least resistance.

The result of this willingness of parents to

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let children follow always the line of least resistance is that many boys who have the best chances in life, will begin manhood with a smattering of information, agreeable manners, minds untrained, and wills weakened by an education that has not educated.

The kind parent who finds his income exceeding his expenses, and who wants his son to make a good figure in the world, takes him to an expensive tailor and has him measured for a suit of clothes, in which the lad looks extremely well and rejoices his mother's heart. And the father is apt to labor under the delusion that he can get a smart education for the boy in the same way. So he picks out an expensive school, pays his bills, gives a liberal allowance of pocket money, and then enters him for four years at college with a still more liberal and annually increasing allowance. He supposes that the boy can put on his education much as he put on his new suit if only there are checks for the bills. And a considerable proportion of young men enter college under this delusion. These lads come up to college with two objects. The first is a sharp, clear, insistent anticipation of the pleasures and advantages of what is called "college life." To define just what they understand by the phrase would require another article as long as this. It may be summarized as agreeable comradeship, the formation of friendships, many of the privileges of manhood with none of its responsibilities—the maximum of pleasure—and the minimum of work. Behind this eager anticipation of the joy of "college life" is a vague desire, or rather willingness, to get an education provided it does not take too much effort.

Now, a boy who enters college in this mood and does not change it, may get some good out of his college career, but the chances are that he gets far more harm; and to keep him four years in college, unless he changes his mind and brings forth works meet for repentance, is not to give him a better chance in life but a worse chance.

The case ought not to be weakened by exaggeration. It is hardly possible for a young man to spend four years in college and not get something out of it. The attrition of his mind against such tasks as he may be compelled to do, his chance interest in some topic or his personal liking for some instructor—the presence of other men who love learning and for her sake are willing to scorn delights and live laborious days—honest comrades who may grow into life-long friends—venerable traditions of honorable service to the highest interests of his country—the majestic vision of the service of truth and beauty—any or all of these things may affect his mind or his character for good, no matter how unwilling he may be to make the effort necessary to get an education. After all, it is hardly possible for a young man to go through college, as an auger goes through a board, and come out unchanged except for being a trifle duller.

But against these possible gains of his course to the young man who goes through college taking all the pleasures he can get and doing as little work as he can do, there ought to be set off the harm that may come to his character. Here again we ought to discriminate. The harm that threatens such students, used by their previous training to follow always the line of least resistance, is not simply, or chiefly, the temptation to vices. Any member of a college discipline committee will tell you that an enormously disproportionate number of the cases of vice they have known have come from among the inefficient students defective in their work. But after all, so far as the writer's experience goes, it is a safe conclusion that a much smaller proportion of young men between seventeen and twenty-three form vicious habits in college than out of it.

The harm which comes to a young man who takes a four years college course in continuing his previous exercise in the fine art of finding the line of least resistance is more general and inevitable than possible surrender to vicious appetites. He is deteriorating the fibre of his mind and rotting his will by the indulgence of idle impulse.

The college which is not willing to be guilty of contributory negligence in letting young men do this ill service to themselves, has to waste a great deal of time in overcoming an attitude and a fixed habit many students bring with them to the campus: the attitude of demanding a ceaseless round of petty excitement, the habit of shirking all the effort it is possible to shirk.

When a young man who has been allowed for eighteen years to take always the line of least resistance, and to put the

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emphasis of his efforts on seeking excitement instead of doing his work, enters a college which takes its functions seriously, one of two things happens. If he is badly spoiled, he is dropped. If he has backbone enough left to escape that fate he wastes a considerable part of his college course before he gets hammered into him, by humiliation, some realizing sense of what education is and what a college is trying to do.

That numbers of students come up to our colleges with this attitude and habit is evident. Indeed, the arrival every year of many new students who have this attitude and habit is the chief obstacle to college education.

It is rather rare to find a student in college who wants to leave it. The honest pleasures of good comradeship, the glow of the mind and sense of intellectual vigor which follow even such a slight ability to hold oneself to an intellectual routine as is comparable to the will-power needed to take a cold morning bath, the sense of being initiated into a class which is regarded as distinguished from the rest of the nation by special opportunities to develop intelligence—all these appeal irresistibly to ingenuous youth. Few students of college, however used to taking always the line of least resistance, can help feeling that their college course is a privilege. But what any college student can help feeling, what numbers of them do help feeling for a part of their course, is that privilege means duty. They start out to treat the curriculum as if it were a continuous vaudeville. They pass the necessary examinations just as they secure a ticket—because they cannot get in without it. They applaud anything that is strong enough to compel a hearing, or amuses a mind willing to be interested if it is not too much trouble; but they do not hold their attention to what they hear with the purpose of getting all they can out of it. They want the kernel of every science without the trouble of cracking the shell.

And the students who have no grip on themselves are, unless all signs fail, chiefly from the homes able to give them a good start in life. The boys in most danger of being spoiled by being permitted to take an attitude toward their opportunities which makes the fibre of their minds slack-twisted, and destroys the tough elasticity of their wills, are the boys with the best chances.

Three indications of the truth of this conclusion may be stated. This class of invertebrate students who are always ready to postpone the real object of coming to college for some incidental pleasure is, by all the testimony, larger in the East than in the West. And the percentage of students who come from prosperous homes where the family is, or aspires to be, in "the best social circles," is far larger in most Eastern colleges than in most Western colleges. Few lads from such families are sent from the East to the West to college. Many are sent from the Mississippi Valley, the Pacific Coast, and the Rocky Mountain States to the institutions of the Atlantic Coast. At some of the smaller Western colleges, almost all of whose students come from homes where the breaking of a twenty dollar bill is a grave matter, this tendency to seek the line of least resistance is conspicuously absent. Some of the students may be dull—they have evidently not had many chances in life—but with few exceptions their conduct makes plain their grim determination to get the best education they can in spite of unkindly fate. The experience of the universities in regard to the schools suggests this same conclusion. Ex-President Eliot recently spoke most emphatically of the very small percentage of boys coming from the larger, more expensive and fashionable schools who proved satisfactory students. A similar statement has been made by a member of the faculty of Yale. The experience of Princeton is the same. The boys from the high schools carry off honors out of all proportion to their numbers. And the names of the larger fashionable private boarding-schools, with some exceptions, are conspicuous by their absence from the list of honors.

In regard to one limited group of families the tendency of many boys with the best chances in life to weaken their will-power, by taking steadily in college the line of least resistance, can be measured against the statistics of its results.

The families entered in the "New York Social Register" as residents of that city, may reasonably be considered as households whose heads are able and willing to give their boys the best chances in life. In five senior classes at Harvard, Yale, and

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Princeton, (not the last five classes), there were one hundred and sixty-six sons of those families. At Yale College they formed 5.1 per cent. of the total membership of their classes; at Harvard College and Princeton, 2.9 per cent. A comparative test of their records at graduation yields some very striking results. It shows that, as a class, they are far below the average of their fellows in the ability or the willingness to make the most of their opportunities. And the same marked inferiority, as compared with the average student, appears in each of these institutions and in fourteen of the fifteen classes examined. The figures unquestionably indicate an average attitude, a general social drift.

Of these one hundred and sixty-six boys with the best chances in life, only one—the son of a minister—took an honor of the first class. At Harvard College about one man in three of the graduating classes during these five years received a degree indicating some sort of distinction. Only one man in eight of these representatives of the "best social circles" gained any distinction, and that was invariably of the least distinguished grade. At Princeton on the average one graduate in two during these five years had the opportunity for some honor or prize; only one in four of these lads, favored of fortune, received distinction. The custom at Yale of recording in the catalogue a large number of minor honors, fortunately enables an investigator to test this matter very thoroughly. Four-fifths of the graduates of the five years considered, had their names printed under the general caption "Honors." The sons of this group of families, five per cent. of the students, furnished over twelve per cent. of the *un*-distinguished. In one Yale class of two hundred and forty-eight only twenty-one men left without a record of having done reasonably well in some branch of study. The young men from these families numbered only fifteen, but five of them managed to escape any record for excellence in any study. In short, it appears that at these three institutions, out of forty-seven hundred odd men, twenty-five hundred odd, about one in two appeared at graduation as having received some sort of honorable mention or won some prize. Only one in four of these one hundred and sixty-six young men with the chances in life did so.

These facts about the small unfashionable Western colleges, the big fashionable Eastern schools, and the careers at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton of the sons of this small group of families of the "best social circles" of New York, show the pertinence of the query—"Are we spoiling our boys who have the best chances in life?" To let a boy drift along through youth to manhood along the lines of least resistance, without the power of making himself do anything he does not want to do at the moment, is to send him out into the world a cripple, even when he happens to be heir to millions. To bring him up as if he had been born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and then not leave him the golden spoon, is an even crueller kindness. "Three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves" is a saying that condenses many facts. There is no place where it is as sure to be both prophecy and record as in America. It is a not unwholesome law—this process by which a strong nation, whose social and political system sets free all its energies and gives the tools to him who can handle them, defends itself against drones. Only—in the cases we are thinking of—it is a great pity; for the lads are very amiable, and the devotion of many of the parents is very sincere.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE theory that history is past politics and that politics are present history can be extended—with the necessary modifications—to include the forms of history which are not political. Especially does this theory govern the history of literature, in which we find the present constantly elucidating the past. In the history of dramatic literature more particularly, there is much light to be shed on the past by a proper perception of the present. For example, the nondescript "shows" with which Weber and Fields used to amuse us a few winters ago in New York had a curious kinship to the equally nondescript comedies of Aristophanes, startling as this suggestion may be to those classical scholars who may seek their knowledge of the Attic stage humorist only in the dust of German dissertations.

A Modern Instance

And there was an equal significance in the recent performance of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" by Miss Maude Adams and her multitudinous associates in the Harvard Stadium. This significance was due to the fact that the circumstances of this performance out of doors brought about a return to stage conditions closely resembling those that obtained in the middle ages—and also in the semi-mediæval playhouse for which Shakespeare and his contemporaries devised their mighty dramas. In his admirable account of the development of English tragedy, Professor Thorndike describes the Elizabethan stage as "almost unrealizably crude"; and he tells us that "places were sometimes indicated by signs; properties, beds, tables, or trees were brought on and off as occasion required; or a heavier property, like a cave, might remain, whether the scene was in cave-land or a counting-room. There was no drop-curtain; actors went off, others came on, and the place changed from a seacoast to a palace; or, the actors merely moved across the platform, and it transpired that they had passed from a fair and pleasant green to a room in the house of *Faustus*."

Because of the willingness of audiences in those spacious days to imagine these successive changes of place, unaccompanied by any self-explanatory change of scenery, it has been asserted that the Elizabethan playgoer must have been possessed of a more active imagination than the spectators of these more prosaic times. Very sensibly Professor Thorndike refuses to accept this assumption. "Any superiority in the appreciation possessed by the audiences over those of to-day must be attributed not to their superior intelligence, but to their long training in listening to plays." It is to be said also that the willingness of the Elizabethan spectators to adjust themselves to these swift changes of place is to be explained by the fact that this method of jumping from one spot to another without outward and visible substitution of actual scenery was the method they had inherited. They knew no other method; and as no other method was possible in their playhouses they had to accept it.

The performance of "Joan of Arc" in the Stadium makes it plain that modern audiences will accept the same method—when they have to do so because of the unalterable conditions of a special place of performance. And modern audiences are ready to make the same imaginative effort that Elizabethan playgoers made—if they are compelled to do this by the special circumstances. In the huge arena of the Stadium it was impossible to erect the five sets of scenery called for by the five successive acts,—Domremy, Chinon, A Plain near Rheims, the Coronation (at Rheims), and the Battle-field. And as this was impossible the next best thing was done. On one side there was erected a piece of scenery representing the Cathedral of Rheims; this was for the fourth act. On the other side was built up a hill; this was for the final fight in the fifth act. Between them, but nearer to the focus of the ellipse, was a tall tree with outspread branches; this was for the first act. The places of the second and third acts, Chinon and A Plain near Rheims, were left absolutely unindicated by any piece of scenery. The action of these two acts was represented in what we may term the neutral ground, well forward of the tree, the hill, and the church. This neutral ground might be anywhere; and just where it was supposed to be the spectators might find out from their playbills or from the dialogue itself, if they cared to know. Most of them did not care to inquire as to the

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place, for they were giving their utmost attention to the persons.

This, we may be sure, is just what the Elizabethans did. A large part of the action of any one of Shakespeare's plays takes place on a neutral ground, which may be anywhere that two or three characters choose to meet; and only when there is advantage to the play in letting the spectators know where this conversation is supposed to be localized, does Shakespeare go out of his way to indicate the precise spot. His audience of energetic Elizabethans asked no unnecessary questions; and neither did the multitude of twentieth-century Americans who assembled that evening in June to see Miss Maude Adams impersonate Schiller's heroine.

Noise That Protects

IT is not easy to think of noise as protective, as sheltering, not invading, aiding and not upsetting the processes of the mind. The dweller in towns is apt to regard noise as at best, a nuisance, usually a torment, sometimes as perilous to sanity. Yet it is not always so, as experience testifies to me.

I am in the irregular habit of taking railway journeys of some five or six hours, toward the interior of the State, by a rather leisurely road, on which the "chairs" are rarely all taken and the attendants, from sheer lack of occupation, show an interested curiosity as to travellers who affect that luxury. I have found these journeys excellent occasions for pretty stiff reading. I have devoted them to the analysis of troublesome documents, to the disentangling of the threads of contentious argument, or, with equal success and more reward, to the study of unusually baffling passages in a foreign language. When the latter has been a matter of re-reading, the result has been particularly satisfactory. The meaning of my author—I recall with peculiar delight the chapter of Montaigne on "Friendship," with which I had had a tough struggle at home—has become not only clear but familiar, has bred a pleasing sense of intimacy with him, has left with me a permanent and fruitful impression, from which has sprung a distinct influence on my view of life and on life itself.

Yet the process of reading must have gone on amid the noises we all know so well—the measured rattle and bumping of the car wheels, the hoarse whistle from the engine, the groaning and gasping of starting, the rasping shriek of the rails and the brakes at stopping, the insistent inquiries of the porter, the inarticulate shout of the brakeman, the impertinent chant of the train boy, and, at stations, the bustle of passengers, the clatter of wheels and hoofs, the uncanny, stertorous panting of automobiles.

Why is it that these noises, each in itself more or less disagreeable and disturbing, failed to disturb, and, if they did not promote, clearly permitted, a continuous working of the mind with more than customary efficiency? Why is it that the task requiring more than ordinary concentration and a certain sustained alertness of attention could be performed more readily than in the seclusion and comfort of the library? It is to be noted that these journeys are not frequent or regular. It is not a question of habituation, of gradual and long-continued adjustment to conditions at first unfavorable. It is distinctly a question of some slight actual aid and stimulus from conditions we should most of us regard as almost necessarily distracting and impeding. I imagine that the answer to the puzzle is, in part at least, in the fact that the noises of the train are combined, are blended, and form what may be conceived of as a sort of enveloping enclosure of sound, within which the single noises become practically indistinguishable while the total is too confused to impress the senses and affect the mind. And possibly a minor element in the net result, as compared with that attainable in the cozy library, is the absence of too great physical comfort. The easy chair, the shaded light, the quiet of one's den may sometimes be aids rather to the dullness that precedes dozing—particularly if one be bodily weary—than to the successful exercise of the faculties. No railway chair has yet been invented in which one can sleep except under the stern compulsion of relative exhaustion, and until that point is reached the slight and constant prickings of incipient fatigue, which keep one restless, ward off the insidious restfulness which is the forerunner of physical surrender. I may remark that, this element apart, I have had experience of the stimulation noted, though in less degree, in briefer journeys of an hour or less, in elevated or subway cars. Others share it. I have known business men bemoan their automobiles, which deprive them of their daily hour or so on the train in which they had been used to get their "best reading."

I am not aware of any moral to be drawn from this experience, and, were there one, this

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is not the place to develop it. But there is in it the pleasurable suggestion that the human organization, the most complex and delicate inventive Nature has devised, is almost infinitely adaptable. From circumstances apparently bound to hamper and torture it, it wrests actual help in the most difficult of its functions. Not even the intricate and artificial machinery of life in great crowds can subdue it, can prevent its conquest of the tasks set for it, but is forced to lend to it a certain access of achievement. In these days of alleged progressive demoralization of the nerves there is in that reflection some tonic consolation.

The Actor and the Author

WHENEVER the actor waxes melancholy over his fate he is certain to bring forward the fact that he is more unfortunate than the poet and the painter, in that his work dies with him and theirs lives after them. Lawrence Barrett used to put this in the form of an apologue; and he told of a statue once carved in snow by Michael Angelo, which may have been an artist's masterpiece, but which melted away in the spring sunshine. The actor, so Barrett declared, is forever carving a statue of snow, which can survive only as a memory. Barrett did not see that this survival of the memory, accompanied by the disappearance of the work which originally created the impression, may have its advantages for the actor. The memory, at least, is secure; there is no possibility of a new trial by newer standards; the memory is what the French lawyers termed, in the Dreyfus case, a *chose jugée*. Now, the poet and the painter have not this inestimable privilege, since their works exist and can be offered in evidence again and again, generation after generation. For instance, the Bolognese school of painters loomed very big in the eyes of Sir Joshua Reynolds—and to-day there are few so poor as to do them reverence. So not a few poets have seen their reputations shrink pitiably when their works were tested by theories they could not foresee. The impression which the actor makes on his contemporaries is final; the verdict is sealed for all time; and there is no possibility of a new trial. The Devil's Advocate can never reopen the case, since he can have no new evidence to introduce.

Perhaps this may not be so in the future, and it may be that the cinematograph and the phonograph may be perfected and made to work together to preserve for us the gestures and the attitudes, the readings and the intonations of the tragedian and of the comedian. During the Paris Exhibition of 1900 I went one morning with Coquelin and listened while he spoke and sang into the phonograph the most brilliant passages of his most brilliant part, the unforgettable *Mascarille* of the "Précieuses Ridicules." What has become of that record now? It would be a precious possession for every comedian who may hereafter essay himself in the superb part that Molière composed for his own acting, and in which no performer intervening between Molière and Coquelin has ever really rivalled the one or the other—so far as we are able to judge by the memories they have left behind them.

It must be noted also that, perhaps because of the evanescence of the actor's art, he is paid in praise and in pelf more highly than any other artist while he is alive to enjoy the admiration and the money. There is a total lack of proportion in the adulation which the public bestows on the performer and on the author in whose play he may be performing. Shakespeare was right, as usual, when he insisted that "the play's the thing"; and yet it is the actor's name, and not the author's, which is blazoned over the door of the playhouse in letters of fire. When Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order" was being presented in New York the posters contained no mention of the author; they announced only the annual engagement of Mr. John Drew. And a similar thing might have been noticed more recently when Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" was represented with Miss Maude Adams as the heroine. Mr. Drew and Miss Adams are accomplished performers, and we may be assured that neither of them was responsible for this unfortunate announcement. And it was not only unfortunate, it was also bad policy, for there may have been among the possible theatre-goers of the metropolis admirers of Mr. Pinero or of Mr. Barrie, who would have seized the chance to see a play of the one or the other if their attention had been called to it.

But worse remains behind. When Mr. Marion Crawford's last play was brought out in Chicago last winter the manager proclaimed it as Miss Blank's "new vehicle, the 'White Sister,' a play in which her sweet personality has ample scope"; and he failed to mention the name of the very popular author who had written Miss Blank's "new vehicle." The question forces itself whether the manager

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did not know what he was about—whether he was not familiar with the literary appreciation of his customers. It may be that play-goers do not care who constructed the new vehicle so long as they are allowed to gaze on the personality of the casual performer of the chief part. But if this is true, then the outlook for a really vital dramatic literature in our language is dark indeed.

THOSE of us who are old enough to have taken our first lessons in etymology at the hands of the excellent Archdeacon Trench, or Archbishop as he subsequently became until he was disestablished, will remember how he insisted that all the words for courtesy, with the obvious exceptions of courtesy itself and courtliness, which come from "court," meant "town-bred." "Civil," "urbane," even "polite." Later etymologists, to be sure, are against him on this last, maintaining that it does not come from Greek "polis" as he maintained, but from Latin "polio," and means polished, and not politic. But "urbane" and civil" at least appear to mean "citified."

How have these definitions come to vary so widely from the fact? The biggest town in the United States has the name of being also the rudest. It is a painful reflection for the civically patriotic New Yorker that, in whatever direction he travels, he finds better manners than he leaves. That is true, of course, of Philadelphia and Washington and Baltimore. But it is true also of Boston. Nay, it is true of Chicago. A visiting Englishman, going from New York to Philadelphia, testifies his relief at the amelioration of manners. "Give me a city where somebody sometimes is not in a hurry."

Urbanity and Suburbanity

That is the explanation, undoubtedly. It is the matutinal centripetal and the nocturnal centrifugal movement that makes the street manners of New York. The semidiurnal crush at the Brooklyn Bridge is enough to demoralize everybody who takes part in it, from the toiler who takes unwilling to the hoodlum who takes joyous part. And the same thing on a smaller or not so much smaller scale is going on at every ganglionic centre of civic circulation. How should not the "urban" manners be the manners of the country of the Gadarenes? How should not the devil take the hindmost and the young and active omit not only chivalry but humanity in their struggles with and triumphs over the aged and the infirm and even the females of their species? Such a spectacle could hardly be witnessed in London, for example, for the Londoner knows his rights and knowing dare maintain. "I could look my fellow man in the face and punch his head if he offended me," said Mr. Micawber, and says the average Londoner. If he were transplanted to New York, Mr. Micawber would have to say, "My fellow man and myself are no longer on those glorious terms." But in fact, probability of getting one's head punched is the only effective mitigation of our "urbanity." And it is cheering to remark that it is an aged, nay, an octogenarian, jurist who has set an example of the triumph of indignant human nature over legal restrictions, by following into his car a bullying person a third of his age who had rudely jostled him on the platform, and inflicting the personal chastisement which the case demanded; an ex-magistrate, indeed, who bore not the vindicatory umbrella in vain, and to whom too-long-suffering wayfarers ought at least to present a new one.

What is most curious, in the light of urbanity, is, that when the urban becomes a suburban—as, in the case of the commuter he does daily—he seems to change his mind with his skies. He no longer rushes down or up or through a steep place, as he did in the city of the Gadarenes. On his native or adoptive heath he is frequently transformed to a considerate and respectable human being. So far from rushing at the first vacant seat in the trolley car, he stands back with patience for the female and the aged and infirm; is often observed actually to give up his seat to such; exhibits, in fact, gentleness and patience. Doubtless this he does to obtain a corruptible crown. If those to whom he thus gracefully defers are not of his acquaintance, they may become so. This social sensibility, in fact, comes to the assistance of his insufficient self-respect. But still the contrast between his urbanity and his suburbanity is equally marked, and equally to the advantage of the latter. At any rate he illustrates that a crowd is not a good school of manners, that a community may be too densely populated for its social good, and in fact that our old etymology is an extremely untrustworthy indication of the actual facts of behavior.

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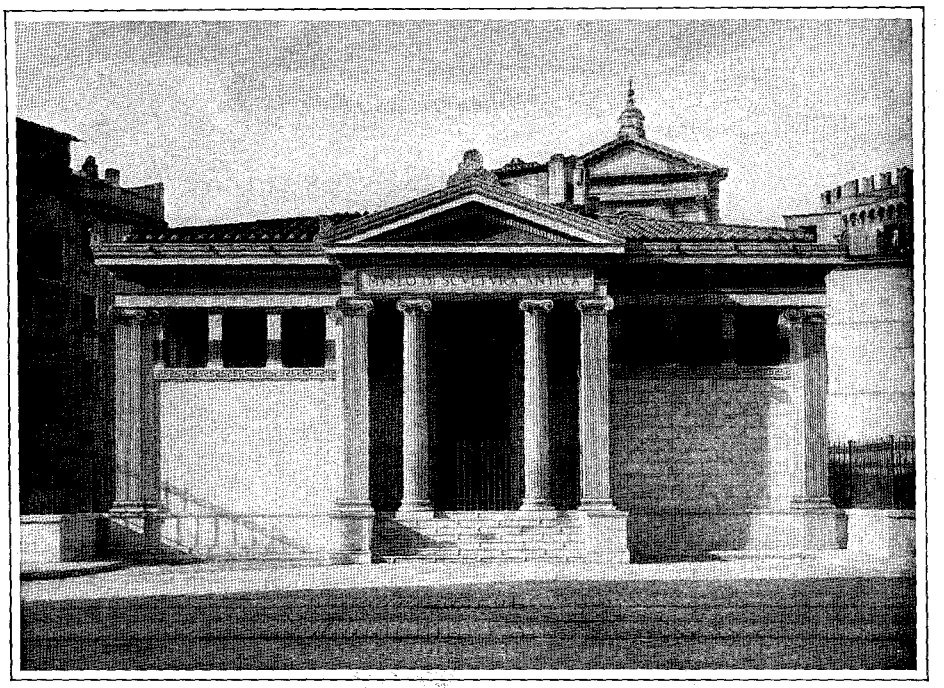
THE FIELD OF ART



Museo Barracco—exterior.

THE MUSEO BARRACCO IN ROME

THE traveller in Rome is almost overwhelmed by its wealth of galleries and museums, which in vastness, as well as in number, surpass those of any single European city. Most of these are already so famous that even the art-loving tourist is in danger of missing the most unique, and quite the choicest sculpture gallery of them all, if quality and not quantity is to be our criterion.

As one nears the Ponte S. Angelo in passing along the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, one's attention is at once attracted by the tiny building, somewhat Greek in character, in which this admirable collection of sculpture is most beautifully housed. The building, as well as the collection itself, was presented to the city of Rome by Senator Baron Giovanni Barracco some three years ago.

To the student of Greek art the collection has been known some fifteen years through the publication of an account of it in 1893,* but it is almost wholly unknown to the general public.

Baron Barracco, in his preface to the publication mentioned above, tells us that for twenty years he was gradually collecting these treasures as opportunity presented. His constant aim was to form a small museum of ancient sculpture on scientific principles which should illustrate the growth and development of Greek sculpture in all its periods; that there should be sufficient examples of Egyptian, Assyrian and other forms of Oriental art to show how they affected Greek art, and, furthermore, enough of the Cypriote, Etruscan and Roman art to give some conception of how they, in their turn, were influenced by the Greek. The chief aim, however, has been to include, as far as possible, originals of every period of Greek sculpture, or at least Roman copies of such

* "La Collection Barracco," publiée par Frédéric Bruckmann d'après la classification et avec le texte de Giovanni Barracco et Wolfgang Helbig. Munich, 1903.

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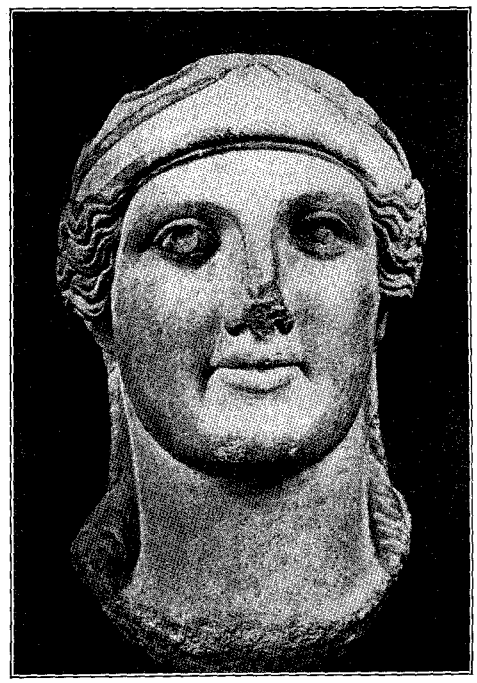
Head of Hermes.
In the Museo Barracco, Rome.

works. In no case has there been any repolishing of the marble, nor has any unscientific restoration been made. The result is most successful. It is a relief here in Rome, where museums are overloaded with so much that is really worthless, and where, before the day of better knowledge, so many statues suffered either from being wrongly restored or from having the surface of the marble disfigured by repolishing and cleaning, to come upon this perfectly harmonious and genuine little collection.

Among the most interesting of the early Greek works is a head of Athena which is regarded by some critics as the percursor of the great gold and ivory statue of Athena Parthenos, which Phidias made for the Parthenon. The type is surely the same as that which appears in the poor late copies which have come down to us, but in this head there is none of the grandeur and ideal beauty which we associate with Phidias's statue. That fact, however, does not invalidate Helbig's theory that this head may be regarded as undoubtedly the type which Phidias consciously adopted and idealized for his wonderful statue of Athena Parthenos. The arrangement of the hair is quite the same, but the lower line of the helmet is slightly different. Other heads of Athena of various periods are included in the collection, among them one which shows her wearing the Corinthian helmet, with the long oval face characteristic of a type which seems to have originated about the middle of the fifth century B. C. and to have been popular later on in that and the following centuries.

"One of the most warmly clad figures that antiquity has left us" is that shown on page 512. With all the sweet grace and dignity of a high-born Athenian maiden who takes part in solemn religious procession, she stands clothed in her heavy robes. For it is probably true that this is a votive statue of some maiden who participated in a midwinter ceremonial. In no better way can the peculiarly individual dress be explained. For, above the Ionic chiton, or undergarment, which can be seen on the upper part of her arm and in the long overlap which is brought over the outer garment, falling almost to her knees in simple folds, she wears the Doric peplos folded double all the way down, as can easily be seen on the right side where the garment is left open as usual, falling in rather stiff heavy folds. Her hair is also done in an unusual fashion, but one which heightens the sweetly demure expression of the face. The statue seems to puzzle the critics as to its origin, and as to whether



Head of Athena, Attic type, precursor of the Parthenos.
In the Museo Barracco, Rome.
By permission of the V.-A. Bruckmann, Munich.

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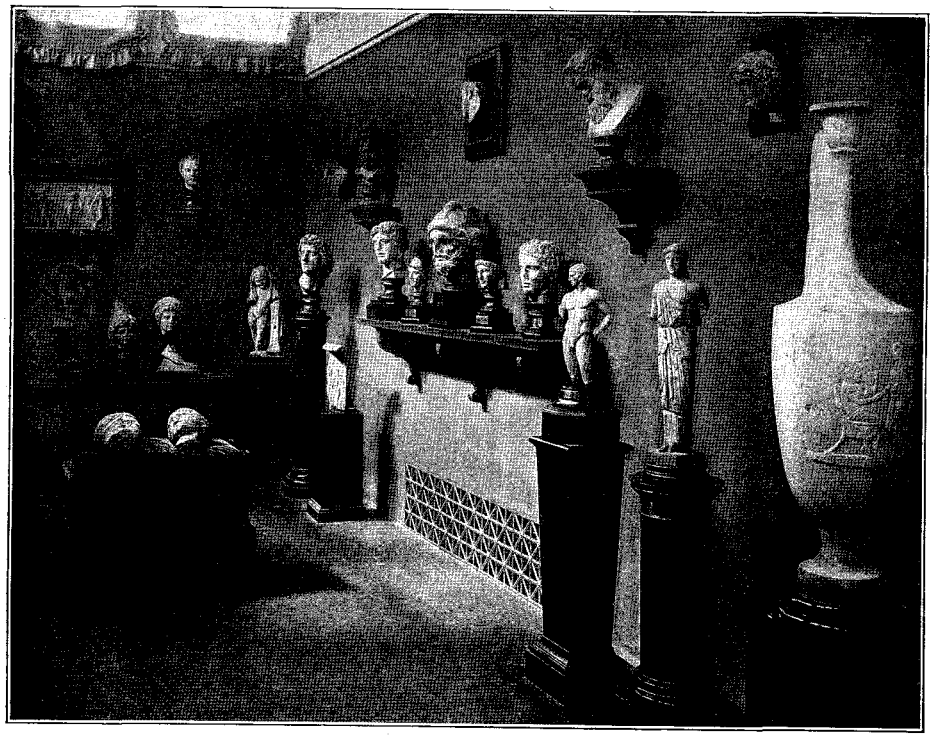

Museo Barracco.

it is a copy or an original. To me there is in the face and pose of the figure that indefinable grace and dignity which were the charm of the Athenian school.

Perhaps no Greek sculptor is more popular in this athletic age than Myron through his Discobolus, or disk-thrower. His work is well represented in this collection. There is a fragment of a right forearm and hand holding the discus, which must have come from a marble copy of his famous discobolus, perhaps not inferior to that recently found in Nero's villa at Castel Porziano near Ostia.

Myron also made a bronze group of Athena and Marsyas, which Pliny describes as "a satyr gazing in wonderment at the flutes and Athena," a group in which by gesture and the action of the body Myron must have expressed very vividly Athena's indignation at the satyr's audacity, as well as the satyr's amazement at this new phase of the goddess of Wisdom, for be it remembered that the fundamental cause of the indignation was wounded vanity, the story being one of many in which the Greeks attributed to their divinities some human weakness. The Marsyas of this group is well known through the marble copy of it in the Lateran at Rome; there is, however, in the Barracco Museum a marble copy of the head which probably gives a much clearer idea of Myron's original bronze than does the Lateran copy.

It is of interest to compare with this head of Marsyas the head of a centaur at the other end of the room. The centaur is another of those semi-bestial creatures which the Greeks were fond of using to symbolize the uncontrolled passions in man's nature, a type which was taken over into Christian art with the same meaning, as is evident by its presence in Giotto's allegorical fresco of "Obedience" in the vaulting of the Lower Church at Assisi; Botticelli also made use of it in his "Pallas taming the Centaur" of the Pitti Palace. In the Barracco head of the centaur, excess of emotion and agonized suffering are treated with all the heightened realism of the Hellenistic period; there is in it a strong suggestion of the Laocoön head and of some of the works of the late Pergamene school. It reveals clearly the course which Greek art had run since Myron's day and whither it was tending.

If Myron's work is well represented in this collection, that of the greatest Argive sculptor

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of the fifth century, said to have rivalled even Phidias himself, is more fully represented. Although Polyclitus and the story of his Canon, which embodied his idea of the perfectly proportioned human form, is familiar, we have no copy either of his Doryphorus or of his Diadumenus which can give us any adequate conception of the subtleties of modelling and pose which he doubtless expressed in his bronze originals. Among several copies, however, in this collection there is one of the head of the Doryphorus, or Spear bearer, which is regarded as perhaps the most beautiful of all the marble copies of it we possess; the sculptor in this instance seems to have caught the spirit of the original, while making certain concessions to marble technique in the treatment of the surface in consideration of the difference in material as did the sculptor of the Castel Corziano Discobolus in the Museo delle Terme.

In striking contrast to the heads of Marsyas and the centaur described above, is a fine copy of the ideal portrait of Pericles, the original of which is ascribed to Cresilas. It is one of the finest portrait heads we possess from the great fifth century period of Greek art. The change which took place later among the Greeks in the treatment of portraits is well shown in an excellent portrait of Demosthenes. In each head the distinctive peculiarities of the man are shown; the abnormally high head of Pericles, which led the Greek comic poet Kratinos to bestow the epithet "onionhead" upon him, may be clearly seen through the openings of the helmet-visor, while even more strongly indicated is the peculiarly shaped mouth by which portraits of Demosthenes may easily be recognized. In the head of Pericles, however, there is a certain abstract quality which is in marked contrast to the strongly individual treatment of the later portrait.

Statue of young maiden.
In the Museo Barracco, Rome.
By permission of the V.-A. Bruckmann, Munich.

Many heads of great beauty have been given us by the Attic grave-reliefs among which there is one in this museum which must take high rank. It is from the seated figure of a deceased woman from a grave monument of the second half of the fourth century B. C. Though not as great as the head of the Demeter of Cnidus in the British Museum, it shows the same "Mater Dolorosa" type, with much the same treatment and spirit.

But even more beautiful is an exquisite little head of Hermes wearing his petasus [page 510.*]

Nor does a little Eros fall far below these in interest, though he probably belongs to the later Hellenistic age. It is quite possible that in the figure of the little love-god with his mantle thrown over his head, his crown of vine leaves, and his somewhat melancholy expression as he leans sadly upon the fillet-wreathed stele in an attitude strongly reminiscent of Praxiteles, we have a part of a grave monument of Hellenistic date. For the fillet is frequently seen on Attic vases as decoration for a grave stele, while the wreath of vine leaves, with other attributes of Dionysos which he may have held in his hands, would be appropriate as symbols of immortality.

These are but a few of the many treasures which may be found in this collection. If one adds to the intrinsic value of the collection itself, its admirable arrangement and the genuinely artistic mounting of the fragments, it may truly be said that in the Museo Barracco Rome possesses one of the choicest and most enjoyable galleries of Europe.

M. Louise Nichols.

*Here published for the first time. The photograph of this and the views of the Museum were kindly furnished for this article by Senator Baron Giovanni Barracco.

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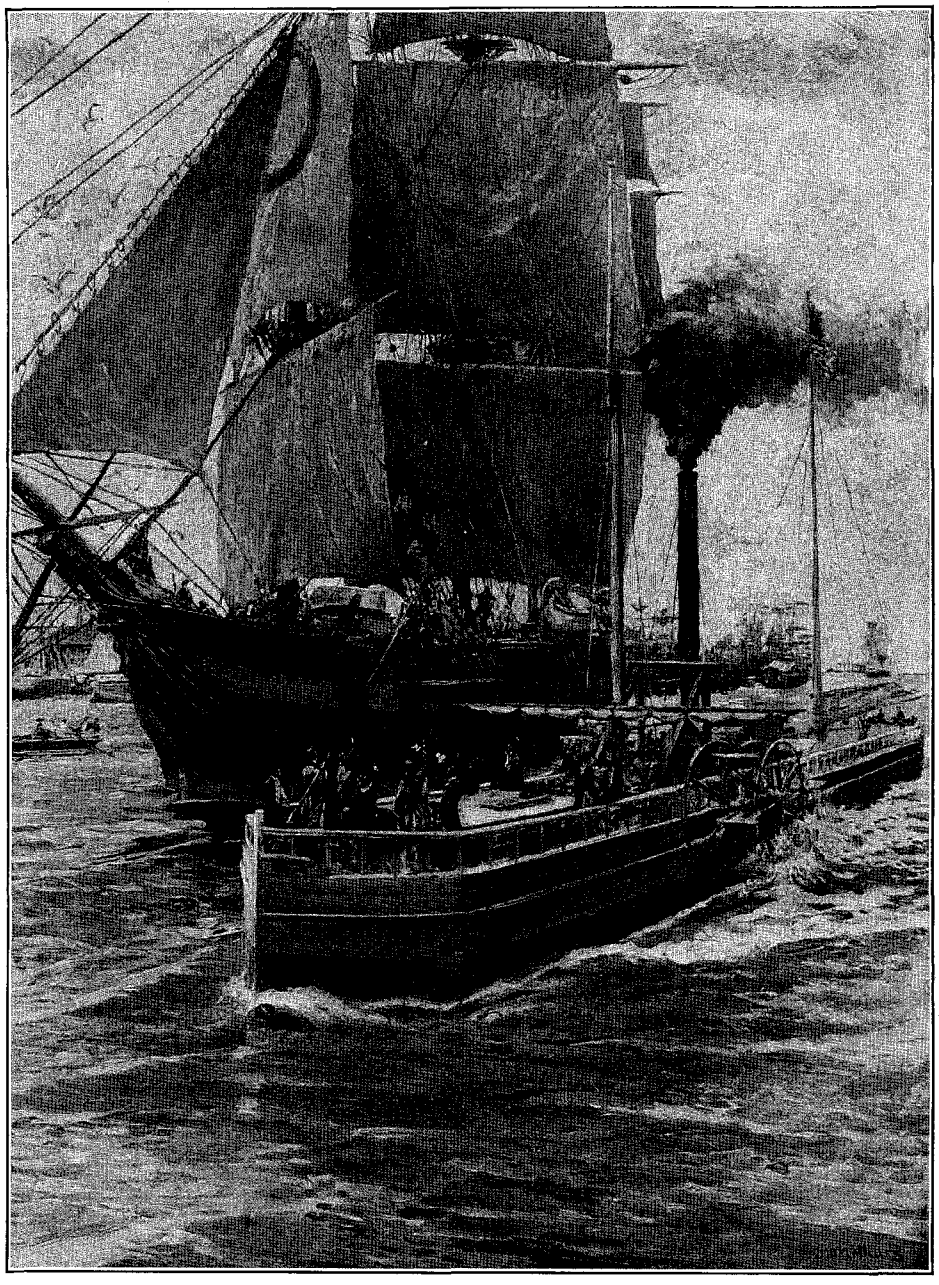

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The first voyage of Fulton's "Clermont" on the Hudson.

[The artist has based his drawing largely upon the model now in the National Museum at Washington, D. C., adapting a few characteristic features of the reproduction made for the Hudson-Fulton celebration.]

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